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TALES AND SKETCHES,

BY

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

INCLUDING

THE BROWNIE OF BODSBECK, WINTER EVENING TALES,
SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR, &c., &c.

AND SEVERAL PIECES NOT BEFORE PRINTED,

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE ENGRAVINGS,

CHIEFLY FROM REAL SCENES.

BY D. O. HILL, Esq., S. A.

VOL. VI.

BLACKIE & SON, QUEEN STREET, GLASGOW;
SOUTH COLLEGE STREET, EDINBURGH;
AND WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON.

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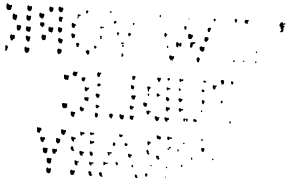

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MARY MONTGOMERY.

On the 3d of July, 1641, when England was in utter confusion, a party of yeomen were sent toward Scotland with a young lady, sole heiress, of the name of Montgomery, whose father was one of the leading Royalist lords; but being imprisoned and in imminent danger, was obliged to send his infant daughter to her relations in Scotland. The party was led by Captain Seymour, a determined Catholic and hardy warrior; and in passing through the wood of Tarras, on the Border, they were encountered by a band of Mosstroopers, led by one Beatson or Beattie, of Watkerrick. Beatson pretended to be leading his clan to join the Whig army, but in fact to obtain some plunder in the harassed state of the country; and on meeting with Seymour and his party, he accosted him in these words: "Whither away, brother, and on what expedition?"

"And pray who gave you a right to ask that?" said the other.

"Do you see this good spear which I hold in the rest, and this cut-and-thrust blade by my thigh, with all these men behind me, and yet ask me that question?"

"I'll see a higher commission than any of these thou bonneted saucy *Scot, before* I explain my mission. Give *way, and let me and my* party pass; we have no quarrel *with thee. Let it* suffice that our mission is a private

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one, and has no connexion with the political troubles o the present day."

"Ye are telling a braid downright lee, sir," said Wa o' Blackesk, "for dinna I ken you to be the maist deter mined an' abominable Papishur in a' the British domi nions. I hae met wi' you, hand to hand, afore this, an came rather off wi' the waur, but I'll speak wi' you now here in my ain coontry. Watkerrick, this is Captair Seymour, guan away on a Papish errand for his cursec master, whose cruelty has laid our country waste."

"Down with your arms, sir, instantly," said Beatson, "and you shall all have assurance of life and limb unti farther instructions from the Commission of Estates."

"I despise and defy you and your commission," saic Seymour. "Thou rude churl! Thou Border ruffian Impede my progress if thou darest. I say open, and le me pass. I have no quarrel with thee; or feel the weigh of a weapon that never was turned in battle."

"Let me but at the villain!" cried Wat o' Blackesk and with that he rode furiously at Captain Seymour with his lance, but before one could have counted six, Sey mour had cut off both the head of Wat as well as hi lance. The rush of the Beatsons was then instantaneou and terrible. Seymour and his party fought stoutly, fo there was no more parley, and several of the Beatsons were the first who fell, among whom was John of Wat kerrick, their leader. The fray grew fiercer every minute but the Beatsons being nearly two to one, prevailed, anc every one of the English were cut down, saving one whc had fled at the beginning of the action, and was seen scouring off at full speed, with intention, as was supposed, of reaching the castle of Mangerton. The Beatsons supposing him to be the bearer of some great secret o treasure, gave chase with all their might, and Robert o Cassock being the best mounted, at length overtook him *and speared him without* ceremony in at the back; and *behold, when he came* to the ground, a lovely fen *child that was clasped* in his bosom fell with him. *was richly dressed, but* crying pitifully; and Robert

r all covered with blood, thought she was wounded,
at it would be as good to stab her too at once and
r out of pain, and lifting his lance with as much
ration as if about to leester a salmon, his ears were
d by such an unearthly cry from the dying man,
made him start and withhold his stroke for the
nt; and turning to him, he said in a fluttered voice,
at the deel's the matter w'ye, man?"

ough this was rather an annoying question to a man
ad been fairly run through the body, yet he showed
nxiety about the infant that Robert was struck with
of natural awe and turned and listened to him. He
d to the babe, held up his hands, and spoke in the
ervent tones, but he was a foreign priest, and Ro-
uld not understand a word that he said. Rather
shed, however, that a man should be speaking what
ld not comprehend, which had never happened to
n Eskdale before, he drew close to the wounded
held down his head, and asked very loud, "Eh?
are ye aye bletherin an' sayin, man? Wha is the
re? Wha is she ava?"

e man spoke on in the same fervent tones, but not
ord could Robert comprehend, till at length losing
ce with him, and seeing a crucifix upon his breast,
ect of the utmost detestation then in the south of
nd, he stabbed him again through the body, bidd-
n "either speak sense that fo'ks could understand
d his tongue for ever." The poor forlorn priest,
d and spurned, uttered his *Ave-Marias*, and ever
ion kissed the rood. Robert was rather affected,
ood for some time gaping and staring over him,
; at last to himself, "Od I wonder what the body
saying? But O! I'm sure the kissing o' that bit
stick can do little for his soul's salvation. It is
a maist ridiculous thing to be a Papist. But come,
there's nae fun in this. It is best to pit sic a go-
out o' pain;" and so saying he drew his sword, as
s a razor, and at one stroke severed the priest's
m his body.

In the meantime Jock of Thickside had come up
lifted the child, and seeing a golden crucifix and ch
hanging around her neck, and gold and jewels about
beyond calculation, which had been placed there as tl
only place of safeguard in those marauding and troubl
times, it probably having been weened that no ruf
hand would harm a helpless and lovely infant. W
Jock Beatson perceiving these before his kinsman
done confessing and murdering the priest, claimed
baby as his own, he having been the first lifter of
from the battle field. At the first, Robert of Cass
seemed very willing to consent to this arrangem
thinking to himself that he had plenty of these brats
and down the country already, and soon expected s
more. But his eye had caught something about
babe, it was never known what it was, and all at onc
refused to yield his right to her, saying that he had o
taken and slain her guardian with his own hand, wh
he (Jock Beatson) never could have done on his bauc
of a beast, and that therefore he should have his hea
blood before he had that child. This was a hard al
native, especially as this Robert was now the chief of
Beatsons after the fall of Watkerrick, and Jock of Thi
side was rather hard put to it knowing something of
riches of which he was possessed.

Now it must be remarked, that the rest of the Beats
who were pursuing the flying priest, perceiving that
was overtaken and slain, hasted back to the combat fi
to divide the horses and the spoil, and look after tl
wounded friends, so that at this time there were n
nigh or in view but the two rough kinsmen and the ba
" I lifted her first, cousin; and you know by all the ri
of our clan, that gives me a right to her and all about h
go and strip the priest, he is your own fair prey,"

" I brought the priest and her both to the ground
the same blow, and I claim both, therefore give up w
is my right before I am obliged to send you after the p
to bear him company."

" *Speak'st thou* that way to me, cousin? If th

ed to use such language use it to thy equals, for thou
est that this arm could master ten such as thine. Why,
old the child in the one hand and fight thee with the
, and if thou win her from me thou shalt have her."
obert of Cassock could bear no more; but heaving
long bloody sword with which he had just beheaded
priest, he attacked his cousin, who held his drawn
ord in one hand and the screaming infant below the
her arm. At the very first turn Robert wounded both
ock and the child. "Beshrew thy heart, man, thou
ast killed the bairn!" said Thickside, and flung the poor
thing behind him as if it had been a bundle of clouts, and
the combat went on with the most deadly feud for the
nearer the friends the more deadly the animosity when
such occurs. Sharp and severe wounds were given, on
both sides, and their morions and hawberks were hacked
and hewed, for the two kinsmen were very equal in prow-
ess. Robert was the strongest man, but Jock of Thick-
side was accounted the best of the clan at handling his
weapon, and at length, when both were much exhaust-
ed, he by a dexterous back stroke turned upward, wound-
ed his cousin below the sword arm, and he fell, cursing
his opponent for a wretch and a villain.

When John Beatson saw what he had done in the
heat of passion, he was cut to the heart, stood up like a
statue, and the tears poured from his manly eyes mixing
with his blood. O, Rob Beattie, Rob Beattie! What
have I done!" cried he, "and what hast thou done t
provoke this deadly enmity between two who have alway
agreed and loved like brothers! Now Rob to save th
life would I give all the ewes and kye on Thickside a
the land that feeds them into the bargain. Can I
nothing for you in binding up your wounds."

"No, no; you can do nothing for me," said the oth
"for I am cut through the midriff, and life is ebb
fast. *Take thy prize, but take her and her wealth
thy curse, and know she will prove a curse unto
and thy ruin shall arise from her, for thy claim
was unjust.*"

John, nevertheless, did all that he could to bind up and stem his cousin's wounds, and even brought him a drink in his helmet; he drank eagerly of it, then died in his cousin's hands. Poor little Mary Montgomery, horror-struck by her wound, and the sight of two bloody men hacking and hewing at one another, and her kind conductor lying without the head, had rolled herself from her swaddling clothes, and was waddling across the moor, crying incessantly, and falling every minute. John Beatson followed, and seizing her by the frock he brought her back in his hands swinging like a thing of no value. "Haud the yaup o' thee, thou little imp!" said Jock. "Little does thou ken the evil thou hast bred this day! Sorrow that thou had been in thy mother's cradle an' ane o' thy braw velvet clouts about the. Haud the tongue o' thee, I say, for I want but a hair to mak a tether o' that sal lay thee beside the tither twa. Plague on thee! Haud thy yaup!" And with that he shook her until the dear young ladie cried herself weak.

Jock of Thickside (for that was the familiar name he was known by) was so o'erspent by wounds, vexation, and the loss of blood, that he never so much as thought of ransacking the pockets of the priest, where he would have found some documents that would have redounded to his profit. But if Jock had found them he could not have read them, and would probably have burnt them or thrown them away. However, weary and heart-broken as he was for the death of his cousin and next neighbour, he took the babe carelessly on before him on the horse, regardless of her cries and whining, and bore her straight to Christy his wife at their remote habitation, without going any more nigh the field of battle to share the spoil.

"O, Kitty Jardine! Kitty Jardine! I am a ruined man," said he, but you are a made woman, for here's a bit creature I hae brought you wi' as muckle riches hanging about her shoulders as wad buy an earldom. But O, Christy, what think you I hae done? Have nae I gane an' killed Rob o' Cassock, our cousin, for the possession o' that bairn."

"Hush!" said Christy, laying her finger on her lips. "Did ony body see you kill your cousin?"

"No, no ane but that creature itsel, for there was nae another soul in sight but a Papish priest, an' he couldna see very weel for he wantit the head. But what gars ye speir that? I killed him fairly in a set battle, an' I'll never deny it."

"That was bravely done. But was your quarrel with him just?"

"I'm no just sae sure about that."

"Then deny it. Swear it was not you, else you are a dead man. You will be hanged in eight days, an' every ane o' the clan will cut a collop off you if you have fastened an unjust quarrel on Rob Beattie an' murdered him."

"O Kitty, Kitty! ye gar a' my flesh creep! I wadna care sae muckle for hanging, but to be cuttit i' collops is terrible. But what do you think? He cursed me wi' his dying breath, an' prophesied that that bairn should prove my ruin. I dinna like to think o' this at a', Christy; an' I hae been thinkin that it might no be the warst way to pit the bit brat out o' the gate."

"God forbid that ever sic a sin should lie at our door. Poor dear little creature! She is thrown on our care by some strange chance, but she has brought plenty wi' her to pay for her boord wages, an' sooner would I part wi' it a' an' a' that I hae in the warld beside, than see a hair o' her head wranged; and with that Christy Jardine hugged the child to her bosom and kissed and caressed her; and the babe, horrified as she had been by scenes of blood, and feeling herself once more under the care of one of her own kind sex, clung to Christy's neck, and again and again held out her little lovely mouth to give her protectress another kiss. Jock Beatson, the rough Mosstrooper, was so much affected by the scene that he blowed his nose three times between his fore finger and thumb, and as often brought his mailed sleeve across his eyes. "God bless you, Kitty!" said he.

The Beatsons stripped the slain, collected the fine

English horses, a grand prize for them at that] buried their friends and foes together in one pit, is still well known, about half-way between Yarrc Liddell, and bore home their wounded with care t several families. It had been a dear-bought prize to for they had lost their leader and his second in com and nearly as many brave men as had fallen of the E They had seen Watkerrick fall, but what had bec Robert of Cassock, they could not comprehend. S of the pursuers asserted that they had seen him ov and bring down the flying warrior ; but they kn farther, and in the hurry and confusion none even s to remember that John of Thickside had ridden on final catastrophe. So the next morning a part sent out to search for Robert, dead or living; and ε well knew the place where he had been last seer went straight to it, and found both him and the h priest lying stripped naked side by side. This c stance was to them perfectly unaccountable.

Now it so happened, that Lord Nithsdale, who stern Catholic, had raised five hundred men to go assistance of King Charles, and he being the lord s of the Beatsons, who were Protestants and hate sent up a strong force by the way of Eskdale, Peter Maxwell of Wauchope, to command their se Peter found them all gone on a different servi Lord Maxwell rather had suspected,) and followed s on their route, to force them to take the side o liege lord. Peter chanced to take the other side ridge, and fell in with the headless priest and Rol Cassock lying dead together. On stripping the l Peter found a letter to Sir James Montgomery, that Lord Montgomery had sent his only child James, as the only place of refuge he knew of, w the ready money he had, and all her late mother's j *that the child's name was* Mary, and she was tl *heiress to three earldoms.* The letter also recom *Captain Seymour and* Father Phillippe to Sir *confidence,*

ter Maxwell was astonished, for there without doubt
'ather Phillippe lying without his head, side by side
ɔne of the wild moorland clan denominated "the
y Beatsons." But he perceived that a valuable
nd a valuable prize was in jeopardy, and not know-
hat to do, he, like an honest man, went straight to
ıief, put the letter into his hands, and stating how
ıme by it, asked his counsel how to proceed.

ıt by this time word had arrived at Lord Maxwell's
, that a party of English troopers, supposed to be
ɔlics on some private mission from King Charles
Scotland, had been met by a subordinate clan of his
ɔtally annihilated. Lord Maxwell was in dreadful
ı, and forthwith took an oath to extinguish that
uding sept, and resolved at all events to have the
. So turning with one hundred of his choicest
ers, he rode without drawing bridle straight to Wat-
ːk, to ask an explanation from the leader of that wild
lesperate clan.

ıt it so happened, that when he arrived there, the
ɜ of Eskdale, consisting chiefly of Beatsons, Bells,
andisons, were assembled together, burying their chief
own chapel. A few lifted their bonnets to Maxwell,
uspecting his intents to be evil and dangerous, they
very little notice of him till he began to speak in
thoritative manner, demanding a word of their chief,
hey only shook their heads and pointed at the bier.
hen ordered his troopers to take every Beatson
nt into custody, in order to be tried for a breach of
ing's peace. But as soon as his troopers began to
ands on them, a thousand rapiers and daggers were
ı from under the vestments of mourning, and a
ːrate battle ensued for the space of ten minutes, when
Maxwell's troop was broken and every one fled at
peed the best way he could. As I said, Lord Max-
had been the *lord superior* of Eskdale for ages, but
ing a Catholic and the inhabitants of that wild re-
sort of nominal Protestants, without much genuine
among them, as they are to the present day, so

they hated him, and in short wanted to be rid of h
and possess their lands without feu-duty or acknowled
ment to any lord superior. Such men wanted but a p
text for beginning the strife, and they did it with
their energy. Maxwell's men were scattered like
chaff before the wind, and he himself so hemmed in
belaid that he could not get homeward, but was oblig
to fly to the east with only three or four followers.
party of his rebellious vassals pursued with all their ener
and before he gained Craik-Cross his followers were
cut down one by one, but he himself being exceedin
well mounted, still kept far a-head. His horse was gre
ly superior to any of the Eskdale horses, but had be
exhausted by his forenoon's ride from the tower of S
to Watkerrick, so that before he reached the castle
Branksholm, some of the Bells and Beatsons were cl
upon him. When he came within view of the castle
waved his chapeau and shouted aloud, and the war
perceiving a nobleman pursued by commoners, raised
portcullis and let him in; but there was one George B
so close upon him, with his heaved sword, that the pc
cullis in falling cut off his horse's head, and he him
knocked out his brains against the iron bars.

That was a costly raid for the Beatsons, for Lord M
well that very night sold the superiority of Eskdale
the Laird of Buccleuch for a mere trifle, and that rele
less chief raising his clan, cut off the Beatsons every
who possessed land to a man, except the young lair
Watkerrick, the son of the chief, whom he saved,
whose heirs inherit the estate to this day in a lineal d
cent. The original surname of the clan was Beatson,
from the familiar pronunciation it is now changed i
Beattie.

In the mean time, as soon as Lord Maxwell reac
his troops, he despatched a number of private spie
search of the young heiress, and it was not long u
they got a clue to her, for a countryman named D
Little informed them that "he had seen Jock o' T
side cross at the Garwald water foot, on the ever

the 3d of July;—he was a' covered wi' blood, an' had a bit bloody bairn wawin' on afore him."

One of the men then proceeded straight to Thickside by himself, and soon discovered that the missing child was indeed there, for John had only two sons nearly grown to men's estate. But all that the man could do, was to return and inform his lord, he having no further instructions than merely to discover where the child was. Some dispute that took place between Sir Richard Graham and Lord Maxwell, about the marching of the troops of the latter on such an expedition, crossed Maxwell so much that he was arrested on his journey, and shut up in Carlisle Castle as a rebel to the State, his troops marching back to Nithsdale and Galloway.

While these things were going on, there were some insinuations spread against John of Thickside, and it was rumoured that he had murdered his kinsman and next neighbour, Rob of Cassock. He had got a strange child nobody knew how; he was covered with wounds, and it was perfectly well known that he had not been at the division of the spoil, nor the burying of the slain; and it was said there were "some very braw velvet clouts covered wi' goud" that had been seen by some of the vassals about the house; in short, strong suspicions were entertained against Thickside, and the Beatsons, though a lawless sept as regarded others, had the most upright notions of honour among themselves, and would in no wise suffer the highest of their clan to wrong the lowest, so they themselves took hold of Jock of Thickside, and carried him to Dumfries gaol, to take his trial before that very Lord Maxwell, who, like himself, was at that time shut up in prison.

I have often been amazed at discovering how the truth comes out under circumstances the most concealed and secret, and *the first hint that* circulates is very often *the most accordant with it.* Word reached Christy *Jardine, that she had an* heiress to three lordships in her *keeping, and that the* child would be forced from her

in a few nights, with all that she possessed; and if that was refused, her house and fortalice would be laid in ashes.

Christy was terribly perplexed. Her husband had been borne off to prison on suspicion of the slaughter of his cousin. She was aware that he was guilty, and knowing the hands that he was in, she had but little hope of his escape. But above all, she felt that the tearing of that sweet babe from her would be the same as tearing her heart from her bosom, and she could think of no way of preservation but by absconding with her to some other place. So as it approached towards evening on the 17th of July, Christy prepared every thing for her departure. She hid all the jewels and a part of the gold in a hole of the little fortalice, and built them up so as that neither wind, water nor fire, could touch them; and putting the rest of the gold in the lining of her bodice, and the golden cross being about the child's neck, which she would not get off, but took for a charm to keep the fairies from her; as soon as night set in she left her home weeping bitterly, carrying the sleeping babe along with her, and sped away toward the country of those who sought to reave her of her child, for there lay her native country, and she knew no other. About the break of day she heard the voices of a troop of men meeting her, on which she crept behind a turf dike, and squatted down in perfect terror, lest the child should awaken and cry. As bad luck would have it, the men sat down to rest themselves on the side of the path, right opposite to where Christy and her precious charge lay concealed, and she heard the following dialogue among them.

First Man. "Are we far frae that out-o-the-way place, Thickside, does ony o' you ken? How far off are we, Johnstone?"

Second Man. "About seven miles, as I guess; and I shoudna' be ill pleased though we should never find it. *I look on the haill o' this* expedition as unfair. What *has our Lord Maxwell* ado wi' the brave old fellow's *wean, however he came* by her? But I trow it is the

goud he wants. Jock himself is lying in prison
'd suspicions entertained against him, an' no ane
ɔnd his place but a callant; an' if they refuse to gie
wean an' her treasure, we are to burn an' herry.
e'il a bit o' this is fair play."

ɪt Man. "But think if Jock Beatson be a mur-
Johnstone, an' hae killed his cousin for the greed
bairn's siller, which they say wad buy a' the lands
dale. Then think what he deserves. What is
pinion about that?"

ɔnd Man. "Od I believe that he killed Robert o'
k; for it is plain that the Priest wanting the head
ɪ' hae killed him. But then I think he killed him
combat, for he has nae fewer than ten wounds a'
; an' his armour, which was brought to Dumfries,
ɛed an' hewed, ye never saw aught like it. Od
ring them a bairn o' ony kind. If it be but a lassie,
anna ken ae bairn by another, an' it will be a grand
ɜ to ony bit weelfaurd lass bairn to get three lord-

rd Man. "I hae half a dozen wenches, an' my
ɑs seven, ye shall get the wale o' them a', John-
if ye like to make the experiment."

rth Man. "I wad rather hae a haul at Jock o'
ide's ewes an' kye. Let us, if you please, go ac-
ɛ to order."

ɔnd Man. "Devil-a-bit! The time is come that
been looking for a while past, when every man
ɑat which is right in his own eyes. But it shall
be said o' Jock Johnstone that he took advantage
times to do aught that's oppressive or unjust; an'
: this mission o' ours is an unfair one. An' if a'
ɜ that I hae heard, the best days o' the Beatsons
ɐ."

en the dialogue had reached thus far, there was a
sort of bloodhound belonging to the troop popped
d over the turf dyke, right above where Christy
sleeping charge lay concealed. He never got
right in his life! He uttered such a bay as

made all the hills yell, and fled as if a hundred fiends had been after him, never letting one yelp await another.

"May a' the powers o' heaven preserve us," cried one; "what can be ayant that dyke? sure am I it is something neither good nor canny, for Reaver never fled frae the face o' clay sin' the day that he was born."

The first horrid bay of the dog wakened the child, who stood up in her rokelay of green, and began to prattle, and the men hearing the small voice in a language which they did not well understand, conceived that they were indeed haunted by the fairies, and grew exceedingly frightened, and as Christy thought, some of them fled; but one Charles Carruthers, more bold than the rest, cursed them for cowards, and went away, though manifestly agitated, to peep over the dike. The lovely infant, clad in green, met his face with hers on the top of the old green dyke; but if Reaver got a dreadful fright, Carruthers got a worse, for he actually threw himself back over, and made sundry somersets down hill before he could gain his feet, and the whole troop then fled in the utmost astonishment. As for Reaver he got such a fright, that he ran off and was never more seen.

Poor Christy journeyed on with a heavy heart, for she heard that evil was determined against her. Yet was she glad that she had made her escape with the child; and she had some hope in the honour and forbearance of Johnstone, who seemed to be a leading man among Maxwell's soldiers. This party reached Thickside about sunrising, and found only James, the youngest son at home; for the eldest had followed his father to Dumfries to minister to him. James told them frankly that his father had brought home a child from the battle, but that when or how he got her he knew not; but he added, "My mother will maybe ken, for she sleeps wi' her. She says they ca' her Maly Cummy."

But when they went to Christy's apartment, behold "*the sheets were* cold, and she was away!" There was *neither dame nor* child there, at which James was greatly *wounded, thus* to be deprived of both his father and

mother; and the men easily discerned that he was in no way privy to the concealment. The soldiers searched the cowhouses, hinds' houses, and shepherds' cots, but no concealed lady, child, or treasure could they find; so they burnt the house of Thickside, and drove the cattle, according to their lord's order.

During the time of the search, and the contention about seizing the spoil, the youth James contrived to send off an express to Garwal, who sent expresses to every landward laird of the clan, and though the Beatsons knew not until the following year that Lord Nithsdale had sold them and their possessions, yet having once shown a spirit of insubordination, they were determined to submit to nothing. So when the Maxwells came to a place called Sandy-ford, a strait and difficult passage across the Black-Esk, they were encountered by a body of the Beatsons, and cut off to a man.

Christy and her lovely little charge arrived late that same evening of the foray at a cot in Langley-dale, where she was kindly welcomed by a lone widow to a night's lodging, chiefly on account of the beauty and polished dialect of little Mary, who was quite a phenomenon among those rude borderers. And the next day, when Christy was about to continue her journey, the widow, whose name was Clark, besought her to stay with her, and help her with the spinning of some webs for Lady Langley. Christy accepted the offer, for no one could excel her at spinning; and the two continued on carding and spinning, time about, very busy and very happy to all appearance, although in truth Christy's heart was yearning over the precarious situation of her husband, as well as her household goods and gear; and Widow Clark yearning no less to know who the strangers were whom she had got in her house. Christy said "the bairn was her's, but the father o' her was a grand nobleman wha had fa'n into some scrape, an' the king had cuttet off his head. Sae as the bairn *wasna jeetimate, the friends had just sent her back to her poor mother again.*"

"*Ay, ay!*" *said widow Clark*; "we leeve in awfu' times!

For sin' ever I can mind, which is near forty years, lives o' men hae been naething countit on. Whene a man's indictit as they ca't, the next word that we hea that he's hanged." (Christy let the thread drop ou her hand, and her cheek grew pale.) "An' then, l mony hae been shot an' hanged without either ind ment or trial? The lives o' men are nae mair cou on now-a-days than they were a wheen auld ousen auld naigs. But oh, I heard some ill news yestre Ye maun ken that there's a wild bloody clan wha le up in the moorlands that they ca' Beattie's, wha i thought will soon be extirpit, for they hae risen in bellion against their lord, an' as near killed him as l ever miss being killed again. An there's ane, it see the warst o' the hale bike, wha has killed a gentlen an' stown an heiress. Aweel, ye see, the Lord Max o' Niddisdale, he sends up a band o' sodgers to rescue bairn; but when they gaed there, the rascally thi wadna produce her. Weel, the sodgers brunt an' heri for ye ken thae Beatties are a' outlaws an' thieves, an' game. But what does the villains do, think ye? I clare it was tauld yestreen, that they gathered till a h and had killed Lord Niddisdale's men ilka ane, an' ro an' eatin them."

"Hout! they surely wadna do that. It wad onl some o' the recovered cattle that they roastit an' e That ye ken is the rule."

"I ken nae sic thing, but this I ken, that the kn will soon be a' hanged, that's some comfort. The vi that murdered the gentleman an' stealed the bairn her tocher, is ta'en away to Dumfries already to be h ed. An' if Lord Maxwell of Niddisdale had the where he is, there wadna ane o' them escape. bonnie bairn's your ain, you say?"

"Ay, weel I wot is she, though I maun say it to shame. An' I maun e'en try to work for her brea *my ain baith.*"

"*Because a kind* of glose cam' o'er me that this *be the stawn heiress*, an' that I might get mysel' w

neatly up by the neck about her. But what need I say sae? What interest could a poor workin' body like you hae in stealing a bairn to bring a double weight on your shoulders? An' what a bit gildit trinket is this wi' some glass beads in it that she wears on her naked bosom?"

"That's a charm for keepin' away the fairies, the brownies, an' a' evil spirits frae her. Her father, wha, was a great maister o' airts, lockit that about her neck that it might never be ta'en aff."

"Ah! but that is a valuable thing an' a blessing to my house, for muckle muckle I hae been plaguit wi' them! So she's your ain bairn, you say? Weel I canna help having my jealousings. She's verra unlike ye. What is your name, darling?"

"Why, Maly? little Maly Gumly!" said the child carelessly, as she sat on the floor caressing a kitten.

"I am ruined now," thought Christy to herself, "and all will out together!"

"What mair nor Mary did you say? Tell me what mair?"

"I don't know what you say," said the child. "What mare is it? Is it papa's own or the ane I rode on wid auld Fader Flip."

"What does the creature say?" said widow Clark. "Who was Father Flip, Mary?

"O, it was de man that wanted de head, you know: when Maly yan and kie'd, and de bloody man took Maly up and toss'd her."

"O, she's clean ayont my comprehension," said widow Clark. "But what mair do they ca' ye forby Mary? What mair did you say?"

"I did not say any thing about a mare," said the child. "Come, come, pussy, you must go with me, and if you dare to scratch me, I will beat you."

"That's nae bairn o' this country, however," said the widow; "ye hae surely been far up through England when ye met *wi' your misfortune*?"

"*That's rather a sair subject*, Mrs Clark, but ye ken *weel how many English officers*, baith noblemen an'

gentlemen, hae been hereabouts for ower lang a
our good. If ye ken'd a' that I hae suffered
bairn your heart wad bleed for me. An' lac
fear my sufferings for her winna be a' ower yet
with that Christy fell a-crying bitterly as she th
her husband and of her burnt habitation. But
fathom the latent fountains of tenderness in a
heart, especially when helpless infancy is conce

Widow Clark felt that she had sounded a c
delicate, and concluded by saying—"Weel, w
up your heart, an' think nae mair about it. Wi
canna be undone, an' ye hae a pair o' good hand
ain, an' are weel worthy o' your room, sae ye are
to stay here as lang as you like, an' your w
stand for your meat, an' if we ply weel, we'll su
port sweet little Mary atween us."

This speech was rewarded by a gush o' grat
from Christy, for her heart yearned over the
from that day forward Mrs Clark never put
question to Christy about the child. She calle
Christy Melvile, and said the child was to be ca
her own surname, by order of her father the d
he was beheaded. So one was called Christy
other Mary, and there was no more said about
every sabbath day Christy left the charge of li
with the widow, went off before day and return
by night; and though the widow watched her
that she sometimes went one way and sometime
and could not comprehend her business. It w
wards discovered that she went to Dumfries an
side week about.

Christy saw and learned from others that
on ticklish ground; a high reward having bee
for the discovery of the child, she took good ca
ceal the riches she brought with her, never ev
ring to buy her a new frock, unless out of thei
vings. That widow Clark really believed th
be Christy's is rather doubtful; but certain
quiesced in the belief, for she loved both th

mother, and had no mind to part with them. So the child grew in stature and in beauty. But we must return to Christy's family.

Jock of Thickside was tried before Lord Nithsdale immediately on his return from England, but the Beatsons, his accusers, refused to attend, keeping their fastnesses, for they knew that as far as the power of the Maxwells extended they were a proscribed clan; and moreover their late slaughter of the band of English rendered them supremely obnoxious to their old tyrannical liege lords. But Maxwell was at the pains to send officers up among them, who examined them, and the Beatsons told all that they knew, for they lamented the death of their brave clansman Robert of Cassock exceedingly, and all of them suspected John of Thickside. It was proven that he was not on the field at the dividing of the spoil, nor the burying of the slain, nor even at his chief's funeral the next day, and that he was seen crossing the Esk on the evening of the 3d, with a crying child on the horse before him.

This was all, and there was nothing more criminal in it than what attached to the whole clan who were present at the foray, and all this Jock had confessed plainly at first, but schooled by his wife, he denied that he had ever left the field of strife. He said he had picked up a lovely child trying to waddle away from the field of battle, and he being wearied and wounded, rode straight home and took the child with him to try to preserve her innocent life.

"Then tell me, ruffian, what thou hast done with that child?" said Lord Maxwell; "for that baby's life was of more value than the lives of thy whole race."

"It is false," said Jock.

"What say'st thou, caitiff? Speak'st thou so to me?"

"Yes, I do. For there is not a life of my race which is not as valuable in the sight of heaven as either thine or *her's, and I hope a great* deal more so than those of *my papist's on earth.*"

A *buzz of approbation* ran through the crowded coun-

cil-room at this bold reply; for the Dumfriesians feared much from the Catholics and abhorred th Lord Maxwell perceiving this, answered mildly: "Tell me what thou hast done with that nob and thy life shall be as dear to me as thou rat possest it is to heaven?"

I must give John Beatson's explanation in words. "Troth ye see, ma' lword, I feught ve that day an' levelled a good deal o' the Englis the swaird. But that wasna my wyte, for we ha mander, a chief o' our ain, an' whan he began what could we do but follow. Besides we k days o' the papishes war ower, as ye'll soon find cost, an' we thought the sooner we made an wheen o' them the better. But to come to t again that ye hand sic a wark about; troth I v to pit the secret out. But faith an' troth, my murdered her yoursel'. An' it's gayan like a trick after a'. They're sae frank at takin' the others it's weel done when they snap ane anit orra times."

"Explain what you mean, Beatson. This is rious a business to be jeered with. I never child, and therefore could have had no hand in ta life. But it is a business which, if I judge ari cost you your neck."

"Aweel! I ken ye has resolved on that alre gin a' my kinsmen had but as neck among them chop a' off at since. But I ken wha's head be serves to be chopped off; and I'll explain the n to you an' a' that hear me. I fund a bairn the doubt o't, trying, poor thing, to waddle away as frae the field o' battle. Sae I took her by the f an' pu'd her up afore me, an' findin that she w wi' gowd an' diamonds an' precious stones, an' th sair wounded an' forefoughten, I thought I wad for my prize an' let my friends share the rest amar Sae I brought hir hame an' gae her to my wife, woman kissed her, caressed her, an' fed her w

in the house. But behold I was sent to prison, an' your lordship, knowing that I wasna at hame to defend my ain, sent up your sogers wha surroundit the house; an' my poor wife was sae fley'd that she took up the baby an' a' her riches into a hiding place in a garret which nae leeving soul could find out. But behold the base knaves set the house on fire an' brunt it every stap, an' my honest woman an' the bonny bairn war baith brunt to ashes. But that's the gate honest an' true men hae been long guidit by the papishes."

Lord Nithsdale looked confounded. He knew such a deed had been done; the plain narrative affected him, and he exclaimed "God forgive me." The populace grew outrageous. They pulled Lord Nithsdale from the seat of justice, and knocked and pommelled him so, that it was with great difficulty his officers and adherents got him pushed into the dungeon of the prison and locked up there. From that day he never more mounted the bench of justice in Dumfries. The times were changed with him. The mob assumed the rule for a season. The crown tottered on the head of the king, while a more powerful hand grasped at it, and all was utter confusion. In the mean time, John of Thickside was set free, amid the shouts of an exulting mob. But though liberated in this singular and tumultuous way, he was not exculpated in the eyes of his kinsmen, who regarded him with a jealous eye and refused to associate with him. They suspected him not only of having foully slain Robert of Cassock, but of having made away with the child for the sake of her treasure, for though the Beatsons heard the story as a fact that the wife and child were both burnt, they did not believe it.

When Mary came to be about nine years of age she was taken notice of by Mrs Maxwell, commonly called Lady Langley. This lady was a widow, her husband having fallen in the civil wars, and she had retired to an *old solitary but neat* mansion in this wild dell, with *her only surviving child,* a boy in his teens. Now, as *Lady Langley supplied* the two women with constant

work, she often called at their cot to see how her woo
and linen yarn were coming on, and pay them by
spindle. So every time she saw and conversed v
little Mary Melville, as she was called, she could
help admiring her singular beauty and fine address ;
at length proposed to take her home and educate
along with her son, who had a tutor of his own. T
proposal was blithely accepted by the two women,
though both of them by dint of hard spelling and n
naming words could read a little, they found the
selves quite inadequate to teach their little darling
thing beyond the alphabet, every letter of which th
mispronounced.

Mary proved a most apt learner, as girls about t
age generally are, and soon made great advancement
overtaking the young laird. Lady Langley was
pleased with herself at having taken this fatherless
interesting child under her protection, that she con
scended often to attend to her education herself, tho
with a great deal of pomp and circumstance. It
while guiding her hand in writing one day that I
Langley perceived the cross on the girl's bosom, and
struck dumb with astonishment thinking it was stre
with blood. She took it out and stared at it.
made no resistance, but stared on the lady's face
turn. It was a cross of gold set with rubies in
beautiful way.

"Mary Melville, what is this?" said the lady ;
this cannot be yours."

"I believe it is, madam," said Mary seriously
has hung there since ever I remember, and I ha
that it was locked round my neck by my father
before he was beheaded."

"He has died for the true religion then," said
turning up her eyes, and then turning over
she saw upon the adverse side these words, if
her aright, set in very small diamonds Mo
mento M. M. "Ay, there it is! There it
she, "*Mother* of God, remember Mary M

worth an estate. Do you remember aught
?"
always I remember of riding in a coach with
whom I was wont to call so."
as his name?"
quite forgot, but men took off their caps
)oke to him."
ır own name always Mary Melville?"
'as not. I am almost certain it was not.
ıot remember! I think they called me Mary
ulney, or some such sound as that. But it
in and quite like a dream."
ı never had any mother or mamma save
."
I never had any mother or mamma but
pting Mrs Clark, who is the very same."
So then the story is all too true! Your
:en a gentleman, perhaps more. But your
)een one of the herd, perhaps a common
you must never think to rise in life, Mary.
ne to thrust yourself into genteel society,
stain on your lineage which all the beauty
shments of the world cannot efface."
ee that at all, Lady Langley, why I should
wn on by the world for a misdemeanor in
no share."
way of the world, child, and to the ways of
e must submit, as we cannot frame it anew
ideas or the particular circumstances that
s. But blessed be God who cast you
tion, for I will breed you up in the true re-
s you never can rise in life, I will get you
unnery."
ery? What's that? I do not like the

religious house where young women are
the fear, nurture, and admonition of the
pared for a better state, and well provided
es."

"Well, I should like that exceedingly. Are there plenty of young gentlemen in it?"

"No, no! There is no man suffered to enter those sacred gates but the father confessor."

"I think I shall not go. I'll rather take my chance with old mother Christy, to such luck as may cast up.

Lady Langley smiled and made a long speech about mothers, which I do not choose to bring into my tale and by degrees half and more persuaded the young volatile beauty that she was directing her on the right path. In the meantime the young laird and she learned on and gambolled on together. He was constantly playing tricks on her, and keeping her squalling in their hours of amusement, and sometimes he would pretend to lay her from him with a horse-whip, but in one minute she was between his shoulders again. Lady Langley gave them many profound lectures on the impropriety of their intimacy, and would often impress Mary's mind so much that she would try to keep aloof from George for days together. But the game always began again. They went a nutting, they went a bird-nesting, keeping out of the severe dame's sight, and ultimately George would stand or sit and gaze in silence at the growing beauties of Mary, while the return he got for this worship was often no more than a slap on the cheek or a fillip on the nose.

But the time arrived when George was obliged to leave his mother's house for some Catholic college, whether in France or Ireland I have forgot, but he remained there a number of years, and was only home once all the time and then when he met with Mary he did not know her. It was a droll scene. Mary accosted him with ease and familiarity, while he could only bow, stare, and hesitate. When told that it was his old playmate, Mary Melville, he actually cried for joy at seeing her so lovely. The lady took good care to keep them asunder, so that they only met once by themselves for a few minutes, but during that short space something had passed between them which never was forgotten by either of them.

ime at length arrived when it behoved George
come home and take the charge of his own
hen Lady Langley resolved to put her scheme
on with regard to Mary, and get her disposed
iery. She made no mention of such a thing,
wanted to send her as a companion and go-
ier cousin, the Countess of Traquair, who she
ally went abroad every year, and had plenty
Mary was obsequious and rather fond of the
it took all Lady Langley's eloquence to per-
wo old dames to part with her, and strange to
lark was the far most obstinate in yielding
l at parting with her.
l of Traquair's chaplain and livery servant at
ed by appointment, and after a great deal of
crying, Mary, mounted on a fine palfrey, rode
way with her ghostly conductor; the livery-
being quite laden with necessaries which the
)man forced her to take along with her.
iever find out what road they took for the
aquair. A printed account of the transaction
seen says they were going to lodge that night
of broken or deposed clergyman at a place
ger, so that it is probable it was at the steps
rg that they encountered a horde of men and
ging in two tents in which fires were blazing,
of noise and singing going on, while the bag-
)ding its loudest strains to the chorus. The
rightened, as well he might, for he knew by the
trains of the bagpipe which he had frequently
the carollers were THE FAAS, a reckless tribe
iat generally travelled twenty-four strong, and
the country took and did whatever they listed,
ver visited any place more than once in a year,
who were civil to them they would not
reaved without scruple from their adver-

as I said was not at all at his ease, but to
d at the steps was impossible, and to return

back over the dreary path they had passed
cowardly and inconvenient, so the three were
pass on. But to get by unperceived was imp
The horses stopped and snorted, and the do
gipsies bayed until out sallied a body of the
without ceremony seized the three hapless tra
bore them in to the chief, taking care meantim
their horses out of sight.

What a scene was there! There was plen
and mutton roasting and stewing, which the g
the help of their dogs, had reaved from the
fed all around them, and plenty of the be
brandy, for they were smugglers as well as gip
the man who seized Mary and carried her into
tent was no other than the celebrated Gordo
piper; which she knew by this token, that
which he took with her the great drone uttere
she having some way pressed against the bag,
finite amusement of the gang, who screamed
ter at the piper and his splendid load.

The smell of the viands was so delicious
to say, the chaplain eyed them as ascending
cauldron with great satisfaction, and after b
good things in Latin, partook most liberally
well as of the brandy. He knew the chief,
him by his name, Lord John Faa. He also
piper, naming him, so that no doubt of the
the priest remained. The Lord Traquair o
was a great and good man, respected over al
and by this wandering horde as much as an
therefore could exceed the kindness of the ga
guests, and it must be acknowledged that both
and servant enjoyed themselves exceedingl
really felt that they were much more comfo
they could possibly have been with the broke
Braeger.

Not so with poor Mary. It was a scene
roughness, and recklessness, of which she ha
dreamed, and the gipsy women were the fa

reover Gordon Faa, the piper, who kept close by her, gued her with his assiduities, looking upon her as his rful prize, although again and again snubbed both by stern looks and degrading taunts of his chief John a, lord of Little Egypt, who at length drove him into secondary tent, leaving none in that tent save his ther, two brethren, the priest, Mary, and himself. ey slept on rushes ; but as Mary refused to lie down, chief like a gentleman sat and watched with her. As n as all were quiet, he proposed at once to make her een of the gipsies, assuring her that no lady in the land uld fare better or be better attended. She tried to n it into a jest, and said she was already engaged to piper. Lord John let her know that he was jesting e about the matter, and told her that Gordon the piper a low dastardly poltroon whom he, John Faa, could ff out like a candle, and not so much as burn his fin- s on him.

'I beg your pardon, Sir Sovereign," said Mary. "Now, ny opinion, the piper is the most proper man of the , and as I am engaged to him it is most ungenerous ou to propose taking me from your kinsman."

'I would take you from my brother," said he, "for all the women I have ever seen on earth you are the st beautiful. But believe me it would be wise and dent in you to acquiesce in my proposal. It will be better for you, because what you refuse me on friendly ns I am resolved to take by force."

'I must first hear what my conductor and ghostly fessor says to that," said Mary. "And you yourself st also first procure the consent of the piper before we proceed farther in this matter."

Now it so happened that there was only the thickness he canvass, between the jealous piper and them all time, and he heard every word that was uttered and k it all for *earnest, and* there was one other heard *who, to all appearance,* was the soundest sleeper there, *that was the chief's* mother, the queen dowager of *psies, and as she both* adored and dreaded her son,

she resolved to further his views in the attainment of his object, a queen of the gipsies, that would not only do them credit but astonish all the country.

The next morning they packed up their baggage in a time unaccountably short, and set off before sunrise. The priest asked for their horses and liberty to proceed, but the chief told him that he would conduct them in safety to Traquair gate, provided he would marry him to that young lady with whom he was resolved never to part. But if he refused to do that, perhaps—he—would not be permitted—to go much farther.

The chaplain's blood ran chill to his heart, for he knew with whom he had to do,—a gang that accounted no more of the lives of men than of sheep. "If I have the consent of parties," said he with a pale and quivering lip, "why then I can have no objections."

"How can you say so, father Crosbie?" said Mary, "would you marry me to the chief of a lawless gang of outlaws, vagabonds, the terror and disgrace of the country. Be assured then, once for all, that I would rather die a thousand deaths than submit to such a degradation."

"Don't just say so far, young madam," said the old gipsy queen, "we'll see about that by and by."

"Well, well, we'll not say any more about these matters just now," said the chief. "But as we are all going the same road let us journey on together till breakfast-time, and when we have got a hearty meal we shall either remain together or part good friends."

The chaplain, who would gladly have been off, answered mildly, "Why, now begging your honour's pardon, I think we had better proceed by ourselves. You are the very best of fellows, and the best of landlords, but think what will be said through the country if the Earl of Traquair's chaplain, a gentleman in holy orders, and a lady belonging to that great family, should be seen *travelling through* the country with the gipsies?"

"*There is no one to see us here*," said Lord John, "*for no one dares to come near us as we pass out of the way, therefore let us journey on till we breakfast toge*

vill not be before eleven, as we take always only
urty meals a-day."
e went a fishing, some went a shooting, and some
ıg, and as appointed they all met at a place called
urn at eleven to breakfast. They had plenty of
ut, some of the birds now called *game*, and both
ıd mutton beside; and after both men and women
taken of a full quaigh of brandy, they sat down
arty breakfast, and then after another quaigh of
the chief said, "Now, Sir Priest, proceed we to
s, if you please, and join this young woman's hand
ine, as nothing less than such a ceremony will
the consciences of women."
e the piper came forward, bonnet in hand, and
ldressed his chief. "My lord, how is it that I
be forced to remind you of the unaltered and in-
law of this and all well regulated communities
ng spulzie; you know too well that it is that who-
st finds the prize and takes possession is the legal
without dispute and without reference; you have
re no right nor claim to that young maiden. She
. And before our kinsmen I make my appeal,
e you to touch her so much as with one of your
"

John Faa stood up curling his dark lip, while his
ıios moved up and down like the whiskers of a
ı rage. "Thou butterfly! Thou moth! Thou
f wind and whistles! Darest thou for thy heart's
peak thus to me?"
s, I dare!" said the piper, "for I ask only jus-

en take that as a part of thy measure of it," said
ef, aiming a tremendous blow at the piper's left

But Gordon Faa the piper was a proper man
in a subordinate capacity; he broke the force of
f's stroke with his left elbow, and returned it with
terest that he laid his chief flat on the green,
lay motionless with the blood gushing from his
d nose, right before the entrance of his tent.

The piper instantly struck with the enormity of offence, turned his back and fled, and in the hur lending assistance to the chief no one noted this till old gipsy queen called out, "Is the dog to be allc to escape thus?" On which Ellick Faa, the cl brother, threw off his coat, drew a rapier, and pur him.

There was not one of the sept, however, a match the piper in speed, which had often been proved be and at this time terror increasing it he shot away his pursuers like a hare from a colley dog. Anc brother perceiving this, pursued also, and the chie covering from the stunning blow followed behind, ca on his brothers to stop, but they neither heard nor garded. Some of Gordon the piper's near connex next followed, both men and women, and the path c the river over knowe and dell, was seen by the s herds and peat-workers from the hills covered wi long line of gipsies, all running like mad people, and said one to another, "There's some drunken fray an the Faas, an' it'll no settle without blood."

The piper kept quite a-head, and it is believed w have done so and far outran all his pursuers. What tempted him to take earth is unaccountable for th far a-head and out of sight of his pursuers he b into the very first house he came to, which was the f house of Cosserhill. It so happened that there was a soul in the house but one young girl, who was st ing at the kitchen table baking bannocks. She l Gordon Faa the piper, for she had danced to his st only three days before, and she asked in astonishi "What's the matter? What's the matter? Guid Gordon, what's the matter?"

"Nae ill to you, deary; nae ill to you," said he, flying into a corner of the milkhouse, he hid himself be *a salt barrel and a meal one.* I can give the particul *this catastrophe* correctly, for it was the daughter of *girl who related the* story to me again and again *was a boy.* Her name was Tibby Scott, and sh

ith an only daughter at Craig-hill on Lord Napier's land, and I am sure is still remembered by many living.

"What's the matter, Gordon?" said she. "Nae ill to you, deary" said he. "But for God's sake dinna tell ony o' them that I'm here."

He had not well done speaking when Ellick Faa entered, with his thirsty rapier ready in his hand. "Did you see a man, lassie?" said he, hurriedly; "did you see a man? Saw you aughts o' our piper here?"

"Na," said she, as if quite surprised by the question, on which Ellick uttered an oath and ran again to the door. But the view from that house being very extensive all around, and he seeing no one flying, returned again into the house, and said, "O d— him, he must be here!" and instantly commenced a search, when the panting of the piper soon led to his discovery. Ellick seized him by the neck, and dragged him out to the middle of the kitchen-floor, while the piper seemed to be deprived of all power either to plead or fight, but arms he had none. Ellick trailed him out on his back, and setting his foot on his throat, he stabbed him through the heart. He was standing on him with both his feet, the girl said, and when he pulled out his rapier from his breast, the blood spouted upwards against the loft. The piper died instantly.

That blood remained on those joists and flooring for a century, and I have often looked at it myself in the old farm-house of Cosserhill, with a sort of awe and terror, although only a memorial of former days. The chief's younger brother next arrived, and likewise ran his weapon through the body of the piper, but it hardly shivered, he having been run through the heart at the first. The chief next arrived with his face, and breast covered with blood; but his rage and grief, when he saw Gordon the piper was murdered, is past describing. He cursed his brethren for their impetuosity, and the girl was wont to say, that *she believed if he* had had a weapon in his hand *he would have slain them* both. When his rage had *somewhat subsided, he* lamented his fallen kinsman in

the most dolorous and pathetic terms, and wept like a child over him, saying, "Thou art foully slain, Gordon, thou art foully slain! and I would rather it had been myself, or either of them than thou. For it was I who was the aggressor! yes, it was I—it was I!"

Sundry others arrived, both men and women, and great was the lamentation for the fall of the piper, and dreadful the execrations on his murderers. They then took the byre door from its hinges, stretched the ghastly corpse upon that, and bore him back to the tent, where they wrapped the body up in linen and woollen, and buried it on the very spot where his chief fell when he knocked him down, and where his grave is to be seen to this day, on Brockhope Ridge—and with one stone at the head, and another at the feet: a dreadful lesson to the insubordinate members of all clans.

In the mean time, while this horrible and fatal affray was going on, and the gipsy men all away, the priest and livery-servant made their escape; mounting their steeds, they rode with all their might, and reached the castle of Traquair before it was quite dark, where they related their grievous story, but not truly, to save themselves from the shame of leaving Mary behind. The truth was that the priest pleaded very hard that Mary should accompany him; but the old gipsy queen, and the other women that remained at the tent, would not suffer her to depart, but held her by force. The priest threatened her with the vengeance of Lord Traquair, and said he would send an armed body of men at once, who would not only take the young lady from them, but cut them all to pieces. But the old hag is said to have answered him in these bitter words:—

"Ay, gang or ride your ways, and warn the Earl o' Traquair. We dinna gie *that* for him (snapping her fingers). An' afore ye win the Kirk-Rigg, we'll mak her she sanna be worth the sending for, nor will she gang wi' *ye if ye wad tak her.*"

Mary cried most bitterly, and entreated the priest, by *all that he held* sacred, to remain with her and be h

protector; but he was glad to escape with life and limb, and left Mary in a swoon, held down by three gipsy women. Therefore when he went to Traquair, he said that they had fallen in with the powerful gipsy gang called the Faas, and that the young lady for whom they were sent rather chose to remain with them and be their queen, than come to Traquair to be a servant. Lady Traquair would not believe this report, after the letters she had had from her cousin, but the Earl believed it, and sent no succour.

But there is a power far above that of the nobles of the earth that watches over truth and innocence; and Mary failed not at every interval of hateful persecution in this dreadful dilemma, to implore protection of heaven; and her prayers were heard, for she *was* delivered, and that in a most wonderful manner.

When the gang returned with the mangled and bloody corpse of the piper, her feelings received a fearful shock. She expected nothing but death from those lawless ruffians; but it was not death so much as dishonour that she dreaded; and after the gipsy queen's speech to the priest, she had good reasons for dreading both. She however seized a clasp knife, and concealed it in her bosom, resolved, if any violence was offered to her, to stab the aggressor, and if unable to accomplish that to stab herself. But the old gipsy queen either missed the knife, which was a sort of closing dagger, and a most insidious and dangerous weapon, or some way or other suspected Mary's design, for the three hags laid all hold of her at once, forced the knife from her, and tied her hands behind her back.

When the piper's burial was over the chief was very down-hearted and out of tune. He was angry that the chaplain was gone; he was angry that the young lady was detained against her will, and her hands bound behind her back. In short, he was angry with every thing, and *ordered his mother to let* Mary depart; for he had no *art to compel her to submit* to his will by force.

"*Not by force!*" *said* she. "How then should a

queen of the Egyptians be wooed but by force? I thought I had a noble and daring son of thee, but I hav only a chicken-hearted craven! Where could you fin such another queen as this thrust upon you by chance The like of her is not in broad Scotland; and after pro posing the thing, to draw back! Faugh! force forsooth Where lives the maiden who does not like to be force to some things! I—ay I was laid on the bride-bed wit your father, with my hands tied behind my back; and what I was obliged to submit to, my daughter-in-law may well submit to after me. I would not have a queen of our brave and ancient tribe who was not taken by force, because otherwise she would not be worth having. Win her and wear her, say I. There she lies at your command. Lord Traquair may send for her to-morrow, but I sent him word that before that time he should find her not worth the taking; and neither would she go with his men if he would take her. Come, comrades, let us take a walk up by the Back Burn, and leave the young couple by themselves."

Mary was then left in the tent with Lord John Fas with her hands tied behind her back. He had, however used no violence with Mary, for she all her life spoke o him with respect. He had, perhaps, offered some—fo it seems that he discovered the cross in her bosom, whic at once struck him speechless and motionless. This gold en cross, be it remembered, was a very affecting thing It was an effigy of the Saviour on the cross, with larg rubies for the nails, and smaller ones resembling th streaming of the blood. The savage, who certainly ha known something about the Christian revelation, was s struck with the sight of this apparently bloody cross, tha he shrunk back speechless and horrified, while Mary, see ing his perturbed looks, appeared as much terrified as he At length, with a quivering lip, he spoke words to th following purpose:—"Lady, you are the favoured c heaven; and rather than offer any violence to that and lovely frame would I spill my own heart's b You are free. Here I loose you with my own b

.r not that one of our tribe dare so much as touch
with a foul finger."

'oor Mary was so overjoyed at this miraculous relief,
; she kneeled at her deliverer's feet, and embraced his
es; and then, how astonished was the old reckless
en and her associates, at seeing the chief and the
uty meeting them walking arm in arm. The gipsies,
ourse, formed conclusions wide of the truth.

But that very afternoon the chief mounted Mary on
own palfrey, and he and his two brethren accom-
ied her as far as a place called Corse Cleuch, where
got the room to sleep in and they the barn; and the
t day they set her safely down at Traquair gate, with
y thing pertaining to her. Lord and Lady Traquair
e highly pleased with the generosity and kindness of
roving barbarian chief, and it was thought (but to the
h of this I cannot speak) that it was through the
's powerful interest that there was never any cogni-
e taken of the piper's murder. It was as likely to
e been occasioned by the times being so terribly out
oint: but so it was, that the two brothers escaped
impunity.

s for Mary, she seemed to have been born to a life
ild romance; for no sooner had she shewn her face
raquair than John Stewart, second son to the earl,
denominated The Tutor of Caberston, fell desper-
y in love with her, and intreated of his parents per-
ion to marry her. They were highly indignant at
proposal, but finding him obstinately intent on his
ose, they were obliged to apply to Mary herself, and
on her prudence. She was aware how well the
ng gentleman loved, and also how advantageous the
ch would have been,— for he was afterwards Earl of
quair. But she listened to the admonitions of her
guardians, and the next time the Tutor addressed
she gave him *such a lecture* on his imprudence in
osing such a thing, and of their great inequality in
e being the son of a powerful nobleman, and she a
nameless foundling, unacknowledged by any one,

that the young man was astonished, but nowise d from his purpose; for in place of that, when he her so disinterested, his love glowed fiercer thar and he determined, at all hazards, on making l wife.

Mary told the countess every thing candidly, a the gentleman's vehement protestations; and that lady perceived that, knowing her son's temper a position, there was nothing for it but separating She therefore persuaded her two sons Charles and to go on a visit to their relations in Nithsdale; the mean time she smuggled off Mary to France, l pany with two of her daughters, the ladies Lucy an with charges to them to get her introduced into t vent of Maisendue, with which the Scottish Cath bility were all connected: so off they set to Edi in the earl's huge lumbering carriage, and did no that city until dark of an autumn day, when they a at the earl's house in the Canongate.

Mary had not well set foot on the pavemen one touched her arm and said "Mary, I want t with you."

Mary thought she knew the voice, and turne with the woman without hesitation. It was her u friend, Christy, who never lost sight of her exc of the nights she was detained by the gipsies. very day that Mary left Langley-Dale, poor Chr nished from Mrs Clark's cottage. Whoever re will suppose that then she had gone home to h dwelling at Thickside, but, alas! Thickside was n her dwelling—the Beatsons had been extirpat their ancient feudal territory parted among the and John of Thickside and his sons had shared in of their brethren. So Christy had made up her n stick by her adopted daughter. She was sure sh lady of quality, but who she was, or what she *mained a mystery.* The good woman, howe *plenty of tokens to* prove her protegee's origin, *should be claimed;* in particular, the gold and r

locked about her neck and hung down on her
one that could never be disputed. She followed
uair, and was there a day before her; and
home she got some intelligence that Mary
d for a foreign convent. While Mary was at
hristy was refused admittance to her, and
ier: but when she set off for Edinburgh, she
and was there before her, and contrived to
t word of her on her alighting from the
d with the bustle and confusion of taking
es and the luggage, Mary's retreat was never

irest Mary," said Christy, "leave these great
ice and retire again with me. Your doom is
ı refuse this, and you are to be sent to
confined within the walls of a nunnery for

you not think, mother, that a life devoted
s the best life that a woman can lead?" said

), Mary, that was not the end of woman's
She was made for the nourishing of the im-
l and bringing up beings for eternity, and
is mean and selfish in her to care only
For my part, I would rather see you take
good things of life as they come, to be a wife
r, than have you immured in a convent, even
secured you of heaven at last."
uments of this tendency, expressed in more
more forcible language, she persuaded Mary
h her, and abandon her noble friends and her
ever. So the two went to the house of a
dine, in a place called Alison Square. She
ger man to Christy, and had often spent a few
her at Thickside, and with that lady they
ir lodgings and lived in style, for Christy had
good red gold with her, and they lived at
is the ladies of Traquair did in their grand
Canongate. Christy also bought her dar-

ling several appropriate dresses, so that at this time was really an angel in loveliness.

Great was the stir among the earl's people when discovered that Mary was missing. It was the mo accountable thing ever known! that a young lady s vanish stepping out of a coach, who had not an ac tance, male or female, in Edinburgh, and leave a baggage to whomsoever pleased to take possession None could give any account of her, save that one said he saw her step aside on the plain stones, spe to an elderly woman, but that being called on at th he saw no more. The very worst construction wa put on poor Mary's elopement, for sooth to say the quair young ladies hated her, finding they never catch a glance from a gentleman when Mary was sent, and they now asserted that their chaplain hac the truth, that she had remained a night with the chief of her own free choice, and had now gone off a lady of the town, of whom she could know nothir the very first hint; and they charitably concluded she was an undone creature, and that her personal b had been given her for her ruin.

In the meanwhile, the Tutor of Caberston ret from his visit to Nithsdale, and when he found th darling Mary was smuggled away from him in rath equivocal manner, his rage was quite boundless. accused his mother fiercely to her face, and told h would follow that inimitable girl to the limits of the and defied the machinations of man or woman to him from the attainment of her. So mounting his he galloped straight to Edinburgh, determined, if sh gone on shipboard, to follow her straight to France prevent her taking the veil; but on reaching his fa house in Edinburgh, and finding that Mary was a-mi his chagrin surpassed all bounds, and to their evil ir *ations* regarding her, he not only turned a deaf ea *cursed them* all for a parcel of affected fools and *ever to* suppose that guilt or deceit could lurk be *face and* form like those of Mary Melville. I

rd John, or the Tutor as he was commonly called, s in such a rage and in such chagrin that the family re distressed, and even frightened about him. And en he was just at the worse, behold there arrived his f-cousin, George Maxwell, in search of the same lost uty, and came straight to the earl's house, his near- kinsman, in Edinburgh.

The Tutor was happy at meeting him, being so much erested in the same discovery. They were very like h other, exactly of the same age, and though only f-cousins, there was a family resemblance between m that was most singular: and when dressed in the e way, (and it is well known that the dresses of tlemen, as well as ladies, were very formal in those s,) no one could distinguish the one from the other. They agreed between themselves to search for Mary lville till they found her if she was alive and in Scot- d, and that no ill blood might be between them, to ve the appeal entirely to herself when found. It was easy to find any one in Edinburgh then. There was half-dozen of papers with advertisements going every . There was nothing to rely on but bodily exertion d ocular proof. There was only one street in Edin- gh then; the High Street and the Canongate, which a continuation of the former stretching from the castle the Palace. That street our two young lovers traversed ery day, but always traversed it in vain. They at- ded at the private meetings of the Catholics, but they nd her not. They went to every public place—to ery popular meeting whether sacred or civil, but Mary y could not discover.

As they were walking up the Lawn-Market towards Castle one day, a lady, a perfect angel in beauty, ssed in green silk, with a green turban and feathers, koned to them across half the street. They return- the salute, and walked on for a long time in perfect nce. "Who in the world is that?" said Maxwell. I think she is one of the Ladies Gordon," said Lord "I don't know any other ladies of rank, and she

is very like them in her stately manner and super
She is however, a beautiful young creature."

They walked on in silence again until coming u
Castle-Hill. "My Lord John," said Maxwell, "i
me that that lady who smiled and beckoned to us
other than Mary Melville, the young lady for wl
are so anxiously searching.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Lord John. "She i
opinion, Lady Mary Gordon." But then stoppi
making himself some inches higher, he exc
"Good heavens, is it possible that that exquisite s
being could be Mary Melville!"

"There is something, my lord, that schoo
never forget," said Maxwell, "and there was a sn
some dimples yonder which I am sure could be n
but Mary's!"

"Let us follow then," said the Tutor, "and tr
to her domicile. She is worth the looking afte
events. If that really was Mary, what a jewel!"

The two kinsmen then wheeled round and p
down the High Street, but did not overtake the two
as they had turned off to the right for the Horse
that led to their lodgings. Shortly after that M
fell sick, either from disappointed love or of vex
the insinuations constantly poured into his ears
his adored Mary. However, sick he grew and
bed, and his physician said it was agitation of mi
caused his illness.

The Tutor was now left to prowl about by
which he did every day, always keeping a sharp l
for the lady dressed in green silk; and one day w
was taking a look at the Palace of Holyrood, the s
home of his royal relatives, whom should he meet
face in the gallery but the identical lady in green
admired Mary Melville, leaning on the arm of old
of Thickside.

"*Miss* Melville!" exclaimed he, "Blessed be
powers above that I have at last found you out"

"*And* pray, wherefore, sir?" said Mary.

"Because, with your dear permission, we shall never part again," said he.

"It will be very long before you attain that sir?" said Mary, rather saucily. "I know my distance better, and have got some feeling lectures about that before now."

And with that she moved off along the gallery making the plumes in her turban nod in a rather disdainful manner. "Mary! my dear Mary!" cried Christy. "Pray whaten a bee has gotten into your head the day? are ye gane daft, lassie?" But Mary capered on, and down the stair she went. Christy ran back to Lord John, taking him all the while, be it noted, for George Maxwell, and making a real country courtesy, said, "Dear, dear, sir! Ye see Mary has ta'en some o' her tantrums the day. They're queer creatures, thae young women! 's impossible to comprehend them. For I can tell you thing, that she likes you better than baith her meat her drink. Ay, than either her right hand or her ght ee, or than a' the men o' Scotland put thegither. n' tak ye an auld fool's word for't, ye're as sure o' her ye're sure o' your denner the day. In an honourable y, that's to say."

"Thank you, thank you, for the dear information!" id the Tutor; at the same time holding out a handful silver and gold pieces to her.

"Na, na! Na, na! I want nane o' your siller an' wd, sir!" cried Christy, holding her closed fist above r head. "Mary has mair gowd than baith her an' I n count or ever will be able to count a' our days, I lieve. Na, na! Keep your siller to replenish your use when you get Mary, for I assure ye that will be to , and in some style, too! Only this I can assure ye if you want to hae Mary in an honourable way ye're re o' her."

Lord John stood like a statue, saying within himself, *The daughter of a nobleman!* More gold than she will *be able to count?* Of a Catholic nobleman, who *for the cause; and* such a jewel for beauty! In

love with me too! I'll have her in spite of all the kinsmen and kinswomen on earth. I'll have Mary Melville! Yes, I'll have her to myself, let them all say what they will."

Christy hurried after her darling and adopted daughter, and overtaking her in the area, she said, "Dear, dear, Mary! What gart ye take the strunts at the young laird the day? Ye ken how weel he likes ye, an' I ken gayen weel how somebody likes him. I canna understand thae dortie fits. I'm sure when I was young, I never took ony o' thae dortie fits at the man I liket, except aince by the bye."

"Stop, stop, dear mother Christy! What are ye speaking about?" said Mary. "Yon young gentleman was no other than the Lord John Stewart of Traquair, or the Tutor of Caberston, as he is called. He is a youth of a haughty and imperious temper, and of a high though amiable family; but, in short, a young nobleman whom I would no more think of marrying than the Prince of Wales, to be a discredit to his high and proud ancestry. He made love to me before, but I like him very ill."

"Dear Mary! If yon be nae George Maxwell, the laird of Langley, I never saw him."

"I tell you he's no more the laird of Langley than you are, but the Lord John Stewart, the Tutor of Caberston."

"Then what hae I done, Mary? What hae I done? I told him that I was sure he had your heart, an' that if he axed you in an honourable way he should hae you. I e'en gae him my word o' honour on it."

"Then you have done very wrong, mother Christy, and that which may lead to much ill. He is only George Maxwell's half cousin, and I know there is a singular family likeness between them. But could you not distinguish the impetuous and haughty looks of the one from the modest and respectful looks of the other? Ah! *there is something* in the features of early schoolfellows *which never can* be forgotten, and which even a half *a whole century* could not efface from the mind. You

George Maxwell of Langley, my mischievous
ing youthful playmate, I do assure you my be-
would have been far otherwise. But I under-
is living in the same house with his cousins,
eat favourite there, so that I have but a small
f any further notice from him. But it shall be
ore I make any efforts to obtain it."
ye hae a prood speerit, Mary! An' its proper
g that ye should too! for I ken mair about ye
ken yoursel, if some reports be true. But ye sal
ar them frae me, unless I can reach the founda-
iem."
ih, hush!" said Mary. "See there is the Lord
ewart following us; and as I am firmly resolved
his proffers whatever they may be, I beg that
elude him some way or other that I may not be
by his courtship."
'e a queer lassie, Mary; for I wad think the
young nobleman for a husband was no that

however, went into a nobleman's house on the
id side of the Potter-Row, and as soon as the
w them fairly housed, he ran home and hasting
axwell, who was sitting in his room with a napkin
head, and some cordials or medicines beside him,
that he had met with Mary Melville, and though
ot got her verbal consent to marry him, he had
iat of the old dame who had the charge of her.
was really the most lovely creature that ever
face of the earth. And as Lord John seems
been a forthright honest fellow, he told him at
ere she lived.
e Maxwell arose and dressed himself ill as he
went straight to the nobleman's house, and de-
speak to Miss Melville. No such person was
iere. Maxwell retired modestly as one who had
axed, and just at the door he met the Tutor,
him a look of high offence as if he thought he
aking advantage of him.

"She is not here, my lord," said Maxwell.

"Not here said he. "I know better;" and rapping loudly, a footman came to the door, when Lord John asked for Miss Mary Melville.

"I know of no such lady, sir," said the footman. "But as you asked the same question not five minutes ago, pray may I request your address."

"Lord John Stewart of Traquair," said he.

Now it so happened that the earl of Traquair had been the lord of the mansion's great friend and patron. I think his name was Anstruther, a baronet and one of the Judges of the Court of Session; so when he heard Lord John announce his name, he hastened into the lobby, welcomed him, and compelled him to come in and be introduced to his family, loading him with every sort of attention and kindness, and then inquired jocularly who the Miss Melville was whom he was asking so anxiously after.

The Tutor answered, that she was a young lady who had been recommended to the care of his father and mother, but that she had eloped from them, and they were most anxious to recover her, as she was an heiress and the daughter of a nobleman who had suffered for his adherence to the cause of King Charles.

"Melville, Melville!" said the Judge. "There must be some mistake, for no nobleman of that name in Britain has suffered either in person or forfeiture for such adherence. Are you sure she is not Lady Mary Montgomery? She would indeed, be worth looking after."

"No; we have known her always only by the name of Miss Melville."

"Then it is some deception, Lord John; some cheat depend on it, and the less you trouble yourself about her the better. Come look round you; what think you of my daughters here?"

Lord John did look round the room, for how could *he avoid it.* *He* perceived there was one of the young *ladies very pretty.* She chanced to be a young widow *with a fortune, but* he thought no more of it at that time

ge then said jocularly, " But my dear Lord John,
pted you to suppose that this lost sheep, this
away beauty of yours, could be an inmate

he best of all reasons," said the Tutor. " For
er into your door—saw her admitted and wel-

is the most singular circumstance I ever heard,"
udge. But seeing his three daughters begin
nd blush, and look very sly to one another, he
explanation. They would not give it, but laugh-
, blushed deeper, and bowed down their faces
nees.
n't understand this at all," said the Judge. " My
n can you explain it to me! There must be
; under this. I beg, my dear girls, that you
in what you mean. Was Miss Melville really
erday?"
, sir, it is rather an awkward circumstance, and
e noble young gentleman with all my heart,"
andsome widow. " But the truth is that there
y here yesterday, a young lady clad in green
fine girl, but accompanied by an old plain coun-
g dame. They were ushered in here, and the
y begged pardon and said, that she was watch-
unted by a gentleman whom she disliked ex-
, and whom she wished by all means to elude,
he was obliged to take shelter in our house to
im. She stood at that window and watched
went out of sight, and then took her leave.
quite a lady—a very fine girl indeed! But
appearance of her patroness, I would not say
s any better than she should be."
ohn's face grew red then pale, and then red
he could not help giving a sly smile to the
l wicked widow. He rose to go away, but the
nd judge compelled him to stay to a family din-
ing at the same time that he had been more
is father than any man on earth.

When the footman admitted Lord John, he took
for the same gentleman who had called a few min
before, for everybody mistook the one cousin for
other their dress and looks being precisely the same
he shut the door, and Maxwell was left by himsel
saunter about in the street and do as he liked. In
than five minutes who should appear but the lo
Mary Melville and old Christy of Thickside. Maxwel
ran to them, and never was a lover better received.
When he took Mary's hand and kissed it, the tear
streamed down her cheeks, and the three all returned
straight back to Mrs Jardine's again, to Mary's lodgings.
Every thing was soon understood between them. Thei
hearts had both understood it before, and it appeared
at once that they were inseparable."

"Now, dear, dear Mary, just tell me this said Chris
ty. "Will ye ever presoom to say or pretend that that'
no the gentleman we met in Holyrood-house the tithe
day, wha Ipromised you to—in an honourable way, that'
to say?"

"No more than I am you or you me Christy. D
you think old schoolfellows can ever forget one another
Never! If you knew how oft I had been between these
now broad shoulders, and how oft pinched and tickled
by those mischievous hands, you would not suppose
could mistake his face again."

"Aih, wow, sirs! But there's mony wonderfu' thing
i' this warld! An' mony wonderfu' changes!" exclaime
Christy. "But love biziness gangs on the same an' th
same for ever! Aye love an' aye love! an' aye genera
tion an' generation! frae the werry day that our aul
father Aedie fell to this day; an' some think that was th
werry thing that brak him too."

"Whisht, whisht!" said Maxwell, "and inquire
Mrs Jardine if she has any room for me, for my cousi
John Stewart is so violently in love with Mary, and suc
a violent young man altogether, that I would rather li
beside you or near you than in the Earl's family.
would be so delightful to see you every day."

Mrs Jardine could not spare him a parlour and bedroom, but she got him both right opposite, from which, though he could not properly speak, he could make signs every hour of the day; so that the two lovers generally spent the greater part of the day together, walked together, took their meals together; but on Sunday, going to a private chapel together, who should they meet in front of the altar but Lord John Stewart. Mary was dressed in pure white that day, with a white gauze veil, and no man could conceive an angel, far less a virgin, more lovely. When Lord John saw them enter, arm in arm, his countenance flamed with rage. He was in love with Mary, fervently, deeply in love: and after the agreement he had made with his kinsman, he conceived himself undermined and insulted; and as Maxwell had left his father's house in the Canongate privately, he weened that Maxwell himself was conscious of the advantage he had taken. So, on leaving mass, he came sternly up and asked his cousin's address, which was given without reserve, and that same evening, Sunday though it was, Lord John sent him a challenge by the hand of Lord Adam Gordon. Maxwell would willingly have entered into an explanation; but Lord Adam, who was likewise the Tutor's cousin, had no such instructions, so he refused all kind of capitulation, and the challenge was of course accepted, the place appointed, and every thing settled for the next morning at sun-rising.

But now a particular difficulty occurred to Maxwell. Where was he to find a second? He had not one gentleman acquaintance in Edinburgh, save Lord John Stewart himself. There was, he knew, a sort of writer body who had done a good deal of business faithfully for the late Mr Maxwell, his father, and also for himself in his minority, whose name was Johny Fairbairn; so, considering him a friend, he ran to him and told him his circumstances, begging of him to be his second, and telling him at the *same time that he* was the only son of his old friend *Mr Maxwell, of* Langley.

The writer was sitting in his little snug parlour at the

top of three stairs in St James's Court, readi
that day being (as may be remembered) t
But when he heard the young man's name a
instead of appearing distressed, he appeare
him with laughter and contempt.

"Ay, ay, man," said he, "so thou's th
first an' best friend, George Maxwell? An'
to thraw away thy life in a sinfu' combat,
some wench; without thinking what is to bec
mwother and of the family name. O, ma
great fule! An' then to think that Johny F
bear thee out in sickan madness! That's
diculous o' the hale! But there's ae thing
thee, which is mainly requisite. I'll draw o
ment. It shall only cost thee ten puns."

George Maxwell stood thoughtful for a f
and then said, "By the bye, that should hav
But there is no time now. I must go and
second. The thing is settled."

"Now stop, my dear callant, and think for
Johny, "an' I'll convince ye that ye're ane o'
fules in the warld. The morn's morning ye
murder a kinsman, or he may murder you.
him, ye will leeve a miserable life o' remorse,
into hell-fire at last, like a bouking o' foul bla
tub. An' gin he murder thee, which is the m
the twa, how do you think thou'lt set up thee
Maker, or what wilt thee say for theesel? C
really hae the assurance to say, 'Now thou
that I's comed sooner to thee than I inten
happened that a friend of mine an' I fell
wench, an' then ye see it grew an affair o' h
hae thrown away my life there's nae doub
thou maun just excuse me, for ye ken a
naething at a' without his honour.' What t
the Judge's answer wad be to thee? I thi
thee. It wad be, 'Tak that chap awa' wi
an' plunge him wi' his heels upmost in
kittle o' boiling brimstone thou canst fi

here till he learn to ken the value o' his tint
"

rell could not stand this satire. He found he
e to the wrong man, so he turned his back and
t the satiric limb of the law followed, calling out.
ı, stop. I's no done wi' thee yet. Thou hast
ne testment an' the ten puns. Ah, fule, fule,
dded he, as Maxwell's feet blattered down the
tair.

rell was now hard put to it, for there was not
vidual in or near Edinburgh of whom he had the
owledge, but with the bee honour in his head,
-crazed with that and some inward gnawings, he
oward the castle, to try if any one officer there
and his second. But in going up the castle hill
s chance befel him. He perceived a fine-look-
ıg gentleman sitting apparently much interested
ew toward the north, so he joined him and asked
names of such and such places, and at once per-
om his dialect that he was from his own country.
eive, sir, that you are a gentleman. In that no
be mistaken," said Maxwell, the duel alone oc-
his mind. The stranger stared in his face, and
him mad. "I am unknown here, sir, and I
:om your tongue, that you are from my own

Pray will you be so kind as stand my second
l to-morrow morning?"

h all my heart." said the other, "for I know
e but a gentleman would either give or accept
lenge. Therefore I am your man depend on it.
ıe place and hour."

e place," said Maxwell, "is Nicholson's small
ıe furthest away one. The time is at the sun-
I am George Maxwell, of Langley, and my op-
s the Lord John Stewart of Traquair."

d I am likewise George Maxwell," said the stran-
countryman and relation of your own. I am a
ion of the family of Springkell, and a student at
e *here.*"

"Then God bless you for a noblehearted fellow. are indeed near relations, and both named after the noble progenitor."

"Why I do not expect that God will bless me the more for this undertaking. But a Borderer li ways to see a trick of his old trade. Nothing like a bout at crown-cracking. Pray will I get a the second? Who is he?"

"I believe he is one of the young Gordons of H likewise a cousin of my own; so it unfortunately h that we are all relations together who are enga this quarrel."

"Nay, he is no relation to me that I know of fight him. It is said that those highlanders are g the broad-sword, or claymore as they call it. Lord Adam Gordon will fight me with the Borde cut-and-thrust, I will bet a hundred pounds to his pennies on the issue. I wish you would give u quarrel with Lord John Stewart to me. If I don't him, never trust a Maxwell again."

"This is the devil of a fellow, that I ever met thought the other Maxwell to himself, turning rou indulging in a burst of laughter. "No, no, my namesake, that will never do. I have accepted John's challenge, and I'll fight him whatever may consequence. It is for all that is dear to me in which he has no more right nor claim than you ha

"Ho! hem! I understand it! Well, I'll fig for you, and lay no claim to the girl neither. bargain?"

"No, no; speak not of that, but meet me very at my lodgings to-morrow morning."

"Never fear! I'll be with you, and I'll see y justice too, by G—d!"

The opponents met next morning in a small incl *somewhere* about where Rankeilor Street now is. *it having* been agreed on that they were to fig *long* two-edged swords, as was then the custom *the word* was given to begin, young Maxwell

id to the other second, " What suppose we should
ke a turn in the meantime, Lord Adam?"
Ve have no quarrel, sir," said the other.
o, true, we have no quarrel; but when friends are
g, I hate to stand and look on. Please then, my
o draw!"
d Adam complied. The word was given, and the
irs began at the same time. The Maxwells soon
found with whom they had to do. In the course
n ten to fifteen seconds, Lord Adam disarmed his
ent without shedding a drop of his blood. The
was a very hard battle indeed, and it appeared to
he seconds that Maxwell had rather the best of it.
gth they were both wounded—Maxwell seriously.
was the time that the other Maxwell ought to have
osed and made peace, and for the neglect of that
s sore blamed afterwards. But he was stupified by
lden defeat, and could do nothing but stand staring
lam Gordon with a sword in either hand. At
Lord John wounded Maxwell for the third time,
with him and downed him, and had just his hand
to run him through the heart, when Gordon seized
n, and wrenched his sword from his hand, address-
n in terms so severe that I do not choose to re-
iem. He then lead him from the field, but as he
rced away, he turned and said, with great bitter-
' I must go, since it is your will; but I'll have the
ill, in spite of his heart's blood."
they were going off the field, Gordon turned round
ruck his opponent's sword into the earth till it sunk
hilt, saying, " There is your grand sword, Max-
I hope the next time you use it you will use it
and in a more legitimate cause." Maxwell never
er that sudden defeat. Some said it broke his
nd killed him, as he deemed his arm unequalled.
t he died abroad, but am not certain.
well conducted his friend home, and Dr. Bennet
his wounds, expressing considerable doubts of his
. Mary attended him without the least restraint.

or affectation, wept over him, and blamed him sc
risking his life for her, adding one day, "Did yo
think that any body could take me from you?"

It is impossible to conceive, far more to describ
dear she became to Maxwell. He felt that she w
dearest part of his being, both soul and body, an
he never could exist without her. In the mean
Lord John Stewart having found her out, offer
marriage in perfect sincerity, and was not a littl
nished, as well as chagrined, when he found that s
solutely refused him; and he being a young noble
that wild impetuous temper that he could not bro
position to his will in any thing, told her plainly or
away that he *would* have her, either by foul or fair
that she might depend on.

This frightened her and her lover both, for the
that Lord John would try to be as good as his wo
the two were married forthwith by a worthy old
who had been reduced by the change of times fr
highest to the lowest grade of his profession; an
before George Maxwell was very fit for the journ
two set out for Langley Dale on horseback: old
absolutely refusing to ride, took her foot for it, a
home before them.

Lord John took the best and most rational ame
his disappointment that any man could do, for th
next week he was married to the handsome young
Lady Weir, the daughter of his father's friend, Sir
Anstruther, the judge.

When George Maxwell and his lovely bride r
home, they were coldly received by Lady Langl
informed, to their utter consternation, that they w
worth a farthing in the world, for that owing to t
that her late husband had acted with the royalist
the estate was sequestrated, as well as the furnitur
to the dishes and spoons, and every thing to be s
public auction, the forfeiture having passed the
Seal. The estate was exposed to sale in the R
change at Edinburgh. No man offered mo

Then came the roup of the household furniture and cat-
le, at which a great concourse of people attended, when,
ehold, an old country-looking wife bought up every
ing. At first she had to buy up some articles rather
ear, nevertheless she would not let one of them go away;
it soon a whisper ran that she was an agent for Lady
angley, and then, so high was the respect entertained
r the old family, that no one would bid a farthing over
d Christy's head. She got every thing at her own price.
e actually got richly carved chairs at twopence a-piece,
d splended tables for sixpence each. The auctioneer
s astonished, but all his eloquence signified nothing.
e got many to laugh at him, but not one to bid him
oney save old Christy. He at length was driven to the
ternative of just asking, "See, old lady, what will you
e for this?" and then strike it off to her whatever she
fered. He at one time said, "Ladies and gentlemen,
is is very remarkable. Certainly this old lady has be-
tched you and tongue-tied you every one, else you
ve no regard for your own interests. Here is a state-
d mounted in full, containing every thing requisite for
king lying down in. I am sure this bed, as it stands,
st upwards of a hundred pounds. We shall begin it
low as thirty pounds. Who bids thirty pounds for it?
'ill nobody offer thirty pounds for this splendid piece of
rniture, with mattresses, feather-beds, sheets, and cover-
ts? Only thirty pounds."

"I'll gie you thirty pennies for it, man; an' that's a
ir offer frae ae friend till another."

"Old witch, that you are! I wish that you had been
hundred miles hence to-day!"

"Dear, what wad hae com'd o' your roup then?"

"But remember, old madam, that every thing is to be
ady money here to-day."

"Hout, na! ye'll surely gie me sax months' credit.
'a the gate o' this coontry. We never pay aught in less
an *sax months.*"

"*It must be on better security* than you are likely to
then."

"Oo, I'll gie you the government creditors for my curity, as you an' them hae been sae muckle obliged me the day, ye canna refuse that ye ken."

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, my instructions are sell every thing within and without the house. Ev thing on the premises for what it will bring, so I am co pelled to proceed. There is only one half-crown bidd for this elegant bed! Does none bid more? Two.s sixpence, once! Two and sixpence, twice! Gol going! Gone! Devil take the old witch! This deplorable! What shall I do?"

The same thing went on the whole day. The cro got so much amused with the dilemma in which the a tioneer was placed, that there was a roar of laughter c stantly going through it, and I believe if it had been nothing more than the fun of the thing, no one wo have bid a penny. No one did, however. Christy every thing at her own estimate. She got a pair of pital bay mares for nine shillings and sixpence, and c cow for sevenpence-halfpenny. The whole sum came a mere trifle, which Christy paid down in good yell gold, placing the family exactly as they were before forfeiture, and yet she still went and lodged with wid Clark as usual, and would by no means stay in the m sion-house, modestly judging that she was not fit comp for them and their guests.

Before the assemblage parted that night, the auction anounced that the estate of Langley Dale was to be s at the cross at Dumfries on the 7th of April, in seven lc which he specified, and every one of which was to knocked down to the highest bidder for ready mo only. Well, the 7th of April came, but as ready mo was as scarce in Scotland then as at present, there w not very many purchasers attended. In the meanti the story had spread over the whole country about Christy, and it was reported and believed that all *Maxwells had* combined to preserve the estate in *family, and had* employed this old woman as the *unfeasible agent* they could fix on, and every one re

at the stratagem, and at the part old Christy had acted. There were three of the Maxwells had agreed to buy up the mansion-house and the farm around it for their young relation, but farther they had not resolved to credit him in the ticklish state he stood with the new government.

The auctioneer was placed upon a raised platform with the clerk beside him. The mansion-house of Langley was first exposed, with the garden, offices, and farm adjoining, at the moderate upset price of £10,000 Scots. Springkell was just going to offer the upset price for the behoof of the present proprietor, when, behold old Christy stepped forward and offered 500 merks!

If any body had but seen the astonishment of the clerk and auctioneer when they saw their old friend appear before them again; their jaws actually fell down, and they looked like men bewitched or as if struck with a palsy. They perceived how the sale would go, and how they would be regarded by their employers, and their spirits sank within them; so after a great deal of palaver the lot was knocked down to Christy for 500 merks, a sum rather short of £27—at this very time it is let at £243.

George Maxwell being there among his noble and most respectable relations, would not let one of them open their mouths to bid for him as soon as old Christy appeared, so the sale went on much as before. There were plenty there who knew old Christy, and the whisper soon went round that this was the agent of the Maxwells again, and not one person would bid a farthing against her. She bought up the whole at her own price, and the last farm, that of Auchenvoo, which a friend of my own now possesses, she obtained at not the twentieth part of what is now paid for it in annual rent.

There was some demur about the payment. Among the treasure which Christy got with Mary when a baby, there were a great number of foreign gold coins of which she did *not know the sterling* value, but on which she *had set a nominal value of* her own, something proportioned *to the size. These* the agents for the sale refused

to take, and tried on that account to reverse the whole bargain. But the Maxwells backed old Christy and appealed to the sheriff, Sir Roger Kirkpatrick, who knew as little about the value of the coins as any of them did. But he loved the old Maxwells, and took a most excellent way of settling the dispute. He made them take so much of the sterling coin of the realm and weigh the foreign coin against it, and pronounced the one as of the same value with the other. As this came very nearly to one-third more than Christy had set upon her foreign specie, the estate turned out to be very cheap at last.

These transactions were all a mystery to the Maxwells. Christy had never mentioned Mary's treasure to any living save to Lord John Stewart by mistake, and he having lost her and married a rich widow instead, thought no more of it; and they really imagined, like the rest of the country, that she was the secret agent of the clan. She would not live with them, but still with Mrs Clark; but there was no endearment that they did not load her with, for there were they established in their ancient property freer of burdens than it had ever been since it came into the possession of the family, and all bestowed on them by a poor old widow, by what means they could not comprehend.

Lady Mary Montgomery had been called over every cross in the south of Scotland and north of England once a-year, for a number of years, and £100 offered for her discovery, that being the only means then in use of advertising; and it so happened that Lord John Faa, the king of the gipsies, was the man who discovered her to her friends and actually gained the reward,—a generous and kind action seldom misses it. "He had been guilty of some fact, but I canna just be telling e'enow what that fact was," as Mrs Macknight used to say; but certain it is he was lying in Ayr prison at the time when he heard the proclamation through his grated loophole, and when the description was read of the golden cross set with rubies, which was locked round her neck, he was certain he could find a clue for her discovery.

dingly, the next day, sent for Sir James Mont-
d disclosed to him all that he knew about the
. How that she had once fallen into his hands
ance. That she had even been delivered to
er hands bound behind her back, but that he
ch impressed by her beauty, her tears, and
y the bloody cross of gold upon her breast,
antly released her and conducted her in safety
e of Traquair, where he delivered her to the
it mansion.

; must have been a Sir James Montgomery of
nd not as I supposed, Sir James of Stanhope;
that Faa was lying in the prison of Ayr, and
t for Sir James Montgomery, who attended
very day that he sent, and listened to the
; narrative with wonder and astonishment.
y bailed him from prison, armed and mounted
ok him in his train as a witness who could
eived. There was, however, no deception

When they arrived at Traquair House the
ie Countess were from home, having gone
t Lord Linton, Lord John, his young wife,
r young lady were there, and welcomed Sir
. all the usual kindness and hospitality for
amily had been long remarkable; and the Tu-
iew most about the young lady, told Sir James
t the young lady who had been recommended
mily under the name of Mary Melville, had
1 them, and was now married to a young kins-
r own, Mr Maxwell, of a place called Langley.
d since heard that their lands had been for-
that they had been rouped out at the door,
w no further about them. He said not a word
wn love or the duel he had fought for her,
ng present; but he told Sir James further,
s supposed to be the daughter of a nobleman
ffered in some way for his adherence to King
who he was could never be discovered.
ght he had heard his mother once speak of

a cross set with jewels, but for his part he had never seen it, and knew not positively whether it was of her or some other lady that the countess had then been speaking. Perhaps it was hers, for there was something said about an M.M. being on it.

Sir James clapped his hands for joy. "It is she! it is she indeed!" cried he. "My own dear and long-lost ward! Her husband is fortunate! She is worth fifty thousand a-year to him, exclusive of long and heavy arrears, which are due to her, but all are well secured."

He rode straight to Langley Dale next day, and found his long-lost kinswoman a lovely, beloved, and happy wife, though rather, as they themselves supposed, in poor circumstances, as they were indebted for all that they possessed to a poor old woman, who had acted the part of a mother to Mary from her earliest recollection.

When Sir James alighted at Langley-gate with his train of three armed followers, there was no little stir within the house, visitors of such apparent rank being rarely seen there. He told his name and designation, and said he wanted a private word of the young lady of the mansion. He was shown into a room, and Mary instantly came to him with a pale face, wondering what a great baronet could want with her. After the usual compliments and salutations had passed, Sir James said, while Mary stood actually panting for breath, "My dear young lady, I hope I come with good tidings to you?"

"Thank you, Sir James, thank you, though I cannot conceive what those tidings may be."

"Pray, will you allow me one look of the medal suspended from that gold chain around your neck?"

Mary pulled it out and presented it, on which Sir James kneeled and kissed certainly the most beautiful crucifix that ever was framed by the hands of men. And then saluting the lady, he said, "You do not know, madam, who you are or what your rank is, but I know. *Come, then,* and let me introduce you to your husband, *although rather a* novel way of introduction."

Then leading her in by the hand to the parlour where

and his mother stood awaiting them, he said to
er, "I give you joy, sir, of this your lovely
fe. Such joy as I never had the power of con-
fore, and never shall again; but I give it you
ıy heart, and hope by your behaviour you will
to deserve it. You are the most lucky man,
vell, that ever Scotland bred. This young and
ely wife of yours, sir, I may now introduce to
ıe Honourable Lady Mary Montgomery, sole
three lordships, all of which you will inherit
ıer, though not the titles, excepting perhaps the
. But these are of small avail. With this
d you have secured to yourself £50,000 a-year,
pwards of £500,000 of cash in hand, all run
ears of rent since she was lost, but all firmly
ı bonds at full interest. So I think you must
ıu are the most fortunate man that ever was born."
e answered modestly that he held his darling
ıuch estimation, that no earthly advantage could
her value to him, but that he certainly would
l to providence as long as he lived for such an ex-
y windfall of fortune. But Mrs Maxwell who had
hed for money all her life, hearing of £500,000
and £50,000 a-year, seemed to lose all power
tion. She held up her hands—her frame grew
er face grew first deadly white, then of a mul-
, and down she fell in a swoon. This somewhat
he joy of the happy group, but after the old
laid in bed she gradually recovered. She how-
raving about "thousands and hunders o' thou-
s" for nearly three weeks.

matters were a little settled, old Christy was
that every thing might be fairly authenticated.
for the first time, divulged the whole truth
g the young lady; of the death of the priest,
apture of the child with all her gold and jewels
person. But that the documents relating to
ıad by some chance fallen into other hands,
ıt how. She knew that one noble family, of

whom she had great dread and great suspicions, w
search of the babe, but that she, dreading it was in
to make away with her and possess themselves o
treasure, thought it best to abscond with the dear in
and claim her as her daughter, in order to preserve
thing to her that was her own, which she had don
the value of a plack. She then stated how she
bought up the estate and every thing pertaining to it
the lady's own treasure, and that she had a good
still of which she neither knew the value nor the
but which should be produced, to the last mite.

She then went to her little concealed treasure,
brought a great number of gold ducats and doubl
with many other foreign coins of which I have f
the names. She likewise produced all the little pre
trinkets that had belonged to Mary's mother, l
Montgomery, even to her wedding ring, which aff
Mary exceedingly. It is easy to conceive that old Ch
and Mrs Clark were placed in snug and comfortable
uations for the rest of their lives.

When all these things were fairly settled, and M
capture proved to a day and an hour, Sir James
"But Lady Mary, I have a henchman of my own t
troduce to you, merely to see if you know and ack
ledge him, for if you do, it is a fact that you are in
ed to him for all your riches and honours, and h
serves his reward."

He then went and brought in John Faa, lord of
Egypt and of all the Egyptian tribe in Britain.

Mary at once courtsied to him, and said, "Ah
Lord John Faa here too! As noble and genero
person as ever breathed, and well deserving to be
of a more respectable clan. But yon was an
morning, Faa. However, *you* behaved as a gentl
to me, and I shall never forget it."

"Do you know, you blackguard gipsy," said Sir Ja
"that this lady, whom you protected and released,
other than the Honourable Lady Mary Montgome
sole heiress to three earldoms?"

"Lord, what a prize I hae looten slip away from me!" exclaimed Faa, holding up his hands, with a countenance of exultation. "But od you see, Sir James, her beauty an' her tears, an' aboon a' the bloody cross on her breast, struck me wi' the same veneration, as if she had been the Virgin Mary (which she was by the bye). But od you see I coudna hae injured a hair of the lovely creature's head to hae been made king o' the island. Na! Nor for nae earthly feeling or advantage."

Sir James then paid him down his hundred guineas, and said, "Now, had it been a hundred thousand I could hae paid it from that lady's wealth to-morrow.

"A hunder pounds! a hunder pounds!" exclaimed the gipsy chief, "there was never as muckle money in a gipsey's pouch sin' the warld stood up, or else it was nae as honestly come by. Mony thanks t'ye a', leddies and gentlemen;" and Faa began to bow himself out of the room, when Mary said, "Farewell, Lord John, and as you once freed me, when in dreadful jeopardy, if you are ever in one, which is not unlikely to happen from what I saw of your subjects, be sure to apply to me, and if either my interest or credit can relieve you, they shall not be wanting." That time did arrive in the course of three years, but thereby hangs a tale, which I hope I shall live to relate.

Before the gipsy chief was dismissed. Sir James had noted that old Christy was standing up in a corner, sobbing and drowned in tears. "What is the matter, my worthy old dame?" said he.

"O, sir," said she, "I never ken'd really wha my dear, dear bairn was qwhill now. The very first night that she came to my arms, she said that her name was Maly Gumly, a name of which I could make nothing. And when I was obliged to abscond with her for fear of being burnt to ashes, which we wad hae been had we staid at home another day, an' when I cam' here to leeve wi' her, as my *ain bairn, she told widow* Clark that her name was *Maly Gumly, and that she* had ridden in a coach wi' her *father, and that men took* off their caps to him. I

think I hae acted the part o' a mother to her, an should never see her face again, which I fear will nc but ower seldom, I shall say that o' her, that a kinder-he mair affectionate an' dutifu' creature was never fo o' flesh an' blood."

Mary ran up, clasped old Christy to her bosom, kissed the tears from her cheeks.

THE SIEGE OF ROXBURGH.

CHAPTER I.

There was a king, and a courteous king,
And he had a daughter sae bonnie;
And he lo'ed that maiden aboon a' thing
I' the bonnie, bonnie halls o' Binnorie.

* * * *

But wae be to thee, thou warlock wight,
My malison come o'er thee,
For thou hast undone the bravest knight,
That ever brak bread o' Binnorie!

Old Song.

days of the Stuarts, kings of Scotland, were the
of chivalry and romance. The long and bloody
est that the nation maintained against the whole
r of England, for the recovery of its independence,
those rights which had been most unwarrantably
ed from our fathers by the greatest and most
herous sovereign of that age, with the successful
lorious issue of the war, laid the foundation for this
of heroism, which appears to have been at its zenith
t the time that the Stuarts first acquired the sover-
y of the realm. The deeds of the Douglasses, the
lolphs, and other border barons of that day, are not
equalled by any recorded in our annals; while the
sals that they made upon the English, in retaliation
rmer *injuries, enriched* both them and their follow-
nd rendered their appearance splendid and imposing
gree that would scarcely now gain credit. It was

no uncommon thing for a Scottish earl then to
Court at the head of a thousand horsemen, all sp
mounted in their military accoutrements: and
these, gentlemen of rank and family. In court an
feats of arms were the topic of conversation,
only die that stamped the character of a man of
either with the fair, the monarch, or the chiefs
land. No gentleman of noble blood would pay
dresses to his mistress, until he had broken a sp
the knights of the rival nation, surprised a stro
or driven a prey from the kinsmen of the Pier
Musgraves, or the Howards. As in all other thi
run to a fashionable extremity, the fair sex took
in encouraging these deeds of chivalry, till it
have the appearance of a national mania. The
tournaments at the castle of every feudal ba
knight. The ploughmen and drivers were often
ered, on returning from the fields, hotly engag
tilting bout with their goads and ploughstaves; a
the little boys and maidens on the village gre
well mounted on a crooked stick, were daily en
the combat, and riding rank and file against eac
breaking their tiny weapons in the furious onse
the mimic fire flashed from their eyes. Then
play of *Scots and English* begun, a favourite one
school green to this day. Such was the spirit of
not only in Scotland, but over all the countries o
ern Europe, when the romantic incidents occ
which the following tale is founded.—It was tak
from the manuscript of an old Curate, who ha
the latter part of his life in the village of Mire
was given to the present Editor by one of those
who now till the valley where stood the richest
this realm.

There were once a noble king and queen of S
as many in that land have been.—In this nota
tale manner, does old Isaac, the curate, begin hi
tive. It will be seen in the sequel, that this
queen were Robert the Second and his consor

ved by all their subjects, (continues he) and favoured them in return; and the country enıiness and peace, all save a part adjoining to s of England. The strong castle of Roxburgh, the key of that country, had been five times :he English, and three times by the Scots, in seventeen months, and was then held by the ırd Musgrave for Richard king of England.

orthy king had one daughter, of exquisite d accomplishments; the flower of all Scotland, ame was Margaret. This princess was courted ıf the principal nobility of the land, who all ught an alliance with the royal family, not only ditional honour and power which it conferred nd their posterity, but for the personal charms y, which were of that high eminence, that no look on her without admiration. This emuhe lords kept the court of King Robert full of ımage and splendour. All were anxious to he designs of their opponents, and to forward ; so that high jealousies were often apparent rp retorts, stern looks, and nodding plumes of ooers; and as the princess had never disclosed ity for one above another, it was judged that ırcely dared openly to give the preference to m. A circumstance, however, soon occurred, ught the matter fairly to the test.

ıened on a lovely summer day, at the end of three and twenty noble rivals for the hand of ous princess were all assembled at the palace gow; but the usual gaiety, mirth, and repartee evail; for the king had received bad tidings and he sat gloomy and sad.

ve had issued from the castle of Roxburgh, sed the castle of Jedburgh, and taken prisoner brother to the lord of Galloway; slain many tish *subjects, and wasted* Teviotdale with fire . *The conversation* turned wholly on the *irs on the border*, and the misery to which

that country was exposed by the castle of Roxburgh remaining in the hands of the English; and at length the king enquired impatiently, how it came that Sir Philip Musgrave had surprised the castle this last time, when his subjects were so well aware of their danger.

The earl of Hume made answer, that it was wholly an affair of chivalry, and one of the bravest and noblest acts that ever was performed. Musgrave's mistress, the lady Jane Howard, of the blood royal, and the greatest heiress of the north of England, had refused to see him, unless he gained back his honour by the retaking of that perilous castle, and keeping it against all force, intercession, or guile, till the end of the Christmas holidays. That he had accomplished the former in the most gallant stile; and, from the measures that he had adopted, and the additional fortifications that he had raised, there was every possibility that he would achieve the latter.

"What," said the king, "must the spirit of chivalry then be confined to the country of our enemies? Have our noble dames of Scotland less heroism in their constitutions than those of the south? Have they fewer of the charms of beauty, or have their lovers less spirit to fulfil their commands? By this sceptre in my right hand, I will give my daughter, the princess Margaret, to the knight who shall take that castle of Roxburgh out of the hands of the English before the expiry of the Christmas holidays."

Every lord and knight was instantly on his feet to accept the proposal, and every one had his hand stretched towards the royal chair for audience, when Margaret arose herself, from the king's left hand, where she was seated, and flinging her left arm backward, on which swung a scarf of gold, and stretching her right, that gleamed with bracelets of rubies and diamonds, along the festive board, "Hold, my noble lords," said she; "I am *too deeply* interested here not to have a word to say. *The grandchild* of the great Bruce must not be given *away to every* adventurer without her own approval. *Who among you* will venture his honour and his life

ne?" Every knight waved his right hand aloft and lashed it on the hilt of his sword, eyeing the graceful attitude and dignified form of the princess with raptures of delight. "It is well," continued she, "the spirit of chivalry *has not* deserted the Scottish nation—hear me then: My father's vow shall stand; I will give my hand in marriage to the knight who shall take that castle for the king, my father, before the expiry of the Christmas holidays, and rid our border of that nest of reavers; but with this proviso only, that, in case of his attempting and failing in the undertaking, he shall forfeit all his lands, castles, towns, and towers to me, which shall form a part of my marriage-portion to his rival. Is it fit that the daughter of a king should be given up or won as circumstances may suit, or that the risk should all be on one side? Who would be so unreasonable as expect it? This, then, with the concurrence of my lord and father, is my determination, and by it will I stand."

The conditions were grievously hard, and had a damping and dismal effect on the courtly circle. The light of every eye deadened into a dim and sullen scowl. It was a deed that promised glory and renown to adventure their blood for such a dame,—to win such a lady as the Princess of Scotland: but, to give up their broad lands and castles to enrich a hated rival, was an obnoxious consideration, and what in all likelihood was to be the issue. When all the forces of the land had been unable to take the castle by storm, where was the probability that any of them was now to succeed? None accepted the conditions. Some remained silent; some shook their heads, and muttered incoherent mumblings; others strode about the room, as if in private consultation.

"My honoured liege," said Lady Margaret, "none of the lords or knights of your court have the spirit to accept of my conditions. Be pleased then to grant me a sufficient force. I shall choose the officers for them myself, *and I engage to take* the castle of Roxburgh be*fore Christmas. I will disappoint* the bloody Musgrave *his bride; and the world shall* see whether the charms

of Lady Jane Howard or those of Margaret Stuart s
rouse their admirers to deeds of the most desperate
lour. Before the Christmas bells have tolled, that s
be tried on the rocks, in the rivers, in the air, and
bowels of the earth. In the event of my enter
proving successful, all the guerdon that I ask is, the
and free liberty of giving my hand to whom I will.
shall be to no one that is here." And so saying
struck it upon the table, and again took her seat at
king's left hand.

Every foot rung on the floor with a furious tramp
unison with that stroke of the princess's hand.
taunt was not to be brooked. Nor was it. The haug
blood of the Douglasses could bear it no longer. Jar
the gallant earl of Douglas and Mar, stepped forv
from the circle. "My honoured liege, and mast
said he, "I have not declined the princess's offer,—
shrew my heart if ever it embraced such a purpose.
the stake is deep, and a moment's consideration ex
able. I have considered, and likewise decided. I
cept the lady's proposals. With my own vassals al
and at my own sole charge, will I rescue the castle fi
the hands of our enemies, or perish in the attempt.
odds are high against me. But it is now a Dougla
a Musgrave: God prosper the bravest!"

"Spoken like yourself, noble Douglas," said the k
"The higher the stake the greater the honour.
task be yours, and may the issue add another laure
the heroic name."

"James of Douglas," said Lady Margaret, "dost t
indeed accept of these hard conditions for my sa
Then the hand of thy royal mistress shall buckle on
armour in which thou goest to the field, but never s
unloose it, unless from a victor or a corse!" And v
that she stretched forth her hand, which Douglas, a
kneeled with one knee on the ground, took and pre
to his lips.

Every one of the nobles shook Douglas by the h
and wished him success. Does any man believe

there was one among them that indeed wished it? No, there was not a chief present that would not have rejoiced to have seen him led to the gallows. His power was too high already, and they dreaded that now it might be higher than ever; and, moreover, they saw themselves outdone by him in heroism, and felt degraded by the contract thus concluded.

The standard of the Douglas was reared, and the bloody heart flew far over many a lowland dale. The subordinate gentlemen rose with their vassals, and followed the banner of their chief; but the more powerful kept aloof, or sent ambiguous answers. They deemed the service undertaken little better than the frenzy of a madman.

There was at that time a powerful border baron, nicknamed Sir Ringan Redhough, by which name alone he was distinguished all the rest of his life. He was warden of the middle marches, and head of the most warlike and adventurous sept in all that country. The answer which this hero gave to his own cousin, Thomas Middlemas, who came to expostulate with him from Douglas, is still preserved verbatim; "What, man, are a' my brave lads to lie in bloody claes that the Douglas may lie i' snaw-white sheets wi' a bonny bedfellow? Will that keep the braid border for the king, my master? Tell him to keep their hands fu', an' their haunches toom, an' they'll soon be blythe to leave the lass an' loup at the ladle; an' the fient ae cloot shall cross the border to gar their pots play brown atween Dirdanhead and Cocketfell. Tell him this, an' tell him that Redhough said it. If he dinna work by wiles he'll never pouch the profit. But if he canna do it, an' owns that he canna do it, let him send word to me, an' I'll tak' it for him."

With these words he turned his back, and abruptly left his cousin, who returned to Douglas, ill satisfied with the success of his message, but, nevertheless, delivered it faithfully. "That curst carle," said the Douglas, "is a thorn in my thigh, as well as a buckler on my arm. He's as cunning as a fox, as stubborn as an oak,

and as fierce as a lion. I must temporize for the present, as I cannot do without his support, but the time may come that he may be humbled, and made to know his betters; since one endeavour has failed, we must try another, and, if that do not succeed, another still."

The day after that, as Sir Ringan was walking out at his own gate, an old man, with a cowl, and a long grey beard, accosted him. "May the great spirit of the elements shield thee, and be thy protector, knight," said he.

"An' wha may he be, carle, an it be your will?" said Ringan; "An' wha may ye be that gie me sic a reckless benediction? As to my shield and protection, look ye here?" and with that he touched his two-handed sword, and a sheaf of arrows that was swung at his shoulder; "an' what are all your saints and lang nebbit spirits to me?"

"It was a random salutation, knight," said the old man seeing his mood and temper; "I am not a priest but a prophet. I come not to load you with blessings, curses, nor homilies, all equally unavailing, but to tell you what shall be in the times that are to come. I have had visions of futurity that have torn up the tendrils of my spirit by the roots. Would you like to know what is to befal you and your house in the times that are to come?"

"I never believe a word that you warlocks say," replied the knight; "but I like aye to hear what you will say about matters; though it is merely to laugh at ye, for I dinna gie credit to ane o' your predictions. Sin' the Rhymer's days, the spirit o' true warlockry is gane. He foretauld muckle that has turned out true; an something that I hope *will* turn out true: but ye're a' bairns to him."

"Knight," said the stranger, "I can tell you more than ever the Rhymer conceived, or thought upon; and, moreover I can explain the words of True Thomas, which *neither you nor* those to whom they relate in the smallest *degree comprehend*. Knowest thou the prophecy of *the Hart and the Deer*, as it is called?

'Quhere the hearte heavit in het blude over hill and howe,
There shall the dinke deire droule for the dowe:
Two fleite footyde maydenis shall tredde the greine,
And the mone and the starre shall flashe betweine.
Quhere the proude hiche halde and heveye hande beire
Ane frenauch shall feide on ane faderis frene feire,
In dinging at the starris the D shall doupe down.
But the S shall be S quhane the heide S is gone.'"

"I hae heard the reide often and often," said the knight, "but the man's unborn that can understand that. Though the prophecies and the legends of the Rhymer take the lead i' my lear, I hae always been obliged to make that a passover."

"There is not one of all his sayings that relates as much to you and your house, knight. It foretels that the arms of your family shall supersede those of Douglas, which you know are the bloody heart; and that in endeavouring to exalt himself to the stars, the D, that is the Douglas, shall fall, but that your house and name shall remain when the Stuarts are no more."

"By the horned beasts of Old England, my father's portion, and my son's undiminished hope," exclaimed the knight,—"Thou art a cunning man! I now see the bearing o' the prophecy as plainly as I see the hill o' Mountcomyn before my e'e; and, as I know Thomas never is wrong, I believe it. Now is the time, auld warlock,—now is the time; he's ettling at a king's daughter, but his neck lies in wad, and the forfeit will be his undoing."

"The time is not yet come, valiant knight; nevertheless the prophecy is true. Has thy horse's hoof ever trode, or thine eye journeyed, over the Nine Glens of Niddisdale?"

"I hae whiles gotten a glisk o' them."

"They are extensive, rich and beautiful."

"They're nae less, auld carle; they're nae less. They can send nine thousand leel men an' stout to the field in a pinch."

"*It is recorded in the* book of fate,—it is written *there*—"

"The devil it is, auld carle; that's mair tha thought o'."

"Hold thy peace: lay thine hand upon thy mo and be silent till I explain: I say I have seen it in visions of the night,—I have seen it in the star heaven"—

"What? the Nine Glens o' Niddisdale amang starns o' heaven! by hoof and horn, it was rarely s warlock."

"I say that I have seen it,—they are all to belon thy house."

"Niddisdale a' to pertain to my house!"

"All."

"Carle, I gie nae credit to sic forbodings: but I h heard somethink like this afore. Will ye stay till I br my son Robin, the young Master of Mountcomyn, let him hear it? For aince a man takes a mark on way, I wadna hae him to tine sight o't. Mony a t has the tail o' the king's elwand pointed me the way Cumberland; an' as often has the ee o' the Charlie-w blinkit me hame again. A man's nae the waur o' a beacon o' some kind,—a bit hope set afore him, a carle; an' the Nine Glens o' Niddisdale are nae Wil an-the-Wisp in a lad's ee."

"From Roxburgh castle to the tower of Sark,"—

"What's the auld-warld birkie saying?"

"From the Deadwater-fell to the Linns of Canno —from the Linns of Cannoby to the heights of Ma and the Deucharswire,—shall thy son, and the repres tatives of thy house, ride on their own lands."

"May ane look at your foot, carle? Take off t huge wooden sandal, an it be your will."

"Wherefore should I, knight?"

"Because I dread ye are either the devil or Ma Michael Scott."

"Whoever I am, I am a friend to you and to yo *and have* told you the words of truth. I have but *word more to say*:—Act always in concert with the T *glasses, while* they act in concert with the king your

not a day, nor an hour, nor a moment longer. It
s, and thus alone, that you must rise and the
las fall. Remember the words of True Thomas,—

'Quhane the wingit hors at his maistere sal wince,
'Let wyse men cheat the chevysance.'"

'here is something mair about you than other folk,
nan. If ye be my kinsman, Michael Scott the war-
I crave your pardon, Master; but if you are that
'u' carle—I mean that learned and wonderfu' man,
ou are welcome to my castle. But you are not to
ny auld wife into a hare, Master, an' hunt her up
wn the hills wi' my ain grews; nor my callants in-
gs to scamper about an i' the night-time when they
her occupations to mind. There is naething i' my
that isna at your command; for, troth, I wad rather
a' the Ha's and the Howard's afore I beardit

set no foot in your halls, knight. This night is a
among many to me; and wo would be to me if any
canopied my head save the cope of heaven. There
roscopes to be read this night for a thousand years
ne. One cake of your bread and one cup of your
s all that the old wizard requests of you, and that
st have."

e knight turned back and led the seer into the in-
urt, and fed him with bread and wine, and every
hing; but well he noted that he asked no holy be-
ion on them like the palmers and priors that wan-
about the country: and, therefore, he had some
g dread of the old man. He did not thank the
for his courtesy, but, wiping his snowy beard, he
l abruptly away, and strode out at the gate of the

Sir Ringan kept an eye on him privately till he
m reach the top of Blake Law, a small dark hill
liately above the castle. There he stopped and
around him, and taking two green sods, he placed
above the other, and laid himself down on his
sting his head upon the two sods,—his body half

raised, and his eyes fixed on heaven. The knig
almost frightened to look at him; but sliding ir
cleuch, he ran secretly down to the tower to bring l
to see this wonderful old warlock. When the
back he was gone, and no trace of him to be se
saw they him any more at that time.

CHAPTER II.

This man's the devil's fellow commoner.
A verie cloake-bag of iniquitie.
His butteries and his craboun he deschargeth
Flasche, not by airt or reule. Is it meet
A Ploydenist should be a *cedant arma togæ*,
Mounted on a trapt palfrey; with a dishe
Of velvatte on his heide, to keepe the brothe
Of his wit warm? The devil, my maisteris,
There is no dame in Venice shall indure itt.
Old Play.

WHILST the knight and his lady were looking ab
amazement for their mysterious guest, the tower-
sounded the great bugle, a tremendous horn that
a shelf in the balcony where he kept watch. "
two—three," said the knight, counting the three d
notes,—a signal of which he well knew the langu
"What can that mean? I am wanted it would a
another messenger from the Douglas, I warrant."

"Sir Ringan, keep by that is your own," said th
—"I say, mind your own concerns, and let the D
mind his."

"Dame," said the chief, "I hae gotten some m
sight into that affair than you; and we maun talk
it by an' bye. In the mean time let us haste hom
see who is arrived."

As they descended from the hill hand in h

walked arm in arm in those days,) they saw
d Dodds, a landward laird, coming to meet them.
' said Sir Ringan, "this is my officious cousin,
o' Dryhope; what business can he be come upon?
be something that he deems of great importance."
hate that old fawning, flattering sycophant," said
ly; "and cannot divine what is the cause of your
ty for him."
is his attachment to our house that I admire, and
rfect devotion to my service and interests," said
ght.
ere sound," exclaimed the lady bitterly: "Mere
of superfluous breath! I tell you, Sir Ringan,
r all your bravery, candour, and kindness, you are
novice in the affairs of life, and know less of men
things than ever knight did."
is a great fault in women," said the knight, making
ervation general, "that they will aye be meddling
igs they ken nought about. They think they ken
hing, an' wad gar ane trow that they can see an
to a fir deal.—Gude help them! It is just as un-
to hear a lady discussing the merits of warriors
)men, as it wad be to see me sitting nursing a
bairn."
h, what an uncourtly term!" said the lady;
would King Robert think if he heard you speak-
hat uncouth stile?"
peak muckle better than him, wi' his short clippit
id tongue," said the chief; "But hush, here
he redoubted Dickie o' Dryhope."
ooner were the knight and his lady's eyes turned
meet Dickie's, than he whipped off his bonnet with a
l swing, and made a low bow, his thin gray locks
as he bowed. Dickie was a tall, lean, toothless,
helor, whose whole soul and body were devoted
air sex and the house of his chief. These two
concerns divided his attention, and often, min-
h one another; his enthusiasm for the one, by
en change of subjects or concatenation of ideas,

being frequently transferred to the other. Dickie approached with his bonnet in his hand, bowing every time the knight and lady lifted their eyes. When they met, Sir Ringan shook him heartily by the hand, and welcomed him to the castle of Mountcomyn.

"Oh, you are so good and so kind, Sir Ringan, bless you, bless you, bless you, noble sir; how do you thrive, Sir Ringan? bless you, bless you. And my excellent and noble lady Mountcomyn, how is my noble dame?"

"Thank you," said the lady coldly.

Dickie looked as if he would have shaken hands with her, or embraced her, as the custom then was, but she made no proffer of either the one or the other, and he was obliged to keep his distance; but this had no effect in checking his adulations. "I am so glad that my excellent lady is well, and the young squires and maidens all brisk and whole I hope?"

"All well, cousin," said the chief.

"Eh! all well?" reiterated Dickie, "Oh the dear, delightful, darling souls, O bless them! If they be but as well as I wish them, and as good as I wish—If the squires be but half so brave as their father, and the noble young sweet dames half so beautiful as their lady mother—oh bless them, bless them." "And half so independent and honest as their cousin," said the lady, with a rebuking sneer.

"Very pleasant! very pleasant, indeed!" simpered Dickie, without daring to take his lips far asunder, lest his toothless gums should be seen.

"Such babyish flummery?" rejoined the lady with great emphasis. Dickie was somewhat abashed. His eyes, that were kindled with a glow of filial rapture, appeared as with flattened pupils, nevertheless the benignant smile did not altogether desert his features. The knight gave a short look off at one side to his lady. "It [illegible] in ladies, cousin," said he, "that they will [illegible] eaking their jokes on those that they like [illegible] ays pretending to keep at a distance from [illegible] lady thinks to blind my een, as many

as done to her husband afore this time; but I
id some mae ken too, that if there's ane o' a' my
at I durstna trust my lady wi' when my back's
, that ane's Dickie o' Dryhope."
'm, h'm, h'm, neighed Dickie, laughing with his
ut; "My lady's so pleasant, and so kind, but—
o, no—you wrong her, knight; h'm, h'm, h'm!
l joking and gibing aside—my lady's very pleasant.
e express to inform you, Sir Ringan, that the
sses are up."
knew it."
nd the Maxwells—and the Gordons—and the
-backed Hendersons."
'ell."
nd Sir Christopher Seton is up—and the Elliots
e laird of Tibbers is up."
'ell, well."
came expressly to inform you—"
ame with piper's news," said the lady, "which the
has told before you."
hat *is very* good," said Dickie; "My lady is so
fully pleasant—I thought Sir Ringan would be
o rise with the rest, and came for directions as to
my men.
ow many men can the powerful Laird of Dry-
nuster in support of the warden?" said Lady
comyn.
ine are all at his command; my worthy lady knows
said Dickie, bowing: "Every one at his com-

think," said she, "that at the battle of Blakehope
rnished only two, who were so famished with
that they could not bear arms, far less fight."
ery pleasant in sooth; h'm h'm! I declare I am
ed with my lady's good humour."
u may, however, keep your couple of scare-crows
e for the present, and give them something to eat,"
d she; "the warden has other matters to mind
ting his vassals that the Douglass may wive."

"Very true, and excellent good sense," said Dickie.

"We'll talk of that anon," said Sir Ringan. And with that they went into the castle, and sat down to dinner. There were twelve gentlemen and nine maidens present, exclusive of the knight's own family, and they took their places on each side as the lady named them. When Sir Ringan lifted up his eyes and saw the station that Dickie occupied, he was dissatisfied, but instantly found a remedy. "Davie's Pate," said he to the lad that waited behind him, "mak that bowiefu' o' cauld plovers change places wi' yon saut-faut instantly, before meat be put to mouth." The order was no sooner given than obeyed, and the new arrangement placed Dickie fairly above the salt.

The dining apparatus at the castle of Mountcomyn was homely, but the fare was abundant. A dozen yeomen stood behind with long knives, and slashed down the beef and venison into small pieces, which they placed before the guests in wooden plates, so that there was no knife used at the dining board. All ate heartily, but none with more industry than Dickie, who took not even time all the while to make the complaisant observation, that "my lady was so pleasant."

Dinner being over, the younger branches of the family retired, and all the kinsmen not of the first rank, pretending some business that called them away, likewise disappeared; so that none were left with the knight and his lady save six. The lady tried the effect of several broad hints on Dickie, but he took them all in good part, and declared that he never saw his lady so pleasant in his life. And now a serious consultation ensued, on the propriety of lending assistance to the Douglas. Sir Ringan first put the question to his friends, without any observation. The lady took up the argument, and reasoned strongly against the measure. Dickie was in raptures with his lady's good sense, and declared her arguments unanswerable. Most of the gentlemen seemed to acquiesce in the *same measure, on* the ground that, as matters stood, they *could not rise at* the Douglas' call, on that occasion *without being* considered as a subordinate family, whic

er the king nor the Douglas had any right to sup-
them; and so strongly and warmly ran the argument
at side, that it was likely to be decided on, without
hief having said a word on the subject. Simon of
elscleuch alone ventured to dissent; "I have only
mark, my gallant kinsmen," said he, "that our de-
ı in this matter is likely to prove highly eventful.
out our aid the force of the Douglas is incompetent
e task, and the castle will then remain in the hands
ı English, than which nothing can be more grievous-
ainst our interest. If he be defeated, and forfeit his
, the power of the Border will then remain with us; but
d he succeed without our assistance, and become the
s son-in-law, it will be a hard game with us to keep
oting that we have. I conceive, therefore, that in
lrawing our support we risk every thing,—in lending
ı risk nothing but blows." All the kinsmen were
. Dickie looked at my Lady Mountcomyn.
It is well known that there is an old prophecy exist-
said she, "that a Scot shall sit in the Douglas'
, and be lord of all his domains. Well would it be
ıe country if that were so. But to support the over-
n power of that house is not the way to accomplish
sirable an object."
That is true," said Dickie; "I'll defy any man to
yond what my lady says, or indeed whatever she

Have we not had instances of their jealousy already?"
nued she.
We have had instances of their jealousy already,"
Dickie, interrupting her.
And should we raise him to be the king's son-in-law,
ould kick us for our pains," rejoined she.
Ay, he would kick us for our pains," said Dickie;
ık of that."
Either please to drop your responses, Sir," said she,
y, "*or leave the hall.* I would rather hear a raven
on my turret in the day of battle, than the tongue
tterer or sycophant."

"That is very good indeed," said Dickie; "My is so pleasant; h'm h'm h'm! Excellent! h'm h'm h'

Sir Ringan saw his lady drawing herself up in hig dignation; and dreading that his poor kinsman w bring on himself such a rebuke as would banish the hall for ever, he interposed. "Cousin," said "it's a great fault in women that they cauna bide inter tion, an' the mair they stand in need o't they take it waur. But I have not told you all yet: a very sing circumstance has happened to me this day. Who do think I found waylaying me at my gate, but our kinsm the powerful old warlock, Master Michael Scott."

"Master Michael Scott!" exclaimed the whole ci every one holding up his hands, "has he ventured t seen by man once more? Then there is something common to befal, or, perhaps, the world is coming to end."

"God forbid!" said Redhough: "It is true that, seven years, he has been pent up in his enchanted to at Aikwood, without speaking to any one save his spi but though I do not know him, this must have been for he has told me such things as will astonish you; moreover, when he left me he laid himself down on top of the Little Law on his back, and the devils car him away bodily through the air, or down through earth, and I saw no more of him."

All agreed that it had been the great magician Ma Michael Scott. Sir Ringan then rehearsed the con sation that had passed between the wizard and him All the circle heard this with astonishment; some w suspense, and others with conviction, but Dickie w raptures of delight. "He assured me," said Redhou "that my son should ride on his own land from Roxbu to the Deadwater-fell."

"From Roxburgh to the Deadwater-fell!" cried D *kie, "think of that!* all the links of the bonny Te *and Slitterick*, ha, ha, lads, think of that!" and he c *ped his hands* aloud without daring to turn his ey *the head of the* table.

"And from the Deadwater-fell to the tower o' Sark," rejoined the knight.

"To the tower of Sark!" exclaimed Dickie. "H—have a care of us! think of that! All the dales of Liddel, and Ewes, and the fertile fields of Cannobie! Who will be king of the Border, then, my lads? who will be king of the Border then? ha, ha, ha!"

"And from the fords of Sark to the Deuchar-swire," added Sir Ringan.

Dickie sprang to his feet, and seizing a huge timber trencher, he waved it round his head. The chief beckoned for silence; but Dickie's eyes were glistening with raptures, and it was with great difficulty he repressed his vociferations.

"And over the Nine Glens of Niddisdale beside," said Sir Ringan.

Dickie could be restrained no longer. He brayed out, "Hurrah, hurrah!" and waved his trencher round his head.

"All the Esk, and the braid Forest, and the Nine Glens o' Niddisdale! Hurrah! Hurrah! Mountcomyn for ever! The warden for ever! hu, hu! hu!"

The knight and his friends were obliged to smile at Dickie's outrageous joy; but the lady rose and went out in high dudgeon. Dickie then gave full vent to his rapture without any mitigation of voice, adding, "My lady for ever!" to the former two; and so shouting, he danced around, waving his immense wooden plate.

The frolic did not take, and Sir Ringan was obliged to call him to order. "You do not consider, cousin," said the warden, "that what a woman accounts excellent sport at one time is at another high offence. See, now, you have driven my lady away from our consultation, on whose advice I have a strong reliance; and I am afraid we will scarcely prevail on her to come back."

"Oh! there's *no fear of* my lady and me," said Dickie; "*we understand one* another. My lady is a kind, *generous, noble soul, and so* pleasant!"

"*For as pleasant and* kind as she is, I am deceived if

she is easily reconciled to you. Ye dinna ken Dunbar, cousin. Boy, tell your lady that we lack counsel, and expect that she will lend us it for a spare."

The boy did as he was ordered, but returned wit answer, that unless Dickie was dismissed she did choose to be of the party.

"I am sorry for it," said Sir Ringan; "but you tell her that she may then remain where she is, for I spare my cousin Dickie now, nor any day these months." And with that he began and discussed merits of the case *pro* and *con* with his kinsmen, as thing had happened; and in the end it was resolved, with a thousand horsemen, they would scour the border to intercept all the supplies that should be out of England, and thus enrich themselves, whil the same time, they would appear to countenance mad undertaking of Douglas.

CHAPTER III.

"Come, come, my hearts of flint; modestly; decently; soberly handsomely. No man afore his leader. Ding down the enemy to now, ye shall not come into the field like beggars. *Lord* have upon me, what a world this is! Well, I'll give an hundred pence many good feathers, and a hundred more for as many scarts;—w dogs, to set you out withal! Frost and snow, a man cannot fight li brave! I say down with the enemy to-morrow!"

Sir John Oldcast

The castle of Roxburgh was beleaguered by thousand men in armour, but never before had it be well manned, or rendered so formidable in its bastr *and to endeavour* to scale it, appeared as vain an att *as that of* scaling the moon.

There was a great deal of parading, and noi *as that of* beating drums, and sounding of

d bugles, every day; and scarcely did there one pass ı which there were not tilting bouts between the par- s, and in these the English generally had the advan- ge. Never was there, perhaps, a more chivalrous host ıan that which Musgrave had under his command with- ı the walls of Roxburgh; the enthusiasm, the gallantry, ıd the fire of the captain, were communicated to all the ain.

Their horses were much superior to those of the Scots; nd, in place of the latter being able to make any im- ression on the besieged, they could not, with all the vi- ilance they were able to use, prevent their posts from eing surprised by the English, on which the most des- ierate encounters sometimes took place. At first the nglish generally prevailed, but the Scots at length be- ame inured to it, and stood the shocks of the cavalry nore firmly. They took care always at the first onset o cut the bridle reins with their broad-swords, and by hat means they disordered the ranks of their enemies, ınd often drove them in confusion back to their strong- ıold.

Thus months flew on in this dashing sort of warfare, and ıo impression was made on the fortress, nor did any ap- ıear practicable; and every one at court began to calcu- ate on the failure and utter ruin of the Douglas. Pier- y of Northumberland proffered to raise the country, and ead an army to the relief of the castle; but this interfe- ence Musgrave would in nowise admit, it being an in- ringement of the task imposed on him by his mistress.

Moreover, he said, he cared not if all the men of Scot- and lay around the castle, for he would defy them to win t. He farther bade the messenger charge Piercy and Howard to have an army ready at the expiry of the Christmas holidays, wherewith to relieve him, and clear he Border, but to take no care nor concern about him ill then.

About this time an incident, common in that day, *ought a number of* noble young adventurers to the *ıp of Douglas.* It chanced, in an encounter between

two small rival parties at the back of the conv
Maisondieu, which stood on the south side of the T
that Sir Thomas de Somerville of Carnwath en
hand to hand with an English knight, named Sir C
de Moubray, who, after a desperate encounter, unh
and wounded him. The affair was seen from the
of Roxburgh, as well as by a part of the Scottish
which was encamped on a rising ground to the
that overlooked the plain; and, of course, like all
chivalrous feats, became the subject of general con
tion. Somerville was greatly mortified: and, not fi
any other way to recover his honour, he sent a cha
to Moubray to fight him again before the gate of
burgh, in sight of both armies. Moubray was to
lant to refuse. There was not a knight in the castl
would have declined such a chance of earning fam
recommending himself to his mistress and the fair
neral. The challenge was joyfully accepted, an
two knights met in the midst of a circle of gent
appointed by both armies, on the castle green, th
betwixt the moat and the river, immediately und
walls of the castle. Never was there a more g
combat seen. They rode nine times against each
with full force, twice with lances and seven time
swords, yet always managed with such dexterity
neither were unhorsed, nor yet materially wounded.
at the tenth charge, by a most strenuous exertic
Thomas disarmed and threw his opponent out of hi
dle, with his sword-arm dislocated. Somerville
great renown, and his fame was sounded in court
camp. Other challenges were soon sent from both
and as readily accepted; and some of the best bloo
of Scotland and England was shed in these mad
rous exploits. The ambition of the young Scotti
bles was roused, and many of them flocked as volu
to the standard of Douglas. Among these were sc
the retainers of Redhough, who could not resist
opportunity of trying their swords with some riv
whom they had erst exchanged sharp blows on

Simon of Gemelscleuch, his cousin John of Howand the Laird of Yard-bire, all arrived in the camp
.glas in one night, in order to distinguish themselves
.ese tilting bouts. Earl Douglas himself challenged
usgrave, hoping thereby to gain his end, and the prize
: which he fought; but the knight, true to his engage-
nt sent him for answer, that he would first see the
eginning of a new year, and then he should fight either
him or any of his name; but that till then he had undertaken a charge to which all others must be subordinate.

The Laird of Yard-bire, the strongest man of the Border, fought three combats with English squires of the same degree, two on horseback and one on foot, and in all proved victorious. For one whole month the siege presented nothing new save these tiltings, which began at certain hours every day, and always became more obstinate, often proving fatal; and the eagerness of the young gentry of both parties to engage in them grew into a kind of mania: But an event happened which put an end to them at once.

There was a combat one day between two knights of the first degree, who were surrounded as usual by twenty lancers from each army, all the rest of both parties being kept at a distance, the English on the tops of their walls, and the Scots on the heights behind, both to the east and west; for there was one division of the army stationed on the hill of Barns and at the head of the Sick-man's Path, and another on the rising ground between the city and castle. The two gentlemen were equally matched, and the issue was doubtful, when the attendant Scottish guards perceived, or thought they perceived, in the bearing of the English knight, some breach of the rules of chivalry; on which with one voice they called out "foul play." The English answered, "No, no, none." The two judges called to order, on which the spearmen stood still and *listened, and hearing* that the judges too were *of different opinions, they took* up the matter themselves, *the Scots insisting that* the knight should be disarmed *and turned from the lists* in disgrace, and the English

refusing to acquiesce. The judges, dreading some fatal conclusion, gave their joint orders that both parties should retire in peace, and let the matter be judged of afterwards; on which the English prepared to quit the ground with a kind of exultation, for it appeared that they were not certain with regard to the propriety of their hero's conduct. Unluckily, it so happened that the redoubted Charlie Scott of Yard-bire headed the Scottish pikemen on the lists that day, a very devil for blood and battery, and of strength much beyond that generally allotted to man. When he saw that the insidious knight was going to be conducted off in a sort of triumph, and in a manner so different from what he deemed to suit his demerits, he clenched the handle of his sword with his right hand, and screwed down his eyebrows till they almost touched the top of his nose. "What now, muckle Charlie?" said one that stood by him. "What now?" repeated Charlie, growling like a wolf-dog, and confining the word almost within his own breast, "The deil sal bake me into a ker-cake to gust his gab wi', afore I see that sauce tike ta'en off in sic a way." And with that he dropt his pike, drew his sword, and rushing through the group he seized the knight's horse by the bridle with his left hand, thinking to lead both him and his master away prisoners. The knight struck at him with all his might, but for this Charlie was prepared; he warded the blow most dexterously, and in wrath, by the help of a huge curb-bridle he threw the horse backward, first on his hams, and then on his back, with his rider under him. "Tak ye that master, for whistling o' Sundays," said the intrepid borderer, and began to lay about him at the English, who now attacked him on both sides.

Charlie's first break at the English knight was the watch-word for a general attack. The Scots flew to the combat, in perfect silence, and determined hatred and they were received by the other party in the same manner. Not so the onlookers of both hosts,—they rent the air with loud and reiterated shouts. The English poured forth in a small narrow column from

le along the draw-bridge, but the Scottish horse-
ho were all ready mounted the better to see the
ter from their stations, scoured down from the
like lightning, so that they prevailed at first,
he English could issue forth in numbers sufficient
se them. The brave Sir Richard Musgrave, the
's younger brother, led the English, he having
out at their head at the first breaking out of the
but notwithstanding all his bravery, he with his
ere driven with their backs to the moat, and
essed; Douglass, with a strong body of horse, hav-
betwixt them and the castle-gate. The English
anxious to relieve their young hero that they
to the gate in crowds. Douglas suffered a part
and then attacking them furiously with the cav-
drove them back in such confusion, that he got
ion of the draw-bridge for several minutes, and
n all likelihood have entered with the crowd, had
een for the portcullis, the machinery of which the
lid not understand, nor had they the means of
acting it; so that just when they were in the hot-
most sanguine part of their enterprize, down it
ith a clattering noise louder than thunder, separ-
few of the most forward from their brethren, who
on every one cut down, as they refused to yield.
e meantime it fared hard with Richard, who was
vered by numbers; and though the English arch-
ed the Scottish cavalry grievously from the walls,
all that were with him being forced backward
unged into the moat, and were every one of them
lain or taken prisoners. The younger Musgrave,
ong the latter, which grieved his brother Sir
xceedingly, as it gave Douglass an undue advan-
er him, and he knew that, in the desperate state
ndertaking, he would go any lengths to over-reach
From that *day forth*, all challenges or accepting
nges was prohibited by Musgrave, under pain of
nd a proclamation was issued, stating that
ntered the castle should be stripped naked,

searched and examined, on what pretence soever t
came, and if any suspicious circumstances appea
against them, they were to be hanged upon a post er
ed for the purpose, on the top of the wall, in sight
both armies. He was determined to spare no vigilan
and constantly said he would hold Douglas at defianc

There was only one thing that the besieged had
dread, and it was haply, too, the only thing in which
Scots placed any degree of hope, and that was the t
failure of provisions within the castle. Musgrave's pl
of getting small supplies at a time from England by nig
was discovered by Sir Ringan Redhough, and complet
cut off; and as Douglas hanged every messenger t
fell into his hands, no new plan could be establish
and so closely were the English beleaguered, that
attempt at sending additional supplies to those they l
proved of no avail. The rival armies always grew m
and more inveterate against each other, and the m
sharp and deadly measures were exercised by b
Matters went on this manner till near the end of Octo
when the nights grew cold, long, and dark. There
nothing but the perils of that castle on the Border tal
of over all Scotland and England. Every one, m
maid, and child, became interested in it. It may
be conceived that the two sovereign beauties, the L
Jane Howard and Princes Margaret of Scotland, w
not the least so; and both of them prepared, at the s
time, in the true spirit of the age, to take some ac
part in the matter before it came to a final issue.
of them seemed destined to lose her hero, but both
put on the resolution of performing something worth
the knights that were enduring so much for their sak

CHAPTER IV.

And O that pegis weste is slymme,
And his ee wald garr the daye luke dymme;
His broue is brente, his brest is fayre,
And the deemonde lurkis in hys revan hayre.
Alake for thilke bonnye boye sae leile
That lyes withe oure Kynge in the hie-lande shiele!

Old Rhyme.

I winna gang in, I darena gang in,
Nor sleep i' your arms ava;
Fu' laithly wad a fair may sleep
Atween you an' the wa',
War I to lie wi' a belted knight,
In a land that's no my ain,
Fu' dear wad be my courtesye,
An' dreich wad be my pain.

Old Ballad.

One cold biting evening at the beginning of November, Patrick Chisholm of Castle-weary, an old yeoman in the upper part of Teviotdale, sat conversing with his family all in a merry and cheerful mood. They were placed in a circle round a blazing hearth fire, on which hung a huge cauldron, boiling and bubbling like the pool at the foot of a cataract. The lid was suspended by a rope to the iron crook on which this lordly machine was hung to intercept somewhat the showers of soot that now and then descended from the rafters. These appeared as if they had been covered with pitch or black japanning; and so violently was the kettle boiling, that it made the roof of Pate Chisholm's bigging all to shiver. Notwithstanding these showers of soot, Pate and his four goodly sons eyed the boiling cauldron with looks of great satisfaction,—for ever and anon the hough of an immense leg of beef was to be seen cutting its capers in the boil, or coming *with a graceful semi*circular sweep from one lip *of the pot to the other.*

"*Is it true, callants,*" said Pate, "that Howard is gaun

to make a diversion, as they ca't, in the west border, t draw off the warden frae the Cheviots."

"As muckle is said, an' as muckle expectit," said Dan his first born, a goodly youth, who, with his three bre thren sat in armour. They had come home to the father's house that night with their share of a rich pre that the warden had kidnapped while just collecting t send to Roxburgh under a guard of five thousand me But Sir Ringan, getting intelligence of it, took possessio of the drove before it was placed under the charge of those intended to guard it.

"As muckle is said, an' as muckle is expectit," sa Dan; "but the west border will never turn out sae we to us as the east has done. It's o'er near the Joh stones, and the Jardines, and the hurklebackit Hende sons."

Pate looked from under his bonnet at the hough beef.—"The Cheviot hills hae turned weel out for t warden," continued Dan; "Redhough an' his lads h been as weel scrieving o'er law and dale as lying getti hard pelts round the stane wa's o' Roxburgh, an' much mair gude has he done; for gin they dinna hunger th out o' their hauddin, they'll keep it. Ye'll draw an E glishman by the gab easier than drive him wi' an a gaud. I wad ride fifty miles to see ony ane o' t bonny dames that a' this pelting an' peching is about."

"Twa wanton glaikit gillies, I'll uphaud," said Pa looking at the restless hough; "o'er muckle martl the back, an' meldar i' the brusket. Gin I had the h fing o' them, I sude tak a staup out o' their bickers. Whisht, I thought I heard the clanking o' horse he —Callant, clap the lid down on the pat; what hae the hinging geaving up there for?"

The clattering of the horses approached, but appare ly with caution; and at length a voice called at the d in an English accent, "Hollo, who holds here?" "I *men, an' for* the Scots," answered Dan, starting to *feet, and laying* his hand on his sword. "For the k *of Mountcomyn*, the Scottish warden?"—inquir

horseman without. "For the same," was the answer. "It is toward his castle that we are bound. Can any of you direct us the way?"

"Troth, that I can," said old Pate, groping to satisfy himself that the lid was close down on the pot, and then running to the door; "I can tell you every fit o' the road, masters: You maun gang by the Fanesh, you see; it lies yon way, you see; an' then up the Brown rig, as straight as a line through Philhope-head, an' into Borthwick; then up Aitas-burn,—round the Crib-law,—an' wheel to the right; then the burn that ye come to there, ye maun cross that, and three miles farther on you come to the castle of Mountcomyn.—Braw cheer there lads!"

"I am afraid, friend," said the English trooper, "we will make nothing of this direction. Is it far to this same castle of the Scottish warden?"

"O no, naething but a step, some three Scots miles."

"And how is the road?"

"A prime road, man; no a step in't a' wad tak your horse to the brusket; only there's nae track; ye maun just take an ettle. Keep an ee on the tail o' Charlie's wain, an' ye'll no gang far wrang."

"Our young lord and master is much fatigued," said the trooper; "I am afraid we shall scarcely make it out. Pray, sir, could you spare us a guide?"

Dan, who was listening behind, now stepped forward, and addressed them; "My masters, as the night is o' darkness, I could hardly ride to Mountcomyn mysel, an', far or near, I couldna win there afore day. Gin ye dought accept o' my father's humble cheer the night—"

"The callant's bewiddied, an' waur than bewiddied." said Pate: "We haena cheer for oursels, let abe for a byking o' English lords an' squires!"

"I would gladly accept of any accommodation," said a sweet delicate voice, like that of a boy; "for the path has been so dreadful that I am almost dead, and unable to proceed further. I have a safe-conduct to the Scottish court, signed by all the wardens of the marches, and

every knight, yeoman, and vassal is obliged to give furtherance."

"I dinna ken muckle about conducks an' signatur said Pate, "but I trow there winna be mony sylla in some o' the names if a' the wardens hae signed y libelt; for I ken weel there's ane o' them whase edica brak aff at the letter G, an' never gat farrer. But I'n ca'ing ye a lecar, southron lord, ye may be a vera ho man; an' as your errand may be something unco exp ye had better post on."

"It sal never be casten up to me neither in camp ha," said Dan, "that a stranger was cawed frae my f father's door at this time o' the night. Light down, l down, southron lord, ye are a privileged man; an', like to see the meaning o' things, I'll ride wi' ye m the morn, fit for fit, to the castle of Mountcomyn."

The strangers were soon all on their feet, and ush into the family circle, for there was no fire-place in house but that one. They consisted of five stout tr ers, well armed, a page, and a young nobleman, ha the appearance of a youth about seventeen or eigh years of age. Every eye was instantly turned on there was something so extraordinary in his appeara Instead of a steel helmet, he wore a velvet cap, sh like a crown, striped with belts, bars, and crosses of wire, and manifestly more for ornament than use. fair ringlets were peeping in curls out from below his and his face and bright blue eyes were lovely as the d of a summer's morning.

They were not well seated till a noise of the trea horses was again heard.

"The warld be a-wastle us!" cried old Pate, "w that now? I think fouk will be eaten up wi' fouk, naething for fouk's pains but dry thanks;—thanks w feed the cat—"

He was stopped in his regretful soliloquy by a r *voice at the door*: "Ho, wha hauds the house?" *same answer* was given as to the former party *in a minute* the strangers entered without law o

Ye travel unco late, maisters," said old Pate: "How
ay ye be for the night?"
We meant to have reached the tower of Gorranberry
ht," said one of the strangers, "but we have been
ited, and were drawn hither by the light in your
I fear we must draw on your hospitality till

allant Peter, gang an' stap a wisp i' that bole," said
"it seems to be the beacon light to a' the clan-
hry i' the hale country. I tauld ye aye to big it
it no ane o' ye heeds what I say. I hae seen
that *some* fouk whiles gaed by. But, my maisters,
gate ava to Gorranberry,—a mere haut-stride-and-
I'll send a guide to Bilhope-head wi' ye; for troth
neither meat nor drink, house-room nor stabling,
bout the toun. We're but poor yeomen, an' haud
ilin for hard service. We hae tholed a foray the
lready, an' a double ane wad herrie us out o'
an' hauld. The warld be a' wastle us! I think a'
sstroopers be abraid the night! Bairns, swee
uking o' claes aff the fire; ye'll burn it i' the
"

new comers paid little attention to this address of
man; they saw that he was superannuated, and
the narrow selfishness that too generally clings to
it miserable stage of human existence; but drawing
ey began to eye the southron party with looks of
spicion, if not of fierceness.
ee what maks ye sae frightet at our entrance here,"
first Scots trooper, "ye hae some southron spies
ye—Gudeman, ye sal answer to the king for
i' to the Douglas too, whilk ye'll find a waur

en where ye are, an' wha ye're speaking to," said
epping forward and browing the last speaker face
: "If *either the ae party* or the ither be spies, or
lse but leel men, ye shall find, ere ye gang far,
nd ye are on, an' whase kipples ye are under.
l man's my father, an,' doitet as he is, the man

amang ye that says a saucy word to him I'll gar sleep his shoon a fit shorter than he rase i' the morning. W are ye, sir, or where do you travel by night on my m ter the warden's bounds?"

"Sir," answered another trooper, who seemed to rather a more polished man, "I applaud your spirit, a will answer your demand. We go with our lord a master, Prince Alexander Stuart of Scotland, on a m sion to a noble English family. Here is the king's s as well as a pass signed by the English warden. We a leel men and true."

"Where is the prince?" said Dan: "A prince of Sc land i' my father's house? Which is he?"

A slender elegant stripling stept forward. "Here I is, brave yeoman," said the youth: "No ceremo —Regard me as your fellow and companion for th night."

Dan whipped off his bonnet and clapped his foot up it, and bowing low and awkwardly to his prince he e pressed his humble respect as well as he could, and th presented the prince to his father. The title sound high in the old man's ears, he pulled off his bonnet a looked with an unsteady gaze, as if uncertain on whom fix it—"A prince! Eh?—Is he a prince o' Scotland Ay, ay!" said he, "Then he'll maybe hae some say wi' o head men—Dan—I say, Dan"—and with that he pull Dan's sleeve, and said in a whisper loud enough to heard over all the house,—"I say, Dan, man, gin he w but speak to the warden to let us hae a' the land we the length o' the Frosty lair. O it wad lie weel in ours." "It wad, father, and I daresay we may get i but hush just now." "Eh? do you think we may g it?" enquired the old man eagerly in the same whispe ing tremulous voice, "O man, it wad lie weel in; an' s wad Couter's-cleuch. It's no perfect wanting that to *An' we wad* be a great deal the better o' twa or thr *rigs aff Skelfhill* for a bit downfa' to the south—See if *can speak to the* lad."

Dan shook his father's hand, and nodded to hi

ay of acquiescence. The old man brightened up; "Whar is your titty Bessy, Dan? Whar are a' the idle lassies? Gar them get something set down to the princely lad: I'se warant he's e'en hungry. Ye'll no be used til siccan roads as thir, Sir? Na, na. They're unco roads for a prince.—Dan, I say, come this way; I want to speak to you—I say," (whispering very low aside) "I wadna let them ken o' the beef, or they'll just brag wi't. Gie them milk an' bread, an' cheese, an' a cup o' the broo; it will do weel aneuch. Hunger's good sauce. But Dan,—I say, could ye no contrive to get out o' thae English? I doubt there will be little made o' them.—They're but a wheen gillie-gaupies at the best, an nae freends to us.—Fouk sude ay bow to the wind they get bield frae."

"It's a' true that ye say, father; but we surely needna grudge an Englishman a piece o' an English cow's beef.—The beef didna cost you dear, there's mair where that cam frae."

The old man would not give up his point, but persisted in saying it was a dangerous experiment, and an unprofitable waste. However, in spite of his remonstrances, a board was loaded with six wooden bickers filled with hot broth, plenty of bear-meal bannocks, and a full quarter of English ox beef, to which the travellers did all manner of justice. The prince, as he called himself, was placed at the head of the table, and the young English gentleman by his side. Their eyes were scarcely ever turned from one another's faces, unless in a casual hasty glance to see how others were regarding the same face. The prince had dark raven hair that parted on a brow of snow, a black liquid eye, and round lips, purer than the cherry about to fall from the tree with ripeness. He was in a degree taller than the English lord; but both of them, as well as their two pages, were lovelier than it became men to be. *The troopers* who attended them *seemed disposed to contradict every* thing that came from *the adverse party, and, if possible,* to broach a quarrel, *had not been for the two* knights, who were all suavity,

good breeding, and kindness to each other, and seer to have formed an attachment at first sight, At len Prince Alexander inquired of his new associate his na and business at the Scottish court, provided, he s that it did not require strict secrecy. The other s he would tell him every thing truly, on condition tha would do the same: which being agreed to, the yo English nobleman proceeded as follows:

"My name is Lord Jasper Tudor, second son to Earl of Pembroke. I am nearly related to the thr of England, and in high favour with the king. The on the Borders have greatly harassed the English Di men for these many years, and matters being still get worse between the nations, the king my cousin, proposed to me to marry the Princess Margaret of S land, and obtain as her dowry a confirmation of th border lands and castles, so that a permanent peace i be established between the nations, and this bloody desperate work cease. I am on my way to the Scot court to see the princess your sister; and if I find he be as lovely and accomplished as fame speaks her, I tend to comply with the king's request, and marry forthwith."

This speech affected the prince so much that all guests wondered. He started to his feet, and smi in astonishment said, "What, you? you marry m—m—my sister Margaret? She is very much behol to you, and on my word she will see a becoming yo But are you sure that she will accept of you for a l band?" "I have little to fear on that head," said Lord Jasper Tudor jeeringly; "Maids are in general much averse to marriage; and, if I am well inform your lovely sister is as little averse to it as any of contemporaries."

The prince blushed deep at this character of his si *but had not* a word to say.

"*Pray*," continued Tudor, "is she like you? If *is, I think I* shall love her,—I would not have he *like you neither*."

"I believe," said the prince, "there is a strong family likeness; but tell me in what features you would wish her to differ from me, and I will describe her minutely to you."

"In the first place," said the amorous and blue-ey'd Tudor, "I should like her to be a little stouter, and more manly of frame than you, and, at least, to have some appearance of a beard."

All the circle stared. "The devil you would, my lord," said Dan; "Wad ye like your wife to hae a beard, in earnest? Gude faith, an your ain war like mine, ye wad think ye had eneuch o't foreby your wife's." The prince held up his hands in astonishment, and the young English lord blushed deeper than it behoved a knight to do; but at length he tried to laugh it by, pretending that he had unwittingly said one thing when he meant the very contrary, for he wished her to be more feminine, and have less beard."—"I think that will hardly be possible," said Dan; "but perhaps there may be a hair here an' there on my lord the prince's chin, when ane comes near it. I wadna disparage ony man, far less my king's son."

"Well my noble lord," said the prince, "your tale has not a little surprized me, as well it may. Our meeting here in like circumstances is the most curious rencounter I ever knew; for, to tell you the plain truth, I am likewise on an errand on the same import, being thus far on my way to see and court the lady Jane Howard, in order that all her wide domains may be attached to my father's kingdom, and peace and amity thereby established on the border."

"Gracious heaven!" said young lord Tudor, "can this that I hear be true? You? Are on your way to my cousin, the lady Jane Howard? Why do you not know that she is already affianced to Lord Musgrave!"

"Yes it is certain I do; but that is one of my principal inducements to gain her from him; that is quite in the true spirit of gallantry; but save her great riches, I am told she has little else to recommend her," said the prince.

"And pray, how does fame report of my cousin Jane?" said Tudor.

"As of a shrew and a coquette," answered the prince; "a wicked minx, that is intemperate in all her passions."

"It is a manifest falsehood," said Tudor, his face glowing with resentment, "I never knew a young lady so moderate and chastened in every passion of the female heart. Her most private thoughts are pure as purity itself, and her—."

"But begging your pardon my lord, how can you possibly know all this?" said the prince.

"I do know it," said the other, "it is no matter how I cannot hear my fair cousin wronged; and I know that she will remain true to Musgrave, and have nothing to do with you."

"I will bet an earldom on that head, said the prince "if I chuse to lay siege to her."

"Done!" said the other, and they joined hands on the bargain; but they had no sooner laid their hands into one another's than they hastily withdrew them, with a sort of trepidation, that none of the lookers on, save the two pages, who kept close by their masters, appeared to comprehend. They, too, were both mistaken in the real cause but of that it does not behove to speak at present.

"I will let you see," said the prince, recovering himself, "that this celebrated cousin of yours shall not be so ill to win as the castle of Roxburgh; and I'll let Musgrave see for how much truth and virgin fidelity he has put his life in his hand; and when I have her I'll cage her, for I dont like her. I would give that same earldom to have her in my power to-night."

The young Lord Tudor looked about as if he meditated an escape to another part of the table; but, after a touch that his page gave him on the sleeve, he sat still and mustered up courage for a reply.

"And pray, sir prince, what would you do with her *if you had her* in your power to-night?"

"*Something* very different from what I would do with *you, my lord.* But please describe her to me, for

art is yearn to behold her,—describe every her form, and lineament of her features."
is esteemed as very beautiful; for my part I r but so so," said Tudor: "She has fair hair, blue eyes, and ruddy cheeks; and her brow, I is as fine and as white as any brow can be."
ightful! what a description! what an ugly minx be! Fair hair! red, I suppose, or dirty dull Light blue eyes! mostly white I fancy? Ah, ightful immodest ape it must be! I could spit huzzy!"
y shield us!" exclaimed young Tudor, moving way from the prince, and striking lightly with on his doublet as if something unclean had been on it. "Mary shield us! What does the saucy an!"
one of the troopers put his hand to his sword, hed the eye of his master. The prince beck- he Scots to be quiet; but Lord Tudor did no g, for he was flustered and wroth.
lon me, my lord," said the prince, "I may per- er enough from the beauty and perfections of cousin after I see her; you may surely allow ride them now. I am trying to depreciate the dread. But I do not like the description of ell me seriously do you not think her very into-

ll you, prince, I think quite otherwise. I be- e to be fifty times more lovely than any dame nd; and a hundred times more beautiful than my virago of a sister, whom I shall rejoice to e a spaniel. The haughty, vain, conceited, om, that she should lay her commands on the to conquer or die for her! A fine presumption, ! But the world shall see whether the charms usin, Lady Jane Howard, or those of your grim *ry princess, have most* power."
they shall, my lord," said the prince: "In the *let us drop the subject.* I see I have given

you offence, not knowing that you were in love with Lady Jane, which now I clearly see to be the case. Nevertheless, go on with the description, for I am anxious to hear all about her, and I promise to approve if there be a bare possibility of it."

"Her manner is engaging, and her deportment graceful and easy; her waist is slim, and her limbs slender and elegant beyond any thing you ever saw," said Lord Tudor.

"O shocking!" exclaimed the prince, quite forgetting himself: "Worst of all! I declare I have no patience with the creature. After such a description, who can doubt the truth of the reports about the extreme levity of her conduct? Confess now, my lord, that she is very free of her favours, and that the reason why so many young gentlemen visit her is now pretty obvious."

High offence was now manifest in Lord Jasper Tudor's look. He rose from his seat, and said in great indignation, "I did not ween I should be insulted in this guise by the meanest peasant in Scotland, far less by one of its courtiers, and least of all by a prince of the blood royal. Yeomen, I will not, I cannot suffer this degradation. These ruffian Scots are intruders on us,—here I desire that you will expel them the house."

The Prince of Scotland was at the head of the table, Tudor was at his right hand; the rest of the English were all on that side, the Scots on the other,—their numbers were equal. Dan and his three brethren sat at the bottom of the board around the old man, who had been plying at the beef with no ordinary degree of perseverance, nor did he cease when the fray began. Every one of the two adverse parties was instantly on his feet with his sword gleaming in his hand; but finding that the benches from which they had arisen hampered them, they with one accord sprung on the tops of these, and crossed *their swords. The pages screamed like women. The two noble adventurers seemed scarcely to know the use of their weapons, but looked on with astonishment. At length the prince, somewhat collecting himself, drew*

whanger, and brandished it in a most unwar-
on which the blue-eyed Tudor retreated be-
endants holding up his hands, but still appar-
t on revenge for the vile obloquy thrown on
r of *his cousin*, Lady Jane Howard. " Tis just
e she vantit," said the Scott next to the

ty, man, we'll get a paick at the louns now,"
ond.
teel's ta'en 'e bits o' vee laddies to flee a' eet
its o' wheers? I wudnae hae my feet i' their
iree plucks an a beedle," said the third.
a' i' the wrang buox now, chaps," said the
hese were all said with one breath; and be-
glishmen had time to reply, clash went the
oss the table, and the third Scot, the true
, was wounded, as were also two of the En-
t the very first pass.
atters are much sooner done than described.
s the work of a few seconds, and done before
d either be given or attended to. Dan now in-
h all the spirit and authority that he was mas-
e came dashing along the middle of the board
t war boots, striking up their swords as he
interposing his boardly frame between the
. " D—n ye a' for a wheen madcaps!" cried
id as he could bawl: " What the muckle
a bobbing at your midriffs now? Ye're a' my
sts an' mine; an', by the shin-banes o' Sant
first side that lifts a sword, or says a misbe-
ord, my three brethren and I will tak' the
, an' smoor the transgressors like as mony
"

your feet aff the meat, fool," said old Pate.
sauff us!" continued Dan, " What has been
ony offence? What though the young gen-
is tak a stown jink o' a chap that's her ain
hiles? Where's the harm in that? There's
the thing. An' for my part, gin she didna" —

Here Dan was interrupted in his elegant harangue b a wrathful hysteric scream from young Tudor, who pulle out his whinyard, and ran at Dan, boring at him i awkward but most angry sort crying all the while, " will not bear this insult! Will my followers hear m traduced to my face?"

" Deil's i' e' wee but steepid laddie," said Buchan t Aberdonian; " it thinks' at 'er preeving it to be a whe 'e sel o't!"

Dan lifted up his heavy sword in high choler to clea the stripling, and he would have cloven him to the be but curbing his wrath, he only struck his sword, whi he made fly into pieces and jingle against the rafters the house; then seizing the young adventurer by t shoulder, he snatched him up to him on the board, whe he still stood, and, taking his head below his arm, he he him fast with the one hand, making signs with the oth to his brethren to join the Scots, and disarm the Englis who were the aggressors both times. In the meantim he was saying to Tudor, " Hout, hout, young master, hae never been o'er the Border afore; ye sude hae stay at hame, an' wantit a wife till ye gathered mair rum gumption."

The five English squires, now seeing themselves upon by nine, yielded, and suffered themselves to be d armed.

When Tudor came to himself, he appeared to be exceedingly grieved at his imprudence, and ready to ma any acknowledgment, while the prince treated him w still more and more attention; yet these attentions w ever and anon mixed with a teazing curiosity, and a gr many inquiries, that the young nobleman could not be and did not choose to answer.

It now became necessary to make some arrangem for the parties passing the night. Patrick Chisholi *house had but one fire-place* in an apartment which s *ved for kitchen and hall*; but it had a kind of ben end *it was then, and is always* to this day, denominate *that part of the*

move a foot in it; for, besides two oaken beds with rowan-tree bars, it contained five huge chests belonging to the father and his sons, that held their clothes and warlike accoutrements. The daughters of yeomen in these days did not sit at table with the men. They were the household servants. Two of Pate's daughters, who had been bustling about all the evening, conducted the two noble youths into this apartment, together with their two pages. The one bed was neatly made down with clean clothes, and the other in a more common way. "Now," said one of the landward lasses, "You twa masters are to sleep the-gither in here,—in o' this gude bed, ye see, an' the twa lads in o' this ane." The two young nobleman were standing close together, as behoved in such a room. On the girl addressing them thus, their eyes met each other's, but were as instantly withdrawn and fixed on the floor, while a blush of the deepest tint suffused the cheeks of both, spreading over the chin and neck of each. The pages contemplated each other in the same way, but not with the same degree of timidity. The English stripling seemed rather to approve of the arrangement, or at least pretended to do so; for he frankly took the other by the hand, and said in a sweet voice, but broad dialect, "Weal, yuong Scuot, daghest thou lig woth mey?" The young Caledonian withdrew his hand, and held down his head: "I always lie at my master's feet," said he.

"And so shall you do to-night, Colin," said the prince, "for I will share this bed with you, and let my lord take the good one." "I cannot go to bed to-night," said Tudor, "I will rest me on this chest; I am resolved I sha'n't go to bed, nor throw off my clothes to night."

"Ye winna?" said May Chisholm, who visibly wanted a romp with the young blooming chief,—"Ye winna gang til nae bed, will ye nae, and me has been at sic pains making it up til ye? Bess, come here an' help me, we *sal soon see whether he's* gang til his bed or no, an' that *no wi' his braw claes* on neither." So saying, the two *frolicsome queans* seized the rosy stripling, and in a mo-

ment had him stretched on the bed, and, making doublet fly open all at one rude pull, they were pro ing to undress him, giggling and laughing all the w Prince Alexander, from a momentary congenial fe of delicacy, put his hand hastily across to keep the l of Tudor's vesture together, without the motion h been perceived by any one in the hurry, and that mo the page flung himself across his master's breast, an proved the lasses so sharply that they desisted, and them to settle the matter as they chose.

The Prince had, however made a discovery that nished him exceedingly; for a few minutes his head almost turned, —but the truth soon began to daw his mind, and every reflection, every coincidence, word that had been said, and offence that had been t tended to confirm it; so he determined, not for fa trial, but for the joke's sake, to press matters a little ther.

When quietness was again restored, and when blush and the frown had several times taken alter away of the young lord's face, the prince said to " After all, my lord, I believe we must take share o same bed together for this one night. It is more pr and becoming than to sleep with our pages. Besid see the bed is good and clean, and I have many thing talk to you about our two countries, and about our intended brides, or sweethearts let us call them i meantime."

" Oh no, no, prince," said Tudor, " indeed I ca I may not, I would not sleep in the same bed with ther gentleman —No I never did never."

" Do not say so, my dear lord, for, on my word, going to insist on it," said the prince, coming close t him, his eyes beaming with joy at the discovery he made. " You shall sleep by my side to-night: m will even take you in my bosom and caress you as if *were my own* sweet dear Lady Jane Howard." T *was now totally* confounded, and knew neither wh *say for himself*, nor what he did say when he

ıeld out both his hands, and cried, "Do not, prince,
ɔt—I beg—I implore do not; for I cannot, cannot
ɛnt. I never slept even in the same apartment
a man in all my life."
What, have you always slept in a room by yourself?"
l the teazing prince.
No, never, but always with ladies—yes, always !"
he passionate and sincere reply.
ɛre the prince held up his hands, and turned up his
"What a young profligate!" exclaimed he,
ry shield us! Have you no conscience with re-
to the fair sex, that you have begun so wicked a
ɛe, and that so early? Little did I know why you
a joke on your cousin so heinously amiss! I see it
truth will out! Ah, you are such a youth! I will
ɟo a foot further to see Lady Jane. What a wicked
ded imp she must be? Do not kindle into a
ɔn again, my dear lord. I can well excuse your
ɛd wrath, it is highly honourable. I hate the knight
blabs the favours he enjoys from the fair. He is
l to defend the honour that has stooped to him:
though (as in the present instance I suppose) it
stooped to half a dozen more besides."
great deal of taunting and ill humour prevailed be-
ı these capricious and inexperienced stripplings,
ɜorely was Tudor pressed to take share of a
ɣith the prince, but in vain—his feelings recoiled
it; and the other being in possession of a secret of
the English lord was not aware, took that advan-
ɔf teazing and tormenting him almost beyond suf-
ɛe. After all, it was decided that each should
with his own page; a decision that did not seem to
ll down at all with the Yorkshire boy, who once
red to expostulate with his lord, but was silenced
ı look of angry disdain.

CHAPTER V.

He set her on his milk-white steed,
Himself lap on behind her,
And they are o'er the Highland hills;
Her friends they cannot find her.

As they rode over hill and dale
This lady often fainted,
And cried, "Wo to my cursed moneye,
That this road to me invented."

Ballad of Rob Roy.

O cam ye here to fight, young man,
Or cam ye here to flee?
Or cam ye out o' the wally west
Our bonnie bride to see?

Ballad called Foul Play.

It is by this time needless to inform my readers, these two young adventurers were no other tha rival beauties of the two nations, for whose charm this bloody coil was carried on at Roxburgh; and without seeing, had hated each other as cordially a woman is capable of hating her rival in beauty or fa So much had the siege and the perils of Roxburgh be the subject of conversation, that the ears of the maidens had long listened to nothing else, and each of deemed her honour embarked in the success of her Each of them had set out with the intent of visitin camp in disguise; and having enough of interest cure protections for feigned names, each determin see her rival in the first place, the journey not bein and neither of them it is supposed went with any intent. Each of them had a maid dressed in boy's cl with her, and five stout troopers, all of whom were ly ignorant of the secret. The princess had by c *found out her rival's sex*; but the Scottish lady an *attendant being* both taller and of darker compl *than the other two*, no suspicions were ent

against them detrimental to their enterprise. The princess never closed an eye, but lay meditating on the course she should take. She was convinced that she had her rival in her power, and she determined, not over generously to take advantage of her good fortune. The time drew nigh that Roxburgh must be lost or won, and well she knew that, whichever side succeeded, according to the romantic ideas of that age, the charms of the lady would have all the honour, while she whose hero lost would be degraded,—considerations which no woman laying claim to superior and all-powerful charms could withstand.

Next morning Dan was aroused at an early hour by his supposed prince, who said to him, "Brave yeoman, from a long conversation that I have had last night with these English strangers, I am convinced that they are despatched on some traitorous mission; and as the warden is in Northumberland, I propose conveying them straight to Douglas' camp, there to be tried for their lives. If you will engage to take charge of them, and deliver them safely to the captain before night, you shall have a high reward; but if you fail, and suffer any of them to escape, your neck shall answer for it. How many men can you raise for this service?"

"Our men are maistly up already," said Dan; "but muckle Charlie o' Yardbire gaed hame last night wi' twa or three kye like oursels. Gin Charlie an' his lads come, I sal answer for the English chaps, if they war twa to ane. I hae mysel an' my three billies, deil a shank mae; but an Charlie come he's as gude as some three, an' his backman's nae bean-swaup neither."

"Then," said the counterfeit prince, "I shall leave all my attendants to assist you save my page,—we two must pursue our journey with all expedition. All that is required of you is to deliver the prisoners safe to the Douglas. I will despatch a message to him by the way, apprizing him of the circumstances."

The Lady Margaret and her page then mounted their palfreys and rode off without delay; but instead of tak-

ing the road by Gorranberry, as they had proposed over night, they scoured away at a light gallop down the side of the Teviot. At the town of Hawick she caused her page, who was her chief waiting maid and confidant, likewise in boy's clothes, to cut out her beautiful fleece of black hair, that glittered like the wing of the raven, being determined to attend in disguise the issue of the contest. She then procured a red curled wig, and dressing herself in a Highland garb, with a plumed bonnet, tartan jacket and trowsers, and Highland hose and brogues, her appearance was so completely altered, that even no one who had seen her the day before, in the character of the prince her brother, could possibly have known her to be the same person; and leaving her page near the camp to await her private orders, she rode straight up to head-quarters by herself.

Being examined as she passed the outposts, she said she brought a message to Douglas of the greatest importance, and that it was from the court; and her address being of such a superior cast, every one furthered her progress till she came to the captain's tent. Scarcely did she know him,—care, anxiety, and watching had so worn him down; and her heart was melted when she saw his appearance. Never, perhaps, could she have been said to have loved him till that moment; but seeing what he had suffered for her sake, the great stake he had ventured, and the almost hopeless uncertainty that appeared in every line of his face, raised in her heart a feeling unknown to her before; and highly did that heart exult at the signal advantage that her good fortune had given him over his rival. Yet she determined on trying the state of his affections and hopes. Before leaving Hawick, she had written a letter to him, inclosing a lock of her hair neatly plaited; but this letter she kept back in order to sound her lover first without its influence. He asked her name and her business. She had much business, she said, but not a word save for his private ear. Douglas was struck with the youth's courtly manner, and looked at him with a dark searching eye,—"I have

," said he, " with these my kinsmen ; I desire,
m, to know your name and business."
ame," said the princess pertly, " is Colin Roy
—I care not who knows my name ; but no
er of my message do I disclose save to yourself."
it humour this pert stripling," said he turning to
s ; " if his errand turns out to be one of a
ire, and that does not require all this ceremony,
e him horse-whipped."
iat the rest of the gentlemen went away, and
wo by themselves, Colin, as we must now, for
ake term the princess, was at first somewhat
efore the dark eye of Douglas, but soon dis-
l the effrontery that his assumed character
, if not three times more.
now, my saucy little master, Colin Roy M'
ise condescend so far as to tell me whence you
iat is your business here,—this secret business,
st importance."
from court, my lor' ; from the Scottish court,
you, my lor' ; but not directly as a body may
lor' ; not directly—here—there—south—west
itely, incontrovertibly, ascertaining the scope
g of the progressive advance of the discomfiture
il wreck of your most flagrant and preposter-
aking."
evil confound the impertinent puppy !"
hold, my lor', I mean your presumptuous and
enterprize, first in presuming to the hand of
s, the king's daughter,—my lovely and queenly
and then in foolhardily running your head
e walls of Roxburgh to attain this, and your
anhood against the superior generalship of a
"

e pock-net of St Peter, I will cause every
our body to be basted to powder, you incorri-
nt and puppy!" said the Douglas ; and seizing
collar of the coat, he was about to drag him
loor and throw him into the air.

"Hold, my lor'; please keep off your rough uncourtly hands till I deliver the credentials of my mistress."

"Did you say that you were page to the Princess Margaret? Yes, surely you are, I have erst seen that face, and heard that same flippant tongue. Pray, what word or token does my dear and sovereign lady send me?"

"She bade me say, that she does not approve of you at all my lor':—that, for her sake, you ought to have taken this castle many days ago. And she bade me ask you why you don't enter the castle by the gate, or over the wall, or under the hill, which is only a sand one, and hang up all the Englishmen by the necks, and send the head of Philip Musgrave to his saucy dame?—She bade me ask you why you don't my lor?"

"Women will always be women," said Douglas surlily to himself: "I thought the princess superior to her sex, but—"

"But! but what, my lor'? Has she not good occasion for displeasure? She bade me tell you that you don't like her;—that you don't like her half so well as Musgrave does his mistress,—else why don't you do as much for her? He took the castle for the sake of his mistress, and for her sake he keeps it in spite of you. Therefore she bade me tell you, that you must *go in* and beat the English, and take the castle from them; for she will not suffer it that Lady Jane Howard shall triumph over her."

"Tell her in return," said Douglas, "that I will do what man can do; and when that is done, she shall find that I neither will be slack in requiring the fulfilment of her engagement, nor in performing my own. If that womanish tattling be all that you have to say,—begone: the rank of your employer protects you."

"Hold, my lor', she bade me look well, and tell her *what* you were like, and if I thought you changed since *I* waited on you at court. On my conscience you look *very* ill. These are hard ungainly features of yours. I'll *tell* her you look very shabby, and very surly, and that

I have lost all heart. But oh, my lor', I forgot she
e me tell you, that if you found you were clearly beat,
would be as well to draw off your men and abandon
siege; and that she would, perhaps, in pity, give you
noiety of your lands again."

"I have no patience with the impertinence of a puppy,
en though the messenger of her I love and esteem
ove all the world. Get you hence."

"Oh, my lor', I have not third done yet. But, stay,
re is a letter I had almost forgot."

Douglas opened the letter. Well he knew the hand;
ere were but few in Scotland who could write, and
ne could write like the princess. It contained a gold
g set with rubies, and a lock of her hair. He kissed
em both; and tried the ring first on the one little fin-
r, and then on the other, but it would scarcely go over
e nail; so he kissed them again, and put them in his
som. He then read to himself as follows:

"My good Lord,—I enclose you two love-tokens of
y troth; let them be as beacons to your heart to guide
to deeds of glory and renown. For my sake put down
ese English. Margaret shall ever pray for your suc-
ss. Retain my page Colin near your person. He is
ue-hearted, and his flippancy affected. Whatever you
mmunicate to him will be safely transmitted to

"Margaret."

It may well be supposed how Colin watched the emo-
ns of Douglas while reading this heroic epistle; and,
the true spirit of the age, they were abundantly extra-
gant. He kissed the letter, hugged it in his bosom,
d vowed to six or seven saints to do such deeds for
s adored and divine princess as never were heard or
ad of.

"Now, my good lor'," said the page, "you must in-
m me punctually what hopes you have of success, and
here is any thing wanting that the kingdom can afford
."

"My ranks are too thin," replied the Douglas; "and I have engaged to take it with my own vassals. The warden is too proud to join his forces to mine on that footing, but keeps scouring the borders, on pretence of preventing supplies, and thus assisting me, but in truth for enriching himself and his followers. If I could have induced him and his whole force to have joined the camp, famine would have compelled the enemy to yield a month agone. But I have now the captain's brother prisoner; and I have already given him to know, that if he does not deliver up the castle to me in four days, I will hang the young knight up before his eyes,—I have sworn to do it, and I swear again to keep my oath."

"I will convey all this to my mistress," said Colin. "So then you have his only brother in your hold? My lor', the victory is your own, and the princess, my mistress, beside. In a few hours will be placed in your hands the primal cause and fomentor of this cruel and bloody war, the Lady Jane Howard."

The Douglas started like one aroused from slumber, or a state of lethargy, by a sudden wound. "What did you say, boy?" said he. "Either I heard amiss, or you are dreaming. I have offered estates, nay, I have offered an earldom, to any hardy adventurer who would bring me that imperious dame; but the project has been abandoned as quite impracticable."

"Rest content," said Colin: "I have secured her, and she will be delivered into your hands before night. She has safe passports with her to the Scottish court, but they are in favour of Jasper Tudor, son to the Earl of Pembroke; so that the discovery of her sex proves her an impostor, and subjects her to martial law, which I request, for my mistress' sake, you will execute on her. My lady the princess, with all her beauty, and high accomplishments, is a very woman; and I know there is nothing on earth she so much dreads as the triumph of *Lady Jane over* her. Besides, it is evident she was *bound to the Scottish* court either to poison the princess, *or inveigle her into* the hands of her enemies. All her

ants are ign orant of her sex save a page, who is said
a blooming English country maiden. The Prince
ader bade me charge you never to mention by what
she came into your hands, but to give it out that
as brought to you by a miracle, by witchcraft, or by
wer of a mighty magician." "It is well thought
r," said the Douglas, greatly elevated—"I have
obliged to have recourse to such means already—
ill confirm all. The princess your mistress desires
ou should remain with me. You shall be my right
page, I will love and favour you; you shall be fed
he bread and wine, and shall sleep in my tent, and
trust you with all my secrets for the welcome tid-
ou have brought, and for the sake of the angelic
that recomends you to me; for she is my beloved,
ored mistress, and for her will I either conquer or
My sword is her's—my life is her's—Nay, my
oul is the right of my beloved!" Poor Colin drop-
tear on hearing this passionate nonsense. Women
xtravagance in such matters, but in those days it
o bounds.

was not long till the prisoners arrived, under the
f muckle Charlie Scott of Yardbire and Dan Chis-
with their troopers, guarded in a very original man-
When Charlie arrived at old Chisholm's house, and
d that a *prince* had been there, and had given such
es about the prisoners, he determined to make sure
; and as he had always most trust to put in himself,
ok the charge of the young English nobleman and
uire, as he supposed them to be. The page he
on his huge black horse behind him, lashing him to
dy with strong belts cut from a cow's raw hide.
ncles were moreover fastened to the straps at the
of Charlie's great war boots; so that the English
n must have had a very uncomfortable ride. But
her he held on before him, keeping her all the way
arms, *exactly as a countryman* holds up a child in
urch to be christened.

Lady Jane Howard had plenty of the spirit of ro-

mance about her, but she neither had the frame nor the energy of mind requisite for carrying her wild dreams of female heroism into effect. She was an only child—a spoiled one; having been bred up without perhaps ever being controlled, till she fell into the hands of these border mosstroopers. Her displeasure was excessive.—She complained bitterly of her detainment, and much more of being sent a prisoner to the camp. When she found herself in muckle Charlie Scott's arms, borne away to be given up to the man whom of all the world she had most reason to dread, she even forgot herself so far as to burst into tears. Charlie, with all his inordinate strength and prowess, had a heart so soft, that, as he said himself, "a laverock might hae laired in't;" and he farther added, that when he saw "the bit bonny English callan', that was comed o' sic grand blude, grow sae desperately wae, an' fa' a blirting and greeting, the deil a bit but his heart was like to come out at his mouth." This was no lie, for his comrades beheld him two or three times come across his eyes with his mailed sleeve—a right uncouth handkerchief; and then he tried to comfort the youth with the following speech: "Troth, man, but I'm unco wae for ye, ye're sae young an' sae bonny, an' no' a fit man at a' to send out i' thir crabbit times. But tak good heart, an' dinna be dauntit, for it will soon be over w' ye. Ye'll neither hae muckle to thole nor lang time to dree't, for our captain will hang ye directly. He hangs a' spies an' messengers aff hand; sae it's no worth naebody's while to greet. Short wark's aye best i' sic cases."

"He cannot, he dares not injure a hair of my head," said Lady Jane passionately.

"*Canna*!" said Charlie, "Gude faith, ye ken that's nonsense. He can as easily hang ye, or do ought else w' ye, as I can wipe my beard. An' as for the thing that the Douglas *darena* do, gude faith, ye ken, I never saw it yet. But I'm sure I wish ye *may* be safe, for it wad *do little good* to me to see your bit pease-weep neck *rackit.*"

"*It was most* unfair, as well as most ungenerous in

to detain me," said she, "as my business re-
ıcy. I had regular signed warrandice, and
kindest intent; besides, I have a great aver-
ut into the hands of Douglas. How many
wes would you take to set me at liberty?"
whisht, Sir!" said Charlie; "Gudesake haud
! That's kittle ground. Never speak o'
But how many could ye afford to gie, an I
ou at liberty?"
irst place, I will give you five hundred head
lish nolt," said Lady Jane.
What?" said Charlie, holding his horse still,
his ear close round to the lady's face, that
ır with perfect distinctness the extraordinary
was repeated. Charlie was almost electri-
:onishment. "Five hunder head o' nout!"
: "But d'ye mean their heads by their-
: aff, like?"
five hundred good live cattle."
ɔn us! Gude faith, they wad stock a' Yard-
ıeburn," added he, after a pause, putting his
slowly in motion; "an' Watkerrick into the
led he, with a full drawn sigh, putting the
ɔeast, that he might go quicker to carry him
ıe danger. "For troth, d' ye ken, my lord,
t scarce o' grund in Scotland; we can get
t for little thing, gin we could get ought to
ut it's hard to get beasts, an' kittle to keep
:ountry. Five hunder head o' black cattle!
harlie Scott had a' thae, how mony braw lads
at his back o'er Craik-corse to join his mas-
en! But come, come, it canna be. War
Scots lord, as he's an English ane, an i' the
, I wad risk muckle to set him free. But
, my fine naig, ye hae carried me into mony
maun carry me out o' this ane, or, gude faith,
s gane. Ha, lad, ye never had sic a back-
e! *Ye hae five* hunder head o' black cattle
an' ye're carrying them a' away frae your

master an' Yardbire wi' as little ceremony as he took you frae Squire Weir o' Cockermouth. Ah, Corby, ye're gayan like your master, ye hae a lang free kind o' conscience, ye tike!"

"But, my dear Sir," said Lady Jane, "you have not heard the half of my proffer. You seem to be a generous, sensible, and good natured gentleman."

"Do I?" said Charlie, "Thanks t'ye, my lord."

"Now," continued she, "if you will either set me and my page safely down on English ground, or within the ports of Edinborough, I'll add five thousand sheep to the proffer I have already made you."

"Are ye no joking?" said Charlie, again stopping his horse.

"On my honour I am not," was the answer.

"They'll stock a' Blake-Esk-head an' the Gerald-Grains," said Charlie; "Hae ye a free passport to the Scottish court?"

"Yes, I have, and signed with the warden's name."

"Na, na haud your tongue there; my master has nae name," said Charlie: "He has a good speaking name, an' ane he disna think shame o', but nae name for black an' white."

"I'll show you it," said Lady Jane.

"Na, ye needna fash," said Charlie; "I fear it wad be unmannerly in me to doubt a lord's word."

"How soon could you carry us to Edinborough?" inquired Lady Jane, anxious to keep muckle Charlie in the humour of taking her any where save into the hands of Douglas.

"That's rather a question to speer at Corby than me," said Charlie; "but I think if we miss drowning i' Tweed, an' breaking our necks o'er the Red-brae, an' sinking out o' sight i' Soutra-flow, that I could tak in hand to hae ye in Edinborough afore twal o'clock at night.—Bad things for you, Corby."

"Never say another word about it then," said Lady Jane; "the rest are quite gone before us, and out of sight. Turn to the left, and ride for Edinborough. Think of the five hundred cows and five thousand sheep."

"Oh, that last beats a'!" said Charlie. "Five thousand sheep! how mony is that? Five score's a hunder —I'm sure o' that. Every hunder's five score then— and how mony hunder makes a thousand?"—

"Ten," said the page, who was forced to laugh at Charlie's arithmetic.

"Ten?" repeated Charlie. "Then ten times five hunder that maks but ae thousand; an' other ten times five hunder —D—n me if I ken how mony is o' them ava. What does it signify for a man to hae mair gear than he can count? I fancy we had better jogg on the gate we're gaun, Corby."

"I am sure, friend, ye never had such a chance o' being rich," said Lady Jane, "and may never, in all likelihood, have such a chance again."

"That is a' true ye're saying, my lord, an' a sair heart it has gi'en me," said Charlie; "but your offer's ower muckle, an' that maks me dread there's something at the bottom o't that I dinna comprehend. Gude faith, an the warden war to suffer danger or disgrace for my greed o' siller, it wad be a bonny story! Corby, straight on, ye dog: ding the brains out o' the gutters, clear for the camp, ye hellicat of an English hound. What are ye snoring an' cocking your lugs at! Od an ye get company like yoursel, ye carena what mischief ye carry your master into. Get on, I say, an' dinna gie me time to hear another word or think about this business again."

The young lady began here to lose heart, seeing that Charlie had plucked up a determination. But her companion attacked him in her turn with all the flattery and fair promises she could think of, till Charlie found his heart again beginning to waver and calculate; so that he had no other shift but to croon a border war-song, that he might not hear this dangerous conversation. Still the page persevered, till Charlie, losing all patience, cried out as loud and as bitterly as he could, "Haud your tongue, ye *slee-gabbit limb o'* the auld ane. D'ye think *a man's conscience is to be* hadden abreed like the mou' of *a sack, an' crammed fu'* o' beef an' mutton whether he

will or no! Corby, another nicker an' another snore, lad, an' we'll soon see you aff at the gallop."

Thus ended the trying colloquy between muckle Charlie Scott o' Yardbire and his two prisoners; the rest of his conversation was to Corby, whom he forthwith pushed on by spur and flattery to the camp.

When the truth came to be discovered, many puzzled themselves endeavouring to guess what Charlie would actually have done had he known by the way what a treasure he had in his arms,—the greatest beauty, and the greatest heiress in England; for Charlie was as notable for kindness and generosity as he was for bodily strength; and, besides, he was poor, as he frankly acknowledged; but then he only wished for riches to be able to keep more men for the service of his chief. Some thought he would have turned his horse round without further ceremony, and carried her straight to Yardbire, on purpose to keep her there for a wife; others thought he would have risked his neck, honour and every thing and restored her again to her friends. But it was impossible for any of them to guess what he would have done, as it was proved afterwards that Charlie could not guess himself. When the truth came to be divulged and was first told to him, his mouth, besides becoming amazingly extended in its dimensions, actually grew so square with astonishment; and when asked what he would have done had he known, he smacked his lips, wiped them with the back of his hand as if his teeth had been watering—and, laughing to himself with a chirling sound, like a moor-cock, he turned about his head to conceal his looks, and only answered wtth these emphatic words: "Gude faith, it was as weel I didna

CHAPTER VI.

Some write of preclair conquerouris,
And some of vallyeant emperouris,
And some of nobill mychtie kingis,
That royally did reull the ringis:
And some of squyris douchty deidis,
That wonderis wrocht in weirly weidis;
Sa I intand the best I can
Descryve the deidis and the man.
SIR DAV. LINDSAYE.

Wald God I war now in Pitcary!
Becass I haif bene se ill deidy.
Adieu! I dar na langer tairy,
I dreid I waif intill ane widdy.
Ibid.

ıme grotesque guise as formerly described,
length came with his two prisoners to the out-
ıe Scottish army. The rest of the train had
before him, and warned their friends who was
nd in what style; for no one thought it worth
to tarry with Charlie and his overloaden horse.
came near the soldiers they hurra'd and waved
nets, and gathering about Charlie in crowds,
d not let him onward. Besides, some fell a
e prisoner behind him, and others holding up
to release him of the one he carried before;
g how impatient he was, and how determined
ıis hold, they grew still more importunate in
ut it had nearly cost some of them dear; for
rowing wroth, squeezed the Lady Jane so strait
left arm, that she was forced to cry out; and
ı right over his shoulder, he drew out his tremen-
-hand sword, "Now stand back, devils," cried
or, gude faith, I'll gar Corby ride over the taps
t o' ye. *I hae had ower* sair a trial for heart o'
dy: but when I stood that, it sanna be the
that takes them frae me now, till I gie them

into Douglas's ain hands. Stand back, ye dev
Scott never gies up his trust as lang as his arr
dimple at the elbow."

The soldiers flew away from around him like a
of geese, and with the same kind of noise too,—
one being giggling and laughing,—and up rode Cha
the door of the Douglas' pavilion, where he sh
aloud for the captain. Douglas, impatient to s
illustrious prisoner, left the others abruptly, and
out at Charlie's call.

"Gude faith, my lord," said Charlie, "I beg
pardon for garing you come running out that gate; but
a bit English lord for ye, an' his henchman,—sic n
sic man, as the saying is. There war terrible cl
gi'en about them, sae I thought I wad secure the
gie them into your ain hands."

"I am much beholden to you, gallant Yardbire,
Douglas; "The care and pains you have taken
not be forgotten."

This encouraging Charlie, he spoke to the ear
great freedom, who was mightily diverted with his
ner, as well as with his mode of securing the priso

"There's his lordship for ye," said Charlie, h
him out like a small bale of goods; "Mind ye hae
him safe off my hand; an' here's another chap
fastened to my back. An a' the English nobles w
thir twa, I hae been thinking, my lord, that they
tak' our lasses frae us, but we wadna be ill pinch
tak their kye frae them; an' it wad be nae hard b
for us neither." So saying he cut his belts and tho
raw hide, and let the attendant lady, in page's cl
free of his body. "He's a little, fine soft, cozey
this," added Charlie, "he has made my hinderlan
warm as they had been in an oon."

Douglas took Lady Jane off from before the g
yeoman in his arms. He observed with what a loo
regarded him; and he was sure from the first vi
got of her features, that the page Colin must hav
right with regard to the sex of the prisoner. He

the holes in her ears from which it was apparent
ndant jewels had lately been taken; and he hoped
ıer part of the page's information might likewise
rect, though how to account for such an extraor-
piece of good fortune he was wholly at a loss.
l her into the inner pavilion, and there in presence
secretary and two of his kinsmen, examined her
and passports. They were found all correct, and
by the public functionaries of both nations, in favour
ıer Tudor, son to the Earl of Pembroke.
hese are quite sufficient, my young lord," said
as; "I see no cause for detaining you further.
ıall have a sufficient guard till you are out of the
of my army, and safe furtherance to the Scottish

: prisoner's countenance lighted up, and she thank-
uglas in the most grateful terms, blessing herself
he had fallen into the hands of so courteous a
,and urged the necessity of their sudden departure,
as assured her they should be detained no
than the necessity of the times required; but that
absolutely requisite, for his own safety, the safety
realm, and the success of the enterprize in which
s engaged, and so deeply concerned, that they
submit to a personal search from head to foot,
ıme traitorous correspondence might be secretly
ɣed by them.
: countenance of the prisoner again altered at this
ation. It became at first pale as a lily, and im-
:ely after blushed as deeply as the damask rose,
the tears started to her eyes. It was no wonder,
ering the predicament in which she now stood;
licate lady form to be searched by the hands of
ɣarriors, her sex discovered, and her mission to the
ıh court found out to be a wild intrigue. She fell
:ly on her knees before Douglas, and besought him
ɣing accents to *dispense with* the useless formality
ching her and her young kinsman and companion,
ɣ *him at the same time* that neither of them had a

single scrap of writing that he had not seen, and s
ing him on his honour and generosity as a knight to
ken to this request.

"The thing is impossible, my lord," said Dou
"and, moreover, the anxiety you manifest about si
trifle argues a consciousness of guilt. You must s
to be searched on the instant. Chuse of us whom
will to the office."

"I will never submit to it," said she passion
"there is not a knight in England would have re
such a request to you."

"I would never have asked it, my lord," said
"and it is your utter inexperience in the customs of
that makes you once think of objecting to it.
sorry we must use force. Bring in two of the gu

"Hold, hold, my lord," said Lady Jane, "since I
submit to such a degradation, I will submit to yours
will be searched by your own hands, and yours alon

They were already in the inner tent. Douglas de
his friends to go out, which they complied with
he himself began to search the person of Lady Jane,
the most careful minuteness, as he pretended, well
what was to be the issue of the search. He exa
all her courtly coat, pockets, lining and sleeves,
came to her gaudy doublet, stiff with gold embroi
and began to unloose it, but she laid both her hands
her breast, and looked in his face with eyes so open
and so beseeching, that it was impossible for man to
take the import. Douglas did not mistake it, but
bent upon having proof positive.

"What?" said he, "do you still resist? Wh
here you would conceal?"

"Oh my Lord," said she, "do you not see?"

"I see nothing," said he; and while she feebly s
gled he loosed the vest, when the fair heaving b
discovered the sex of his prisoner, and at the same
with the struggle, the beautiful light locks had esc
from their confinement, and hung over her breast in
ing ringlets. The maid stood revealed; and, wi

sure, all the tender emotions and restrained feelings
e female heart burst forth like a river that has been
ned up from running in its natural channel, and has
got vent anew. She wept and sobbed till her fair
t was like to rend. She even seized on Douglas'
, and wet it with her tears. He, on his part, feigned
amazement.

How is this?" said he, "A maid!"

Yes indeed, my lord, you see before you, and in
power, a hapless maid of noble blood, who set out
crazy expedition of love, but, from inexperience, has
into your hands."

Then the whole pretended mission to our Scottish
is, it appears, a fraud, a deep laid imposition of
most dangerous intent, as the interest that has been
to accomplish it fully demonstrates. You have sub-
l yourself and all your followers to military execu-
and the only method by which you can procure a
e, either for yourself or them, is to a make full con-
n of the whole plot."

Alas, my lord, I have no plot to confess. Mine was
y a romantic expedition of youthful love, and, as
re a knight, and a lover yourself, I beg your cle-
y, that you will pardon my followers and me. They
nocent; and, save my page, who is likewise a lady,
my own kinswoman, all the rest are as ignorant
I am, and what I am, as the child that is unborn."

f you would entertain any hopes of a reprieve, I
nadam, either for yourself or them, declare here to
stantly your name, lineage, and the whole of your
ess in Scotland, and by whose powerful interest you
his safe conduct made out, for one who, it seems,
s nothing of it, or who, perhaps, does not exist."

Surely you will not be so ungallant as to insist upon
exposing herself and all her relations? No, my
whatever become of me, you must never attain to
nowledge *of my name*, rank, or titles. I entrust
f to your mercy: you can have nothing to fear from
chinations of a love-lorn damsel."

"I am placed in peculiarly hard circumstances, ma
I have enemies abroad and at home, and have no
but my own energies to rely on to save my house
name from utter oblivion, and my dearest hopes fron
tinguishment. This expedition of yours, folded as
in deceit and forgery, has an ominous and daring ap
ance. The house of Douglas must not fall for the
of a deceitful maiden, the daughter of my enemy. V
out a full disclosure of all that I request, every o
you shall suffer death in the sight of both armies b
the going down of the sun. I will begin with the n
est of your followers, in hopes, for the sake of your y
and your sex, that you will relent and make a full
closure of your name, and all your motives for suc
extraordinary adventure."

Lady Jane continued positive and peremptory, a
also her attendant, who had been thoroughly sch
before-hand, in case of their sex being discovered, n
on any account, to acknowledge who she was, l
should put Musgrave wholly in Douglas' power.
latter, therefore, to keep up the same system of
and retribution first practised by his opponent, c
sound the death knell, and hung out the flag of blo
apprise those within the fortress that some of their fr
were shortly to be led to execution.

The first that was brought out was a thick-set sw
yeoman, who said his name was Edmund Heaton
that he had been a servant to Belsay, whom he ha
lowed in the border wars. When told that he was ab
be hanged for a spy and a traitor, he got very a
even into such a rage that they could not know wh
said, for he had a deep rough burr in his throat
spoke a coarse English dialect. "Hang'd? I ha
and fogh whot? Domn your abswoghdity! Han
mon fogh deying whot his meastegh beeds him?"
was told that he had not two minutes to live, unle
could discover something of the plot in which hi
ployers were engaged; that it was found he had bee
companying two ladies in disguise, on some tra

which they would not reveal; and it was the law
iat he should suffer for the vile crime in which he
ccomplice.
bit, I tell you that won't dey at all;—n-n-nor it
ey neithegh. Do you think you aghe to hang
non that follows ane woeman? Domn them, I
new them lead to oughts but ell! If I had
ıey had been woemen—Domn them!"—He was
ɔ to the scaffold, for he refused to walk a foot.
wh-why, nobbit speak you now," cried he in
ɔeration; "why n-n-nobit you aghe not serious,
?" He was told he should soon find to his ex-
that they were quite serious.—"Why, cworse
ɜ geneghation of you, the thing is nwot to be
I wont swoffegh it—that I woll not. It is
ɨ mworder. Oh, ho, ho!" and he wept, crying
ı he could, "Oh-oh! ho: mworder! mworder!
ɜghy Scwot of you!"—In this mode, kicking,
ıd swearing, was he turned off, and hanged in
ɔth hosts.
ılls of Roxburgh were crowded with spectators.
ld not divine who it was that was suffering; for
f communication was forbid by Musgrave, and
ɔw become exceedingly difficult. Great was
der and anxiety when they beheld one trooper
her of their countrymen brought out and hang-
gs. But it was evident to every beholder, from
led and perturbed motions of those on the wall,
thing within the fortress was distressing the be-
ome hurried to and fro; others stood or moved
listless languor; and there were a few that
ıout moving, or taking their eyes from the spot
y were fixed. Not one flight of arrows came
the execution, as usual; and it was suspected
whole stock of arrows was exhausted. This
e been good tidings for the Scots, could they
sure *of it, as they* might then have brought
closer to the walls, and more effectually ensur-
blockade.

Lady Jane's followers were all executed, and
and companion sore threatened in vain. Dougla
ever, meant to reserve them for another purpose t
ecution,—to ensure to himself the surrender of
tress, namely; but of her squires he was glad to
for fear of a discovery being made to the Engl
the lady was in his hands, which might have brou
whole puissance of the realm upon him; whereas
nerality of the nation viewed the siege merely a
fair of Border chivalry, in which they were little
ted, and deemed Musgrave free from any danger.

It was on St Leonard's day that these five Eng
were executed; and as a retaliation in part, a Sc
erman was hanged by the English from the wall
castle; one who indeed had been the mean of doi
a great deal of mischief. And thus stood matters
period of the siege; namely, the Earl of Douglas a
lay before Roxburgh with eight thousand hardy
all his own vassals. The Redhough kept a flying
the borders of Northumberland, chiefly about the
tains of Cheviot and Cocket-dale, interrupting
plies and communications from that quarter, an
excellent service to himself and followers, and
the Douglas than the latter seemed to admit of.
ever he found the English gathering to any head,
not go and attack them, but, leaving a flying p
horse to watch their motions, he instantly made
sion somewhere else, which drew them off with
pedition. A numerous army, hastily raised,
Scotland on the west border, on purpose to draw
warden; but they were surprised and defeated
Laird of Johnston, who raised the Annandale peo
attacked the English by night. He followed th
Cumberland, and fought two sharp battles wit
there, in both of which he had the advantage,
then fell a spoiling the country. This brought t
thumberland and Durham men into these par
mustered under Sir William Fetherstone to the
of fifteen thousand men. Johnston retired,

Galloway, to back him, raised twenty thousand west, and came towards the Sarke: So that the f Roxburgh was viewed but as an item in the ge- onvulsion, though high was the stake for those that , and ruthless the game while it lasted. Douglas oked upon the die as turned in his favour, as he ledges that would render the keeping of it of no o his opponent. The lady was in his power at fiat Musgrave had taken and defended the perilous so bravely,—but of this no man knew save the as himself. Sir Richard Musgrave was likewise hand, the captain's youngest, most beloved, and surviving brother; and Douglas had threatened, a certain day, if the keys of the castle were not dered to him, to hang the young hero publicly, in w of both hosts; and in all his threats he had ne- ce broke his word. We must now take a peep the walls of Roxburgh, and see how matters are on there.

CHAPTER VII.

I cast my net in Largo bay,
And fishes I caught nine;
There were three to roast, and three to boil,
And three to bait the line.

Old Song.

Saw never man so faynt a levand wycht,
And na ferlye, for ouir excelland lycht
Corruptis the witt, and garris the blude awail,
Until the harte, thocht it na danger aill,
Quhen it is smorit memberis wirk not rychte,
The dreadfulle terrour swa did him assaile.

Pal. of Hon.

WICK *was then in the* hands of the English, and *nded by Sir* Thomas Musgrave, the captain of *gh's cousin;* so also was Norham, and all the

forts between, on that side of the river. Notwithstanding of this, the power of the Scots predominated so much in the open field during that reign, that this chain of forts proved finally of no avail to Lord Musgrave, (or Sir Philip Musgrave, as he is generally denominated,) though he had depended on keeping the communication open, else in victualling Roxburgh he had calculated basely. The garrison were already reduced to the greatest extremes; they were feeding on their horses and on salted hides; and, two or three days previous to this, their only communication with their countrymen had been cut off, they could not tell how. It was at best only precarious, being carried on in the following singular way.—The besieged had two communications with the river, by secret covered ways from the interior of the fortress. In each of these they had a small windlass, that winded on and let off a line nearly a mile in length. The lines were very small, being made of plaited brass wire; and, putting a buoy on a hook at the end of each one of these, they let them down the water. Their friends knowing the very spot where they stopped, watched, and put dispatches on the hooks, with fish, beef, venison, and every kind of convenience, which they pulled up below the water, sometimes for a whole night together; and though this proved but a scanty supply for a whole garrison, it was for a long time quite regular, and they depended a good deal on it.

But one night it so chanced that an old fisherman, who fished for the monastery, had gone out with his coble by night to spear salmon in the river. He had a huge blaze flaming in a grate that stood exalted over the prow of his wherry; and with the light of that he pricked the salmon out of their deep recesses with great acuteness. As he was plying his task he perceived a fish of a very uncommon size and form scouring up the river with no ordinary swiftness. At first he started, thinking he had seen the *devil: but* a fisher generally strikes at every thing he sees *in the water*. He struck it with his barbed spear, called *on Tweed a leister*, and in a moment had it into his boa

excellent sirloin of beef. The man was in ut-
ment, for it was dead, and lay without moving,
butcher meat; yet he was sure he saw it run-
the water at full speed. He never observed
ine of plaited wire, nor the hook, which indeed
l in the lire; and we may judge with what sur-
ɔoked on this wonderful fish,—this phenomenon
ıtic productions. However, as it seemed to lie
enough, and looked very well as a piece of
resolved to let it remain, and betake himself
is business. Never was there an old man so
d as he was, when he again looked into the
ever either on Tweed or any other river on.

Instead of being floating *down* the river peace-
s boat, as one naturally expects to do, he dis-
ıat he was running straight against the stream.
ted to have missed about fifty yards of the river
venture with the beef; but—no!—instead of
ıs about the same distance advanced in his re-
ıe stream. The windlass at the castle, and the
vire line, of which he had no conception, having
dragging him gradually up. "Saint Mary, the
God, protect and defend poor Sandy Yellow-
ɛd he; "What can be the meaning of this?
·ld turned upside down? Aha! our auld friend
Scott, has some hand i' this! He's no to cree
I's be quits wi' him." With that he tumbled
ıgain into the water, which held on its course
; rapidity straight up the stream, while he and
eturned quietly in the contrary and natural di-

there it goes," cried Sandy, "straight on for
! I's warrant that's for the warlock's an the
ıer the morn. God be praised I'm free o't or I
on have been there too!"

ndy fished down the river, but he could kill no
ıon that *night*,—for his nerves had got a shock
new species of fishing that he could not over-
e *missed one*; wounded another on the tail;

and struck a third on the rigback, where no leister can pierce a fish, till he made him spring above water. Sandy grew chagrined at himself and the warlock, Michael Scott, too—for this last was what he called "a real prime fish." Sandy gripped the leister a little firmer, clenched his teeth, and drew his bonnet over his eyes to shield them from the violence of his blaze. He then banned the wizard into himself, and determined to kill the next fish that made his appearance. But, just as he was keeping watch in this guise, he perceived another fish something like the former, but differing in some degree, coming swagging up the river full speed. "My heart laup to my teeth," said Sandy, "when I saw it coming, and I heaved the leister, but durstna strike: but I lookit weel, an' saw plainly that it was either a side o' mutton or venison, I couldna tell whilk. But I loot it gang, an' shook my head. 'Aha, Michael, lad,' quo' I, 'ye hae counted afore your host for ance! Auld Sandy has beguiled ye: But ye weel expeckit to gie him a canter to hell the night.' I rowed my boat to the side, an' made a' the haste hame I could, for I thought auld Michael had taen the water to himsel that night."

Sandy took home his few fish, and went to sleep, for all was quiet about the abbey and the cloisters of his friends, the monks; and when he awoke next morning he could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses, regarding what he had seen during the night. He arose and examined his fishes, and could see nothing about them that was not about other salmon. Still he strongly suspected they too might be some connections of Michael's,—something illusory, if not worse: and took care to eat none of them himself, delivering them all to the cook of the monastery. The monks ate them, and throve very well; and as Sandy had come by no bodily harm, he determined to try the fishing once again, and if he met with any more such fish of passage to examine *them a little* better. He went out with his boat, light, *and fish-spear* as usual; and scarcely had he taken his *station, when* he perceived one of a very uncommon ma-

approaching. He did not strike at it, but only put
ister-grains before it as if to stop its course, when
und the pressure against the leister very strong. On
ig the leister towards him, one of the barbs laid hold
e line by which the phenomenon was led; and not
; able to get rid of it, he was obliged to pull it into
oat. It was a small cask of Malmsey wine; and at
owing to the way it was drawn out, he discovered
ook and line fastened to the end of it. These he
gaged with some difficulty, the pull being so strong
onstant; and the mystery was thus found out. In
minutes afterwards he seized a large sheaf of ar-
; and some time after, at considerable intervals, a
er of excellent sides of beef and venison.
ady Yellowlees saw that he could now fish to some
se, and formed a resolution of being the last man in
orld to tell his countrymen of this resource that the
y had. The thing of which he was most afraid was
overy. He knew that the articles would soon be
d, and that his light would betray him; and then a
of arrows, or even a single one, from a lurking foe
side of the river, would put an end to his fishing
er. Such an opportunity was not to be given up,
thstanding of this danger; so, after much prying,
by day and by night, Sanders found that at an abrupt
in the water, whatever the line brought up came
to the side, and when the water was low it even
l them over a point of level sand-bed quite dry.
was a joyous discovery for Sandy. He had nothing
ut to sail down in his boat when it grew dark, and
king at this crook in the water, and make a prey of
ver came within his reach. The very first night
ed his boat half full of valuable stuff. There was
ssity for disposing of a part of this, and Sandy was
d to aver that he had discovered a hidden store be-
g to the English; and, moreover, he hinted that he
supply the towns of Kelso and Roxburgh, the ab-
the one and the priory of the other, for some time
. Great was the search that was made about the

banks of the river, but no one could find the store; yet Sanders Yellowlees continued to supply the market with luxuries, tho' no one knew how. Intelligence was sent down the stream, with the buoys, of the seizure of the provisions, and of the place where they were taken off, which they knew from the failure of the weight they were pulling to be always at the same place. The news also spread of Sandy's stores, and both reached the secret friends of the English, from whom the provisions were nightly sent to their besieged friends and benefactors with all the caution and secrecy possible, it being given them to understand that on that supply alone depended the holding out of the fortress.

Many schemes were now tried to entrap Sandy, but all without effect; for the Scots had a strong post surrounding that very point where Sandy caught all his spoil. It was impossible to reach it but by a boat; and no boat was allowed on the river but that one that belonged to the abbey. At length an English trooper undertook to seize this old depredator. Accordingly, in the dead of the night, when the lines came down, he seized them both, twisted them into one, and walked silently up the side of the river until he came nigh to the spot where the Scots lines on each side joined the stream. He then put the two hooks into his buff belt, and committing himself to the water, was dragged in silence and perfect safety up the pool between the outposts.

The first turn above that was the point where Sandy lay watching. He had only seized one prey that night, and that was of no great value,—for they had given over sending up victuals to enrich an old Scots rascal, as they termed honest Sanders. He was glad when he saw the wake of a heavy burden coming slowly towards him. "This is a sack o' sweet-meats," said he to himself. "It must be currans an' raisins, an' sic fine things as are na injured by the fresh water. I shall get a swinging *price from* the abbey-men for them, to help wi' the *Christmas* pies."

No sooner did this huge load touch the land,

ted it with all expedition; but, to his inexpres-
or, the sack of sweetmeats seized him in its turn,
vith such potence that he was instantaneously
ed. He uttered one piercing cry, and no more,
trooper gagged and pinioned him. The Scot-
were alarmed, and all in motion, and the troops
des were crowding to the bank of the stream.
as approaching the spot where the twain were
the unequal struggle. To return down the
h his prisoner, as he intended, was impractica-
e trooper had no alternative left but that of
himself into Sandy's boat, with its owner in his
ring her from the side into the deep, and trust-
lf to the strength of the wirelines. As the
were made always to exert the same force and
by resisting that, they could be stopped; so by
e boat from the side in the direction of the
line being slackened, that again set them ago-
reat velocity; and though they soon slackened
s, the trooper escaped with his prisoner undis-
nd, by degrees, was dragged up to the mouth
ered way that led through or under the hill on
castle stood; and there was poor Sanders Yel-
livered into the hands of his incensed and half-
nemies. It was he that was hanged over the
castle on the day that the five English yeo-
executed.

glish now conceived that their secret was un-
, and that their sufferings would forthwith be
by the supply drawn by their lines. They
d briskly and successfully; but, alas! their suc-
of short duration. Sanders' secret became
he Scots army. The night-watchers had often
d man's boat leaning on the shore at that point
s of the night; for he was always free to go
ding for fish when he pleased. His cry was
hat spot, and the boat was now missing: the
watched, and in two days the Englishmen's
which they so much relied, was discovered,

and quite cut off; and that powerful garrison was now left with absolute famine staring them in the face.

As in all cases of utter privation, the men grew ungovernable. Their passions were chafed, and foamed like the ocean before the commencement of a tempest, foreboding nothing but anarchy and commotion. Parties were formed of the most desperate opposition to one another, and every one grew suspicious of his neighbour. Amid all this tempest of passion a mutiny broke out—a strong party set themselves to deliver up the fortress to the Scots. But through such a medley of jarring opinion what project could succeed? The plot was soon discovered, the ringleaders secured, and Sir Stephen Vernon, Musgrave's most tried and intimate friend, found to be at the head of it. No pen can do justice to the astonishment manifested by Musgrave when the treachery of his dear friend was fully proven. His whole frame and mind received a shock as by electricity, and he gazed around him in moody madness, as not knowing who to trust, and as if he deemed those around him were plotting to be his assassins.

"Wretch that I am!" cried he, "What is there now to afflict and rend this heart? Do I breathe the same air? Do I live among the same men? Do I partake of the same nature and feelings as I was wont? My own friend and brother Vernon, has he indeed lifted up his hand against me, and become one with my enemies? Whom now shall I trust? Must my dearest hopes—my honour, and the honour of my country, be sacrificed to disaffection and treachery? Oh Vernon—my brother Vernon, how art thou fallen!"

"I confess my crime," said Vernon; "and I submit to my fate, since a crime it must be deemed. But it was out of love and affection to you, that your honour might not stoop to our haughty enemies. To hold out the fortress is impossible, and to persevere in the attempt utter depravity. Suppose you feed on one another, before the termination of the Christmas holidays, the remnant that will be left will not be able to guard the rallying-

ugh the ramparts are left unmanned. In a few
hall see my brave young friend and companion
your brother, disgracefully put down, and ere
triumphant Scots enter, treading over the feeble
of this yet gallant army. I may bide a traitor's
d be branded with a traitor's name, but it was
y friends that I strove; for I tell you, and some
ll live to see it, to hold out the castle is impos-

false!" cried Musgrave. "It is false! It is
ed every voice present in the judgment-hall,
ic rage; and all the people, great and small, flew
prit to tear him to pieces; for their inveteracy
e Scots still grew with their distress.
false! It is false!" shouted they. "Down
raitor! sooner shall we eat the flesh from our
than deliver up the fortress to the Scots!
h the false knave! down with the traitor!"—
e midst of a tumult that was quite irresistible,
as borne up on their shoulders, and hurried to
smiling with derison at their madness, and re-
eir frantic cries in mockery. It was in vain
ommander strove to save his friend,—as well
ave attempted to have stemmed the river in
ble course single-handed. Vernon and his as-
ere hanged like dogs, amid shouts of execration,
bodies flung into a pit. When this was accom-
e soldiers waved their caps, and cried out,
it with all who take part with our hateful

ve shed tears at the fate of his brave companion,
eforward was seized with gloomy despondency;
that subordination hung by a thread so brittle
ast concussion would snap it asunder, and in-
in inextricable confusion. His countenance
er underwent a visible change, and he often
the approach of any one toward him, and laid
his sword. The day appointed by the Dou-
execution of Sir Richard, provided the castle

was not delivered up before that period, was f
proaching,—an event that Musgrave could not lo
ward to without distraction; and it was too evi
his associates that his brave mind was so torn by c
ing passions, that it stood in great danger of being
up for ever.

It is probable that at this time he would willing
complied with the dictates of nature, and saved
of his brother; but to have talked of yielding up
tress to the Scots at that period would only hav
the prelude to his being torn in pieces. It was n
their captain's affair of love and chivalry that infl
them, but desperate animosity against their bea
and every one called aloud for succours. Comm
tion with their friends was impracticable, but the
that their condition was known, and that succours
soon appear.—Alas, their friends in Northumberla
enough ado to defend themselves, nor could the
so effectually but that their lands were sometimes
to their very doors. The warden, with his hardy
taineers, was indefatigable; and the English garris
now so closely beleaguered, that all chance of dr
prey from the country faded from their hopes.
was the portcullis drawn up, nor the draw-bri
either end let down, that intelligence was not cor
cated by blast of bugle to the whole Scottish arm
were instantly on the alert. The latter fared s
ously, while those within the walls were famishing
at length the day appointed for the execution of Sir I
drew so near that three days only were to run.

It had been customary for the English, whenev
Scots sent out a herald, bearing the flag of truce, t
any proposal whatsoever, to salute him with a fl
arrows; all communication or listening to proposal
strictly forbidden by the captain, on pain of death.
ever, that day, when the Douglas' herald appea
the rising ground, called the Hill of Barns, Mu
caused answer him by a corresponding flag, b
might be some proposal of a ransom for the Y

loved brother, on which the heralds had an interchange words at the draw-bridge. The Scottish herald made mand of the castle in his captain's name, and added, at the Douglas requested it might be done instantly to ve the life of a brave and noble youth, whom he would adly spare, but could not break his word and his oath at he should suffer. He farther assured the English ptain, that it was in vain for him to sacrifice his brother, r that he had the means in his power to bring him under bjection the day following, if he chose.

A council of the gentlemen in the castle was called. very one spoke in anger, and treated the demand with erision. Musgrave spoke not a word; but, with a look f unstable attention on every one that spoke, collected heir verdicts, and in a few minutes this answer was returned to the requisition of the Scots:

"If Sir Philip Musgrave himself, and every English knight and gentleman in the castle were now in the hands of the Douglas, and doomed to the same fate of their brave young friend, still the Douglas should not gain his point,—the castle would not be delivered up! The garrison scorn his proposals, they despise his threats, and they hold his power at defiance. Such tender mercies as he bestows, such shall he experience. He shall only take the castle by treading over the breasts of the last six men that remain alive in it."

This was the general answer for the garrison—in the meantime Musgrave requested, as a personal favour of the Douglas, that he might see and condole with his brother one hour before his fatal exit. The request was readily complied with, and every assurance of safe conduct and protection added. The Douglas' pavilion stood on the rising ground, between the castle and the then splendid city of Roxburgh, a position from which he had a view of both rivers, and all that passed around the castle, and in the town; but, since the commencement of *winter he had lodged* over night in a tower that stood *in the middle of* the High-town, called the King's tower, *that had prisons* underneath, and was strongly

guarded; but during the day he continued at the pavi
in order to keep an eye over the siege.

To this pavilion, therefore, Musgrave was suffere
pass, with only one knight attendant; and all the
from the draw-bridge to the tent they passed bet
two files of armed soldiers, whose features, forms,
armour exhibited a strange contrast. The one rank
made up of Mar Highlanders; men short of stature,
red locks, high cheek bones, and looks that indicat
ferocity of nature: the other was composed of I
landers from the dales of the south and the west;
clothed in grey, with sedate looks, strong athletic fra
and faces of blunt and honest bravery. Musgrave we
himself passing between the ranks of two diff
nations, instead of the vassals of one Scottish noble
At the pavilion, the state, splendour, and number o
tendant knights and squires amazed him; but by
all he was received with the most courteous respect.

Sir Richard was brought up from the vaults of
King's House to the tent, as the most convenient
for the meeting with his brother, and for the guar
be stationed around them; and there, being place
one of the apartments of the pavilion, his brothe
ushered in to him. No one was present at the mee
but, from an inner apartment, all that passed bet
them was overheard. Musgrave clasped his yo
brother in his arms; the other could not return the
brace, for his chains were not taken off; but their me
was passionately affecting, as the last meeting bet
two brothers must always be. When the elder re
a step, that they might gaze on each other, what a c
ence in appearance!—what a contrast they exhibit
each other! The man in chains, doomed to instant d
had looks of blooming health, and manly fortitude:
free man, the renowned Lord Musgrave, governor c
impregnable but perilous castle of Roxburgh, and
affianced lord and husband to the richest and most
tiful lady in England, was the picture of haggard
and misfortune. He appeared but the remn

tion of the hero he had lately been; and a sullen
xility of mind flashed loweringly in his dark eye.
rother was almost terrified at his looks, for he re-
d him sometimes as with dark suspicion, and as if
aded him to be an incendiary.
ly dear brother," said Sir Richard, what is it
angs upon your mind, and discomposes you so
? You are indeed an altered man since I had the
une to be taken from you. Tell me how fares
hin the castle?"
h, very well; quite well, brother. All perfectly
—quite well within the castle." But as he said
strode rapidly backward and forward across the
partment, and eyed the canvas on each side with
f rage, as if he suspected that it concealed listen-
r was he wrong in his conjectures, though it was
used by the frenzy of habitual distrust. "But,
n I be otherwise than discomposed, brother," con-
he, "when I am in so short a time to see you
d in the prime of youth and vigour, to my own
y and pride, perhaps."
eg that you will not think of it; or take it at all
," said the youth; "I have made up my mind,
look death in the face without unbecoming dis-
I should have preferred dying on the field of
with my sword in my hand, rather than being
up between the hosts, like a spy, or common
tor. But let the tears that are shed for Richard
r than salt brine from the eyes of the Englishmen.
m be the drops of purple blood from the hearts
enemies. I charge you, by the spirits of our
whom I am so shortly to join, and by the blessed
that you act in this trying dilemma as the son
ouse you represent. Shed not a tear for me,
enge my death on the haughty house of Douglas."
ere is my hand! Here is my sword! But the
tion, or the light of reason, who shall ensure to
hese things are fulfilled. Nay, who shall ensure
his wasted frame for one moment? I am not

the man I have been, brother. But here I
you, by all the host of heaven, to revenge
or die in the fulfilment of my vow. Yes
revenge it! I will waste! waste! waste!
that is begun within shall be quenched, an
shall utter it! Ha! ha! ha! shall it not be

"This is mere raving, brother; I have
this."

"No, it is not; for there is a fire that yo
But I will quench it, though with my own blo
there is one thing I wish to know, and for
did I come hither. Do you think it be
suffer you to perish in this affair?"

"That depends entirely upon your inte
defence," answered Richard. "If there i
or even a probability, that the castle can h
lieved by our friends, which will not likel
to the time you have appointed for them t
why, then, I would put no account on t
man. Were I in your place, I would ret
grity in opposition to the views of Dougla
apparent to you, who know all your own r
the castle must yield, it is needless to thr
life of your brother, sacrificing it to the p
sition for a day or a week."

Musgrave seemed to be paying no rega
roic and disinterested reasoning,—for he w
to and fro' gnawing his lip; and if he was
thinking at all, was following out the tra
unstable mind.—"Because, if I were su
"that you felt that I was acting unkindly o
by you, by the Rood, I would carve the m
ments that would oppose my submission to
ther. I would teach them that Musgrave
thwarted in his command of the castle that
his own might and device and to the governi
his sovereign appointed him. If a dog
bay at me in opposition to my will, whatever
muzzle the hound, and make him repent

"My noble brother," said Richard, "what is the meaning of this frenzy? No one is opposing your will, and I well believe no one within the castle will attempt it—"

"Because they dare not!" said he, furiously, interrupting his brother: "They dare not, I tell you! But if they durst, what do you think I would do? Ha, ha, ha!"

Douglas overheard all this, and judging it a fit time to interfere, immediately a knight opened the door of the apartment where the two brothers conversed, and announced the Lord Douglas. Musgrave composed himself with wonderful alacrity; and the greeting between the two great chiefs, though dignified, was courteous and apparently free of rancour or jealousy. Douglas first addressed his rival as follows:

"I crave pardon, knights, for thus interrupting you. I will again leave you to yourselves; but I judged it incumbent on me, as a warrior and a knight of honour, to come, before you settled finally on your mode of procedure, and conjure you, Lord Philip Musgrave, to save the life of your brother—"

"Certainly you will not put down my brave brother, Lord Douglas?" said Musgrave, interrupting him.

"As certainly," returned he, "as you put down my two kinsmen, Cleland and Douglas of Rowlaw, in mere spite and wanton cruelty, because they were beloved and respected by me. I am blameless, as it was yourself who began this unwarrantable system, and my word is passed. Sir Richard must die, unless the keys of the castle are delivered to me before Friday at noon. But I shall be blameless in any thing further. I conjure you to save him; and as an inducement, assure you, by the honour of knighthood, that your resistance is not only unnatural, but totally useless; for I have the means of commanding your submission when I please."

"Lord Douglas, I defy thee!" answered Musgrave. "*You hold the life in* your hand that I hold dearest on *earth, save one.* For these two would I live or die; but, *since thy inveterate* enmity will not be satisfied with

ought short of the life of my only brother, take it; and may my curse, and the curse of heaven, be your guerdon. It shall only render the other doubly dear to me; and, for her sake, will I withstand your proud pretensions; and, as she enjoined me, hold this castle, with all its perils, till the expiry of the Christmas holidays, in spite of you. I defy your might and your ire. Let your cruel nature have its full sway. Let it be gorged with the blood of my kinsfolk; it shall only serve to make my opposition the stronger and more determined. For the sake of her whom I serve, the mistress of my heart and soul, I will hold my resolution.—Do your worst!"

"So be it!" said Douglas. "Remember that I do not, like you, fight only in the enthusiasm of love and chivalry, but for the very being of my house. I will stick at no means of retaliating the injuries you have done to me and mine, however unjustifiable these may appear to some,—no act of cruelty, to attain the prize for which I contend. Little do you know what you are doomed to suffer, and that in a short space of time. I again conjure you to save the life of your brother, by yielding up to me your ill-got right, and your conditions shall be as liberal as you can desire."

"I will yield you my estate to save my brother, but not the castle of Roxburgh. Name any other ransom but that, and I will treat with you. Ask what I can grant with honour, and command it."

"Would you give up the life of a brave only brother to gratify the vanity and whim of a romantic girl, who, if present herself, would plead for the life of Sir Richard, maugre all other considerations, else she has not the feelings of woman? What would you give, Lord Musgrave, to see that lady, and hear her sentiments on the subject."

"I would give much to see her. But, rather than see her in this place, I would give all the world and my life's *blood into* the bargain. But of that I need not have any *fear.* You have conjurors among you, it is said, and *witches that* can raise up the dead, but their power ex-

nds not to the living, else who of my race would have een left?"

"I have more power than you divine; and I will here ive you a simple specimen of it, to convince you how ain it is to contend with me. You are waging war with our own vain imagination, and suffer all this wretchedess for a thing that has neither being nor name."

Douglas then lifted a small gilded bugle that hung lways at his sword belt, the language of which was well nown to all the army; and on that he gave two blasts ot louder than a common whistle, when instantly the oor of the apartment opened, and there entered Lady ane Howard, leaning on her female attendant, dressed n attire of princely magnificence. "Lady Jane Howrd!" exclaimed Sir Richard, starting up, and struggling vith his fettered arms to embrace her. But when the ision met the eyes of Lord Musgrave, he uttered a huddering cry of horror, and sprung with a convulsive leap back into the corner of the tent. There he stood, like the statue of distraction, with his raised hands pressed to each side of his helmet, as if he had been strenuously holding his head from splitting asunder.

"So! Friend and foe have combined against me?" cried he wildly. "Earth and hell have joined their forces in opposition to one impotent human thing! And what his crime? He presumed on no more than what he did, and could have done; but who can stand against the powers of darkness, and the unjust decrees of heaven? Yes; unjust! I say unjust! Down with all decrees to the centre! There's no truth in heaven! I weened there was, but it is as false as the rest! I say as false!—falser than both!—I'll brave all the three! Ha, ha, ha!"

Douglas had brought Lady Jane the apparel, and commanded her to dress in it; and, perceiving the stern, authoritative nature of the chief, she judged it meet to comply. At first she entered with a languid dejected look, for she had *been given to* understand something of the *rueful nature of the meeting* she was called on to attend. *ut when she heard the* above infuriated rhapsody, and

turned her eyes in terror to look on the speaker, whose voice she well knew, she uttered a scream and fainted. Douglas supported her in his arms; and Sir Richard, whose arms were in fetters, stood and wept over her. But Musgrave himself only strode to and fro over the floor of the pavilion, and uttered now and then a frantic laugh. "That is well!—That is well!" exclaimed he; "Just as it should be! I hope she will not recover Surely she will not?" and then bending himself back and clasping his hands together, he cried fervently: "O mother of God, take her to thyself while she is yet pure and uncontaminated, or what heart of flesh can endure the prospect? What a wreck in nature that lovely form will soon be! Oh-oh-oh!"

The lady's swoon was temporary. She soon began to revive, and cast unsettled looks around in search of the object that had so overpowered her; and at the request of Sir Richard, who perceived his brother's intemperate mood, she was removed. She was so struck with the altered features, looks, and deportment of the knight, who in her imagination was every thing that was courteous, comely, and noble, and whom she had long considered as destined to be her own, that her heart was unable to stand the shock, and her removal from his presence was an act of humanity.

She was supported out of the tent by Douglas and her female relation; but when Musgrave saw them leading her away, he stepped rapidly in before them and interposed; and, with a twist of his body, put his hand two or three times to the place where the handle of his sword should have been. The lady lifted her eyes to him, but there was no conception in that look, and her lovely face was as pale as if the hand of death had passed over it.

Any one would have thought that such a look from the lady of his love, in such a forlorn situation, and in the hands of his mortal enemy, would have totally uprooted the last fibres of his distempered mind. But who can calculate on the medicine suited to a diseased spirit The cares even of some bodily diseases are those

would poison a healthy frame. So did it prove in this mental one. He lifted his hand from his left side, where he had thrust it convulsively in search of his sword, and clapping it on his forehead, he seemed to resume the command of himself at once, and looked as calm and serene as in the most collected moments of his life.

When they were gone, he said to Sir Richard, in the hearing of the guards: "Brother, what is the meaning of this? What English traitor has betrayed that angelic maid into the hands of our enemy?"

"To me it is incomprehensible," said Sir Richard: "I was told of it by my keeper last night, but paid no regard to the information, judging it a piece of wanton barbarity; but now my soul shudders at the rest of the information that he added."

"What more did the dog say?" said Musgrave.

"He said he had heard that it was resolved by the Douglasses, that, if you did not yield up the fortress and citadel freely, on or before the day of the conception of the Blessed Virgin, on that day at noon the lady of your heart should be exhibited in a state not to be named on a stage erected on the top of the Bush-law, that faces the western tower, and is divided from it only by the moat; and there before your eyes, and in sight of both hosts, compelled to yield to that disgrace which barbarisms only could have conceived; and then to have her nose cut off, her eyes put out, and her beauteous frame otherwise disfigured."

"He dares not for his soul's salvation do such a deed!" said Musgrave: "No; there's not a bloodhound that ever mouthed the air of his cursed country durst do a deed like that. And though every Douglas is a hound confest, where is the mongrel among them that durst but howl of such an outrage in nature? Why, the most absolute fiend would shrink from it; Hell would disown it; and do you think the earth would bear it?"

"*Brother, suspend* your passion, and listen to the *voice of reason and* of nature. Your cause is lost, but *at your honour.* You took, and have kept that for-

tress, to the astonishment of the world. But for
do you now fight? or what can your opposition
Let me beseech you not to throw away the lives of
you love most on earth thus wantonly, but capitul
honourable terms, and rescue your betrothed bri
your only brother from the irritated Scots. Tru
that they will stick at any outrage to accomplish
aim. Loth would I be to know our name were
oured by any pusillanimity on the part of my br
but desperate obstinacy is not bravery. I therefo
jure you to save me, and her in whom all your
of future felicity are bound up."

Musgrave was deeply affected; and, at that i
before he had time to reply, Douglas re-entered.

"Scots lord, you have overcome me," said he
pathos that could not be exceeded: "Yes you ha
quered, but not with your sword. Not on the fie
on the wall, have ye turned the glaive of Musgra
either by some infernal power, or else by chican
guile. It boots not me to know how you came po
of this last and only remaining pledge of my subs
It is sufficient you have it. I yield myself your pr
let me live or die with those two already in your

"No, knight, that must not be," replied I
"You are here on safe conduct, and protecti
honour is pledged, and must not be forfeited. Y
return in safety to your kinsmen and soldiers, an
their counsel. It is not prisoners I want, but th
of Roxburgh, which is the right of my sovereign
nation,—clandestinely taken, and wrongously l
you. I am neither cruel nor severe beyond th
range that points to that attainment; but that fe
will have,—else wo be to you, and all who advi
holding it as well as all their connexions to wh
power of Scotland can extend. If the castle is
livered up before Friday at noon, your broth
suffer,—that you already know. But at the same
the day of the Conception, if it is still madly and
detained, there shall be such a scene transa

your eyes as shall blur the annals of the Border for ever."

"If you allude to any injury intended to the lady who is your prisoner," said Musgrave, "the cruellest fiend in hell could not have the heart to hurt such angelic purity and loveliness; and it would degrade the honour of knighthood for ever to suffer it. Cruel as you are, you dare not injure a hair of her head."

"Talk not of cruelty in me," said Douglas; "If the knight who is her lover will not save her, how should I? You have it in your power, and certainly it is you that behove to do it; even granting that the stakes for which we fought were equal, the task of redemption and the blame would rest solely with you. And how wide is the difference between the prizes for which we contend? I for my love, my honour, and the very existence of my house and name; and you for you know not what,—the miserable pride of opposition. Take your measures my lord. I will not be mocked."

Douglas left the apartment. Musgrave also arose and embraced his brother, and, as he parted from him, he spoke these ominous words; "Farewell my dear Richard. May the angels that watch over honour be your gaurdians in the hour of trial. You know not what I have to endure from tormentors without and within. But hence we meet not again in this state of existence. The ties of love must be broken, and the bands of brotherly love burst assunder,—nevertheless I will save you—A long farewell my brother."

Musgrave was then conducted back to the draw-bridge, between two long files of soldiers as before, while all the musicians that belonged either to the army or the city were ranked up in a line behind them, on the top of the great precipice that overhangs the Teviot, playing, on all manner of instruments, "*Turn the Blue Bonnets wha can, wha can,*" with such a tremendous din that one would *have thought every stone* in the walls of Roxburgh was *singing out the* bravado.

CHAPTER VIII.

Quhat weywerde elfin thynge is thatcn bole,
That hyngethe still upon myne gaire, as doeth
My synne of harte? And quhome rychte loth, I lofe
With not les hanckerynge. His locent eyne.
And his tungis malter comethe on myne sense
Lyke a remembourance; or lyke ane dreime
That had delytis in it. Quhen I wolde say
"Begone;" lo then my tung mistakethe quyte,
Or fanceyingo not the torme, it sayethe "Come hidder
Come hidder, crabbed bole, unto myne syde."

Old Play.

THAT evening, after the departure of the nob distressed Musgrave, Douglas was sitting all alone in a secret apartment of the pavilion, when he h gentle tap at the door, "Who is there?" inqui surlily: "It is I, my lor'," said a petulant trebl without. "Aha! my excellent nondescript little Colin Roy, is it you? Why, you may come in." entered dressed in a most elegant and whimsical and forgetting himself made the Douglas two o graceful courtesies instead of bows.

"Aye, hem," said he, "that is very well for th of a princess. I suppose you have been studyi graces from your accomplished mistress! But have you been all this while? I have felt the you from my hand grievously."

"I have been waiting on my royal mistress, n informing her of all that is going on at the siege, your good fortune in the late captures you have wherein she rejoices exceedingly, and wishes y good fortune and forward success; and, in token c *remembrance*, she sends you this heart of ruby *gold* and diamonds,—a gem that befits your l *well to wear.* And many more matters she h *me in charge*, my lor'."

is kissed the locket, and put it in his bosom,
uttered abundance of the extravagant bombast
o that age. He called her his guardian angel,
of incense, and the saint of his devotion, the
f his arm, the sword in his hand, and the jewel
rt. "Do you think, Colin," added he, "that
e was a maiden born like this royal lady of my

, my lor', I am not much skilled in these matters,
eve the wench, my mistress, is well enough:—
e is well formed. And yet she is but so so."
dare you, you piece of unparalleled inpudence,
ur royal mistress in that strain? Or where did
see a form or features so elegant, and so be-
y lovely?"
ou think so?—Well, I'm glad of it. I think
rse and masculine. Where did I ever see such
deed! Yes I have seen a much finer limb, and
nd a hand too! What think you of that for a
lor'?"—(and with that the urchin clapped his
he green table, first turning up the one side of
n the other.)—"I say if that hand were as well
that arm as well loaden with bracelets, and the
th diamond rings, it would be as handsome as
cess's, of which you boast so much,—aye, and
r too."
are a privileged boy, Colin, otherwise I would
heartily, and, moreover, cause you to be whip-
e hand of the common executioner. However,
confidant,—all is well from you; and, to say
, yours is a very handsome hand for a boy's
is your arm. But what are they to those of
y and royal Margaret?—mere deformity! the
ie wheat!"
ed, my lor', you have an excellent taste, and a
fted discernment!"
not conceive of any earthly being equalling my
princess, whether in the qualifications of body

"I rejoice to hear it. How blind love is! Why, in sober reality, there is the Lady Jane Howard. Is there any comparison between the princess and that lady in beauty?"

"She is, I confess, a most exquisite creature, Colin, even though rival to my adorable lady; in justice it must be acknowledged she is *almost* peerless in beauty. I do not wonder at Musgrave's valour when I see the object of it. But why do you redden as with anger, boy, to hear my commendations of that hapless lady?"

"I, my lor'? How should I redden with anger? On my honour, craving my Lord Douglas' pardon, I am highly pleased. I think she is much more beautiful than you have said, and that you should have spoken of her in a more superlative degree, and confessed frankly that you would willingly exchange your betrothed lady for her. I cannot chuse but think her very beautiful; too beautiful, indeed, with her blue eyes, white teeth, and ruddy lips. I dont like such bright blue eyes. I could almost find in my heart to scratch them out, she is so like a wanton. So you don't wonder at Lord Musgrave's valour, after having seen his mistress? Well, I advise your lordship, your captainship, and your besiegership, that there are some who wonder very much at your want of valour. I tell you this in confidence. My mistress thinks you hold her charms only at a small avail, that you have not *gone into* that castle long ago, and turned out these Englishmen, or hung them up by the necks if they refused. Musgrave went in and took it at once, for the favour of his mistress; because, forsooth, he deemed her worthy of the honour of such a bold emprize. Why, then, do not you do the same? My mistress, to be sure, is a woman,—a very woman; but she says this, that it is superabundantly ungallant of you not to have *gone in* and taken possession of the castle long ago. Do you know *that (poor kind* creature!) she has retired to a convent, *where she* continues in a state of sufferance, using daily *invocations* at the shrines of saints for your succes *And she has,* moreover, made a vow not to braid her h

erself in princely apparel until the day of your
ss. Surely, my lor', you ought *to take that*
relieve my dear mistress from this durance. I
p when I think of her, and must say with her
s been shabbily used, and that she has reason
dy Jane Howard even in her captivity."
you are abundantly impertinent: but there is
; of your tongue once it is set a-going. As to
of castles, these things come not under the
of boys or women. But indeed I knew not
vereign lady the princess had absconded from
circle of her father's palace, and betaken her-
nvent on my account. Every thing that I
t jewel endears her to me the more."
? even her orders for you *to go into the castle*,
t the English? I assure you, my lor', she in-
t. Whether it is her impatience to be your
ow not, but she positively will not be satisfied
very soon *go into that castle*, and put the
ı all to the outside of it, where you are now;
:m, and bury them out of sight before she visits
› congratulate you."
have no patience with you. Cease your
d inform me where my beloved mistress is,
instantly visit her."
ɔt for the Douglas' estate, which is now in the
ay soon be brought to the anvil, will I inform
t. But, my lor', you know I must execute
ion. And I tell you again, unless you take
very soon, you will not only lose the favour of
s, but you will absolutely break her heart.
s will satisfy her. I told her, there was a
more than a hundred feet deep, and as many
surrounded the castle, and flowed up to the
walls; that there was a large river on each
nd that they were both dammed and appeared
ding seas—but all availed nought. 'There
id I; '*But* let him go over that,' said she;
it, or put a float on it. What is it to cross

a pool a hundred feet wide? How did Lord Mu
pass over it?' 'There are strong walls on the othe
said I: 'But let him go over these,' said she, 'or
a hole through them and go in. Men built the
why may not men pull them down? How did Mu
get over them?' 'There are armed men within,' s
'But they are only Englishmen,' said she; 'Let
glas' men put there swords into them, and make
stand back. How did Musgrave get in when it w
fended by gallant Scots? Douglas is either no lo
else no warrior, added she; 'or perhaps he is neith
one nor the other,'"

"Peace, sapling," said Douglas, frowning and sta
with his foot, "Peace, and leave the pavilion insta
Colin went away visibly repressing a laugh, which
ted Douglas still the more; and as the urchin we
muttered in a crying whine, "My mistress is very
bily used!—very shabbily! To have promised
to a knight if he will but take a castle for her, a
have fasted, and prayed, and vowed vows for hin
yet he dares not go in and take it. And I am sh
used too; and that I'll tell her! Turned out bef
get half her message delivered! But I must inform
my lor', before I go, that since you are making no
use of the advantage given you, I demand the pri
back that I lodged in your hand in my lady mi
name, and by her orders."

"I will do no such thing to the whim of a teasin
pertinent stripling, without my lady princess's hanc
seal for it," said Douglas.

"You shall not long want that," said Colin; and
ling a letter out from below his sash, he gave it to
It was the princess's hand and seal,—it being an
matter for Colin to get what letters he listed. Do
opened it, and read as follows:

"LORD DOUGLAS,—In token of my best wish
your success, I send you these, with greeting.
you will take immediate advantage of the high w

ed you in this contest, by putting some indelible
or public stain, on the lusty dame I put into your
. If Musgrave be a knight of any gallantry he will
permit it, but yield. As I cannot attend person-
I request that the mode and degree of punishment
ıflict may be left to my page Colin. That you have
ɔen successful by such means already, hath much
sed MARGARET."

'his is not a requisition to give you up the prisoners,"
)ouglas, "but merely a request that the punishment
ed may be left to you, a request which must not be
ı to the lady of my heart. Now, pray, Master
Roy MacAlpin, what punishment do you decree
ɛ Lady Jane Howard? For my part, though I in-
ı to threaten the most obnoxious treatment, to in-
my opponent to yield, I could not for my dearest
sts injure the person of that exquisite lady."
'ou could not, in good troth? I suppose my mis-
ıas good reason to be jealous of you two. But since
ıwer is left with me I shall prevent that; I shall see
ıished as she deserves: I'll have no shameful ex-
ɛs of a woman, even were she the meanest plebeian,
ll mar her beauty that she thinks so much of, and
ou think so much of. I'll have her nose cut off;
vo of her fore teeth drawn; and her cheeks and
scolloped. I'll spoil the indecent brightness of her
She shall not sparkle with such brilliance again,
ıall the men gloat, feasting their intolerable eyes on
s they do at present."
aint Duthoc buckler me!" exclaimed the Douglas,
'hat an unnatural tiger cat it is! I have heard that
ɛelings were sometimes entertained by one sover-
ɔeauty toward another of the same sex; but that a
ıtly youth, of an amorous complexion, with bright
ing features and *carroty* locks, should so depreciate
' *beauty, and thirst to* deface it, surpasses any thing
witnessed in the nature of man. Go to, you are
'se boy, but shall be humoured as far as my

honour and character as a captain and warrior w admit."

Colin paced lightly away, making a slight and grace courtesy to the Douglas as he glided out. "What extraordinary, wayward, and accomplished youth that i said the chief to himself. "Is it not strange that should converse so long with a page, as if he were equal? There is something in his manner and voice th overcomes me; and though he teazes me beyond end ance, there is a sort of enchantment about him, that cannot give him the check. Ah me! all who subm themselves to women, to be swayed by them or th delegates, will find themselves crossed in every action importance. I am resolved that no woman shall sw me. I can love, but have not learned to submit."

Colin retired to his little apartment in the pavilion; was close to the apartment that Douglas occupied wh he remained there, and not much longer or broader th the beautiful and romantic inhabitant. Yet there he c stantly abode when not employed about his lord, n never mixed or conversed with the other pages. Doug retired down to the tower, or King's House, as it called (from king Edward having occupied it,) at e tide,—but Colin Roy remained in his apartment at pavilion. Alas! that Douglas did not know the va of the life he left exposed in such a place!

On the return of Musgrave into the castle, a cou of all the gentlemen in the fortress was called, and w eager readiness they attended in the hall of the g western tower. The governor related to them the he rending intelligence of his mistress being in the hands their enemies, and of the horrid fate that awaited her well as his only brother, provided the garrison stood Every one present perceived that Musgrave inclined capitulate; and, as they all admired him, they pitied *woeful plight*. But no one ventured a remark. Th *they sat*, a silent circle, in bitter and obstinate rum *tion*. *Their* brows were plaited down, so as almo *cover their eyes*; their under lips were bent upwa

every mouth shaped like a curve, and their arms were crossed on their breasts, while every man's right hand instinctively rested on the hilt of his sword.

Musgrave had taken his measures, whichever way the tide should run. In consequence of this he appeared more calm and collected at this meeting than he had done for many a day. "I do not, my friends, and soldiers, propose any alternative," said he,—"I merely state to you the circumstances in which we are placed; and according to your sentiments I mean to conduct myself."

"It is nobly said, brave captain," said Collingwood; "Our case is indeed a hard one, but not desperate. The Scots cannot take the castle from us, and shall any one life, or any fifty lives, induce us to yield them the triumph, and all our skill, our bravery, and our sufferings go for nought?"

"We have nothing to eat," said Musgrave.

"I'll eat the one arm, and defend the draw-bridge with the other, before the Scots shall set a foot in the castle," said a young man, named Henry Clavering. "So will I," said another. "So will I, so will we all!" echoed through the hall, while a wild gleam of ferocity fired every haggard countenance. It was evident that the demon of animosity and revenge was now conjured up, which to lay was not in the power of man.

"What then do you propose as our mode of action in this grievous dilemma?" said Musgrave.

"I, for my part, would propose decision and ample retaliation," said Clavering. "Do you not perceive that there has been a great storm in the uplands last night and this morning, and that the Tweed and Teviot are roaring like two whirlpools of the ocean, so that neither man nor beast can cross them? There is no communication between the two great divisions of the Scottish army to night, save by *that narrow* passage betwixt the moat and the river. *Let us issue forth* at the deepest hour of midnight, *secure that narrow* neck of land by a strong guard, *while the rest proceed* sword in hand to the eastern

camp, surround the pavilion of Douglas, and take him and all his associates prisoners, and then see who is most forward in using the rope !"

"It is gallantly proposed, my brave young friend," said Musgrave; "I will lead the onset myself. I do not only ween the scheme practicable, but highly promising; and if we can make good that narrow neck of land against our enemies on the first alarm, I see not why we may not cut off every man in the eastern division of their army; and haply, from the camp and city, secure to ourselves a good supply of provisions before the break of the day."

These were inducements not to be withstood, and there was not one dissenting voice. A gloomy satisfaction rested on every brow, and pervaded every look, taking place of dark and hideous incertitude. Like a winter day that has threatened a tempest from the break of the morning, but becomes at last no longer doubtful, as the storm descends on the mountain tops, so was the scene at the breaking up of that meeting—and all was activity and preparation within the castle during the remainder of the day.

The evening at last came; but it was no ordinary evening. The storm had increased in a tenfold degree. The north-west wind roared like thunder. The sleet descended in torrents, and was driven with an impetuosity that no living creature could withstand. The rivers foamed from bank to brae; and the darkness was such as if the heavens had been sealed up. The sound of the great abbey bell, that rung for vespers, was borne away on the tempest; so that nothing was heard, save once or twice a solemn melancholy sound, apparently at a great distance, as if a spirit had been moaning in the eastern sky.

Animal nature cowered beneath the blast. The hind *left not her* den in the wood, nor broke her fast, until *the dawning*. The flocks crowded together for shelter *in the small* hollows of the mountains, and the cattle *lowed and* bellowed in the shade. The Scottish sol-

ıder their plaids, or rested on their arms within
er of their tents and trenches. Even the outer
on whose vigilance all depended, crept into
reat or other that was next to hand, to shield
m the violence of the storm. The army was
ıre,—for they had the garrison so entirely cooped
their walls, that no attempt had been made
ɔrth for a whole month. Indeed ever since the
'ere fairly dislodged from the city, the Bush-law,
he other outworks, the attempt was no more
for the heaving up of the portcullis, and the
wn of the draw-bridge, made such a noise as
armed the Scottish watchers, and all were in-
the alert. Besides, the gates and draw-bridges
were two gates and one draw-bridge at each
: so narrow, that it took a long time for an
pass in any force; and thus it proved an easy
prevent them. But, that night, the storm
n such majesty, and the constant jangling of
l pullies swinging to its force, with the roaring
› rivers over the dams, formed altogether such
:oncert, that fifty portcullises might have been
l as many draw-bridges let down, and the pro-
ering sentinels of the Scottish army have dis-
l no additional chord or octave in the infernal

night the English issued forth with all possible
Two hundred, under the command of Grey
ıgwood, were posted on the castle-green, that
rrow valley between the moat and the river
prevent the junction of the two armies on the
being given. The rest were parted into two
and, under the command of Musgrave and
avering, went down the side of each river so as
he strongest part of the Scottish lines, and the
raised on the height. Clavering led his division
he side of the Teviot, along the bottom of the
pice, and, owing to the mingled din of the
e storm, was never perceived till fairly in the

rear of the Scottish lines. Musgrave was not so fortu ate, as the main trench ran close to the Tweed. He w obliged to force it with his first column; which he d with a rapidity which nothing could equal. The Englis men threw themselves over the mound of the great trenc hurling in above their enemies sword in hand, and ove powering them with great ease; then over one breas work after another, spreading consternation before the and carnage behind. Clavering heard nothing of th turmoil, so intemperate was the night. He stood wit impatience, his men drawn up in order, within half bow-shot of Douglas's pavilion, waiting for the sign agreed on; for their whole energy was to be bent again the tent of the commander, in hopes, not only to captu the Douglas himself, and all his near kinsmen, but lik wise their own prisoners. At length, among other sound that began to swell around, Clavering heard the welcom cry of "DUDDOE'S AWAY!" which was as readily answere with "DUDDOE'S HERE!" and at that moment the mai camp was attacked on both sides. The flyers from th lines had spread the alarm. The captain's tent was su rounded by a triple circle of lesser tents, all full of arme men, who instantly grasped their weapons, and stood o the defensive. Many rough blows were exchanged i the first onset, and many of the first ranks of the assai ants met their death. But though those within foug with valour, they fought without system; whereas th English had arranged every thing previously; and ea of them had a white linen belt, of which the Scots kne nothing; and in the hurry and terror that ensued, son parties attacked each other, and fell by the hands of the brethren. Finding soon that the battle raged before a behind them, they fled with precipitation toward the cit but there they were waylaid by a strong party, and ma of them captured and slain. The English would ha slain every man that fell into their power, had it n been for the hopes of taking Douglas, or some of his n kinsmen, and by that means redeeming the pre pledges that the Scots held, so much to their detri

which all their motions were paralyzed. Claver-
th a part of the troops under his command, pursued
ers that escaped as far as the head of the Market-
and put the great Douglas himself into no little dis-
or he found it next to impossible to rally his men amid
m and darkness, such a panic had seized them by this
eaking of their enemies. Clavering would, doubt-
ıve rifled a part of the city, if not totally ruined
vision of the Scottish army, had he not been sud-
:alled back to oppose a more dangerous inroad

en Musgrave first broke through the right wing of
ottish lines, the noise and uproar spread amain, as
ell be conceived. The warders on the heights
)unded the alarm incessantly: and a most incon-
thing it was to hear them sounding the alarm
uch vigour at their posts, after the enemy had
quietly by them, and at that time were working
in the middle of their camp. They knew not
as astir, but they made plenty of din with their
rns, leaving those that they alarmed to find out
ıse the best way they could.

Scottish army that beleaguered the castle to the
rd caught the alarm, and rushed to the support of
rethren and commander. The infantry being first
iness, were first put in motion, but, on the nar-
part of the castle green, they fell in with the firm
lanx of the English, who received them on the
f their lances, and, in a few seconds, made them
ıy. The English could not however pursue, their
being to keep by the spot where they were, and
irm; so that the Scots had nothing ado but to
: the head of the green and return to the charge.
was with no better success than before. The
ı stood their ground, and again made them reel
rea*l*. *But, by this time*, the horsemen were got
nd descended to the charge at a sharp trot. They
d in armour, and had heavy swords by their
' *long spears like* halberds in their hands. The

English lines could not withstand the shock given by these, for the men were famishing with hunger and benumbed with cold, the wind blowing with all its fury straight in their faces. They gave way; but they were neither broken nor dispersed. Reduced as they were they were all veterans, and retreated fighting till they came to the barriers before the draw-bridge; and there having the advantage of situation, they stood their ground.

The horsemen passed on to the scene of confusion in the camp, and came upon the rear of the English host encumbered with prisoners and spoil.

When Clavering was called back, Douglas, who had now rallied about one hundred and forty men around him, wheeled about, and followed Clavering in the rear; so that the English found themselves in the same predicament that the Scots were in about an hour before,—beset before and behind,—and that principally by horsemen, which placed them under a manifest disadvantage.

It is impossible to give any adequate idea of the uproar and desperate affray that now ensued. The English formed on both sides to defend themselves; but the prisoners being numerous detained a great part of the men from the combat. A cry arose to kill the prisoners; from whom it first issued no one knew, but it no sooner past than the men began to put it into execution. The order was easier to give than perform: in half a minute every one of the guards had a prisoner at his throat,—the battle became general,—every one being particularly engaged through all the interior of the host, many of them struggling in pairs on the earth, who to get uppermost, and have the mastery. It was all for life, and no exertion was withheld; but, whenever these single combats ended in close gripes, the Scots had the mastery, their bodies being in so much better condition. They made a great noise, both individually and in their files, but the *English scarcely* opened their mouths; like bred mastiffs *when desperately* engaged, they only aimed at the vital *parts of their* opponents, without letting their voices *heard.*

It is vain at this period to attempt giving a better description of the scenes of that night, for the men that were present in the affray could give no account of it next day. But, after a hard encounter and heavy loss, the English fought their way up to their friends before the ramparts, who had all the while been engaged in skirmishing with the foot of the western division, whom they had kept at bay, and thus preserved the entrance clear to themselves and brethren; but ere the rear had got over the half-moon before the bridge, it was heaped full of slain.

There were more of the Scots slain during the conflict of that hideous night than of the English; but by far the greater number of prisoners remained with the former, and several of them were men of note; but such care was taken to conceal rank and titles, after falling into the hands of their enemies, that they could only be guessed at. De Gray was slain, and Collingwood was wounded and taken; so that on taking a muster next day the English found themselves losers by their heroic sally.

They had, however, taken one prize, of which, had they known the value, it would have proved a counterbalance for all their losses, and all the distinguished prisoners that formerly told against them. This was no other than the pretended page, Colin Roy, of whose sex and quality the reader has been formerly apprised, and whom they found concealed among some baggage in the Douglas' tent. Grievous was that page's plight when he found himself thrust into a vault below the castle of Roxburgh, among forty rude soldiers, many of them wounded, and others half-naked, and nothing given them to subsist on. Concealment of his true sex for any length of time was now impossible, and to divulge the secret certain ruin to himself and the cause of Douglas.

Next day he pleaded hard for an audience of Musgrave, on *pretence of* giving him some information that *deeply concerned himself*; and he pleaded with such elo*quence that the guards* listened to him, and informed the *ommander, who* ordered the stripling to be brought be-

fore him. The next day following was that appointed for the execution of Sir Richard Musgrave. Colin informed the governor that, if he would give him his liberty, he would procure a reprieve for his brother, at least until the day of the Conception, during which period something might occur that would save the life of so brave a youth; that he was the only man on earth who had the power to alter the purpose of Douglas in that instance; and that he would answer with his head for the success,—only the charm required immediate application.

Musgrave said it was a coward's trick to preserve his own life,—for how could he answer to him for his success when he was at liberty? But that no chance might be lost for saving his brother's life, he would cause him to be conducted to Douglas under a strong guard, allow him what time he required to proffer his suit, and have him brought back to prison till the day of the Conception was over, and if he succeeded he should then have his liberty. This was not exactly what Colin wanted: However, he was obliged to accept of the terms, and proceeded to the gate under a guard of ten men. The Scots officer of the advanced guard refused to let any Englishman pass, but answered with his honour to conduct the stripling in safety to his commander, and in two hours return him back to the English at the draw-bridge. No more was required; and he was conducted accordingly to the door of Douglas' tent, which, as he desired, he was suffered to enter, the men keeping guard at the door.

In the confusion of that morning, Douglas never had missed the page, nor knew he that he was taken prisoner; and when the boy entered from his own little apartment, he judged him to be in attendance as usual. He had a bundle below his arm tied up in a lady's scarf, and a look that manifested great hurry and alarm. The Douglas, who was busily engaged with two knights, could not help noting his appearance, at which he smiled.

"My lord," said the boy, "I have an engagement of great importance to-day, and the time is at hand.

t get out at the door by reason of the crowd, who
ıot see this. Will it please you to let me pass by
›wn private door into the city?"
ıglas cursed him for a troublesome imp, and forth-
pened the door into the concealed way; and as all
ame from that door passed unquestioned, the page
y vanished in the suburbs of the city,
› officer and his guard waited and waited until the
ras on the point of expiring, and at last grew quite
ent, wondering what the boy could be doing so long
he commander. But at length, to their mortal as-
ment, they beheld the stripling coming swaggering
m the high street of the city behind them, putting
ber of new and ridiculous airs in practice, and quite
one going to be delivered up to enemies to be
ı into a dungeon, or perhaps hanged like a dog in a
two.
› officer knew nothing of the concealed door and
e, and was lost in amazement how the page should
scaped from them all without being visible; but he
red still more how the elf, being once at liberty
l have thought of coming strutting back to deliver
f up again.
Where the devil have you been, master, an it be
vill?" said the officer.
h? What d'ye say, mun!" said the unaccountable
. "What do I say mun!" replied the officer,
unable to account either for the behaviour of the
er or his address; "I say I trow ye hae seen sic
as Michael Scott some time in your days? Ye
'en me the glaiks aince by turning invisible; but
deil, be ye fairy, I sal secure ye now. Ye hae
gart me brik my pledge o' honour, whilk I wadna
ɔne for ten sic necks as yours."
Your pledge o' honour! What's that, mun? Is
our bit sword? Stand back out o' my gate."
ıakel my knackers," said the officer laughing, "if
ɔt crack thy fool's pate! What does the green-
n mean? You, sir, I suppose are presuming to

transact a character? You are playing a part in order to get off, but your silly stratagem will fail you. Pray, my young master, what character do you at present appear in?"

"Character me no characters!" said the page,—it is not with you that I transact—nor such as you! Do not you see who I am, and what commission I bear? Bide a great way back out o' my gate an ye please; and show me where I am to deliver this."

"And who is that bald epistle for, master Quipes? Please to open your sweet mouth, and read me the inscription."

"Do you not see saucy axe-man? Cannot you spell it? 'To James, Earl of Douglas and Mar, with greeting, These.' Herald me to your commander, nadkin; but keep your distance—due proportioned distance, if you please."

"No, no, my little crab cherry; you cheated me by escaping from the tent invisible before, but shall not do it again. We'll get your message done for you; your time is expired, and some more to boot, I fear; come along with us."—And forthwith one of their number waited on the chief with the letter, while the rest hauled off the unfortunate page, and delivered him back to the English.

CHAPTER IX.

His doublet was sae trim and neat,
Wi' reid goud to the chin,
Ye wad hae sworn, had ye been there,
That a maiden stood within.
The tears they tricked to his chin,
And fell down on his knee;
O had he wist before he kissed,
That the boy was a fair ladye.

Song of May Marley.

Who's she, this dame that comes in such a guise,
Such face of import, and unwonted speech?
Tell me, Cornaro. For methinks I see
Some traits of hell about her.

Trag. of the Priores.

iis perilous situation were placed the two most iful ladies of England and Scotland, at the close of nemorable year; and in this situation stood the two with relation to those they valued dearest in life; ne quite unconscious of the misery that awaited ut the other prepared to stand the severest of

Success had for some time past made a show of ring the Scots, but she had not yet declared herself, atters with them soon began to look worse. As a com- ement of their misfortunes, on that very night the took place, the English received a supply of thirty loads of provisions, with assurances that Sir Thomas rave, the governor of Berwick, was setting out with ng army to their succour.

e supply was received in this way. There was a over the Teviot, which communicated only with stle, the north end of it being within the draw-bridge at bridge the English kept possession of all the f the siege. It being of no avail to the Scots, they ated themselves by keeping a guard at the convent isondieu, to prevent any communication between rtress and the Border. But the English barons to stward whose castle lay contiguous to the Tweed, advantage of the great flood, came with a strong of men, and attacking this post by surprise, they em, and chasing them a considerable way up the got the convoy along the bridge into the castle.

is temporary relief raised the spirits of the English, er cheered their prospects, for higher in inveterate tion their spirits could not be raised. On the day ing, likewise, a flying party of Sir Thomas Mus- horse made their appearance on the height above astle and blew their horns, and tossed their ban- oad on the wind, that the besieged might see

them, and understand that their friends were astir to make a diversion in their favour.

On the same day a new gibbet was erected on the top of the Bush-law, with a shifting wooden battery, to protect the executioners; and all within the castle feared that the stern and unyielding Douglas was going to put his threat respecting the life of Sir Richard Musgrave into execution. Therefore to prevent their captain from seeing the scene, and if possible, his mind from recurring to it, they contrived to get a council of war called, at which they intentionally argued and contended about matters of importance, in order to detain him until the sufferings of his brother were past.

The Bush-law, on which the Scots had a strong fortification, rises abruptly over against the western tower of the castle of Roxburgh: they were separated only by the moat, and though at a great height, were so near each other, that men could with ease converse across, and see distinctly what was done. On the top of this battery was the new gibbet erected, the more to gall the English by witnessing the death of their friends.

At noon the Scots, to the number of two hundred, came in procession up from the city, with their prisoner dressed in his knightly robes; and, as they went by, they flouted the English that looked on from the walls, —but the latter answered them not, either good or bad. By a circular rout to the westward they reached the height, where they exposed the prisoner to the view of the garrison on a semicircular platform, for a few minutes, until a herald made proclamation, that unless the keys of the castle were instantly delivered at the draw-bridge, the life of the noble prisoner was forfeited, and the sentence would momently be put in execution; and then he concluded by calling, in a louder voice, "Answer, Yes or no—once—twice." He paused for the space of *twenty* seconds, and then repeated slowly, and apparently *with reluctance*, "Once—twice—thrice,"—and the platform folding down, the victim was launched into eternity. The English returned no answer to the herald, a

mand or order had been given. In moody silence
y stood till they witnessed the fatal catastrophe, and
n a loud groan, or rather growl of abhorrence and
ngeance, burst from the troops on the wall, which was
swered by the exulting shouts of the Scots. At that
al moment Musgrave stepped on the battlement, to
tness the last dying throes of his loved brother. By
me casualty, the day of the week and month happening
be mentioned in the council hall, in the midst of his
nfused and abstracted ideas, that brought to his re-
embrance the fate with which his brother had been
reatened. Still he had hopes that it would have been
stponed; for, as a drowning man will catch violently
floating stubble, so had he trusted to the page's medi-
ion. He had examined the stripling on his return to
e dungeon, but the imp proved forward and incommuni-
tive, attaching to himself an importance of which the
ptain could not perceive the propriety; yet though he
d nothing to depend on the tender mercies of Douglas,
indeed he had no right, he nevertheless trusted to his
licy for the saving of his brother alive; knowing that,
his life, he held a bond round his heart which it was
t his interest to snap.

As he left the hall of council, which was in the
eat western tower, and in the immediate vicinity of the
ne then transacting, the murmurs of the one host
d the shouts of the other drew him to the battlement,
ience his eye momently embraced the heart-rending
ise of the tumult. He started, and contracted every
iscle of his whole frame, shrinking downward, and
king madly on each hand of him. He seemed in act
make a spring over the wall: and the soldiers around
n perceiving this, and haply misjudging the intent of
motion, seized on him to restrain him by main force.
t scarcely did he seem to feel that he was held; he
etched out his hands toward his brother, and uttered
oud cry of furious despair, and then in a softer tone
d, "*Oh! my brother!* my brother!—So you would
arn me, you dog?—Nor you?—Nor you?—No,

you are all combined against me! That was a si
gratify you, was it not? My curse on you, and a
have combined against the life of that matchless y
and with that he struggled to shake them fro
"My lord! my lord!" was all that the soldiers u
as they restrained him.

At that instant Clavering rushed on the battl
"Unhand the captain!" cried he: "Dare you, f
lives that are not your own, presume to lay viole
straint on him, and that in the full view of
enemies?"

"I will have vengeance, Clavering!" cried Mu
—"ample and uncontrolled vengeance? Where
deceitful and impertinent stripling that promi
solemnly to gain a reprieve for my brother, and pr
the forfeit of his life if he failed?"

"In the dungeon, my lord fast and secure."

"He is a favourite parasite of the Douglas; bri
forth that I may see vengeance executed on him t
of them all. I will hang every Scot in our custod
go and bring him the first. It is a base deceitf
and shall dangle opposite to that noble and now
form. It is a poor revenge indeed,—but I will s
every Scot of them. Why dont you go and bri
gilded moth, you kennel knaves? Know you tc
you thus scruple obedience?"

Clavering was silent, and the soldiers durst n
obey, though they obeyed with reluctance, knowi
advantages that the Scots possessed over them, l
the numbers and rank of their prisoners. The
into the vaults, and without ceremony or intima
their intent, lifted the gaudy page in their arn
carried him to the battlement of the western towe
whence, *sans* farther ceremony, he was suspende
a beam's end.

Douglas could not believe the testimony of h
senses when he saw what had occurred, T
moment he never knew that his page was a
Indeed, how could he conceive he was, when h

s tent the day after the night engagement? His
of a cutting and sharp kind, but went not to
, for though the boy had maintained a sort of
over him, even more than he could account to
or, yet still he was teazing and impertinent, and
t the sort of influence he desired.
sh it had been our blessed Lady's will to have
his," said he to himself; "But the mischances of
ı light upon those least concerned in the event.
lin! thy beauty, playfulness, and flippancy of
eserved a better guerdon. How shall I account
yal mistress for the cruel fate of her favourite?"
ıll this partial regret, Douglas felt that, by the
ıis officious page of the princess, he would be
m the controul of petticoat government. He
. that the princess lived in concealment some-
the neighbourhood,—kept an eye over all his
ıd movements;—and, by this her agent, check-
oraided him according to her whimsical inexper-
Douglas was ambitious of having the beautiful
or his spouse,—of being son-in-law to his sove-
nd the first man in the realm; but he liked not
is counsels impeded, or his arms checked, by a
nd romantic girl, however high her lineage or
wments might soar. So that, upon the whole,
e regretted the death of Colin Roy MacAlpin,
ke one released from a slight bondage. Alas,
ef! little didst thou know of the pang that was
thee!
be recollected that, when the Lady Margaret
ed in the camp in the character of Colin her
, she lodged her maid in the city of Roxburgh,
likewise as a boy. With her she communi-
ry day, and contrived to forward such letters to
t as satisfied her royal mother with regard to the
of her absence,—though these letters were like
rs of the sex, any thing but the direct truth.
vas at this period living in retirement at his
gie in Athol, on pretence of ill health.

The name of the maiden of honour thus disguised w Mary Kirkmichael the daughter of a knight in the sh of Fife. She was a lady of great beauty, and eleg address,—shrewd, sly, and enterprising.

Two days after the rueful catastrophe above relat word was brought to Douglas, while engaged in l pavilion, that a lady at the door begged earnestly to s him. "Some petitioner for the life of a prisoner," s he: "What other lady can have business with me? T her I have neither leisure nor inclination at present listen to the complaints and petitions of women."

"I have told her so already," said the knight in waitir "but she refuses to go away till she speak with you private; and says that she has something to commu cate that deeply concerns your welfare. She is veile but seems a beautiful, accomplished, and courtly dam

At these words the Douglas started to his feet. I had no doubt that it was the princess, emerged from l concealment in the priory or convent, and come to ma inquiries after her favourite, and perhaps establish so other mode of communication with himself. He laid l account with complaints and upbraidings, and, upon t whole boded no great good from this domiciliary vi However he determined to receive his royal mistr with some appearance of form; and, in a few seconds a given word, squires, yeomen, and grooms, to t amount of seventy, were arranged in due order; eve one in his proper place; and up a lane formed of the was the lady conducted to the captain, who received l standing and uncovered; but, after exchanging cour sies with her, and perceiving that it was not the prince jealous of his dignity, he put on his plumed bonnet, a waited with stately mein the development of her ra and errand.

It was Mary Kirkmichael.

"*My* noble lord," said she, "I have a word for yc *private* ear, and deeply doth it concern you and all *realm.*"

Douglas beckoned to his friends and attendant

' and left him alone with the dame, who began
ı great earnestness of manner: "My lord of
I have but one question to ask, and, if satisfied
answer, will not detain you a moment. What
e of the page Colin that attended your hand of
Douglas hesitated, deeming the lady to be some
: the princess Margaret's. "Where is he?"
d she, raising her voice, and advancing a step
› the captain. "Tell me, as you would wish
l to thrive. Is he well? Is he safe?"
is sped on a long journey, lady, and you may
ct to meet him again for a season."
d on a long journey! Not see him again for a
What does this answer mean? Captain, on
th's well-being hang the safety, the nobility, and
ur of your house. Say but to me he is well,
exposed to any danger in the message on which
ne."
is well-being I have no doubt; and the message
ı he is gone is a safe one. He is under protec-
ı all danger, commotion, or strife."
well you can say so, else wo would have fallen
ot, to mine, and to that of our nation."
ow he was a page of court, and in the confi-
my sovereign and adored Lady Margaret. But
ld any misfortune attending a page prove of such
ming import?"
s a page of court, my lord? What do you infer
vas? Pray what is he now? I entreat of you
re explicit."
plain truth of the matter is shortly this: The
into the hands of our enemies that night of the
e engagement."
s the lady uttered a scream; and Douglas dread-
vould fall into hysterics, stretched out his arms
rt her. "I *pity* you, gentle maiden," said he,
erceive you two have been lovers."
thdrew herself, shunning his proffered support,
g him wildly in the face said in a passionate

voice, "In the hands of the] ? O glas, haste to redeem him! Give up all the prisoners you have for that page's ransom; and if these will not suffice, give up all the lands of Douglas and Mar; and if all these are still judged inadequate, give up yourself. But, by your fealty, your honour, your nobility, I charge you, and, in the name of the Blessed Virgin, I conjure you to lose no time in redeeming that youth."

Douglas could scarcely contain his gravity at this rhapsody, weening it the frantic remonstrance of a love-sick maid; but she, perceiving the bent and tenor of his disposition, held up her hand as a check to his ill-timed levity. "Unhappy chief!" exclaimed she, "Little art thou aware what a gulf of [illegible] y and despair thou art suspended over, and that by a [illegible]gle thread within reach of the flame, and liable every moment to snap, and hurl thee into inevitable ruin. Know, and to thyself alone be it known, that that page was no other than the princess of Scotland herself: who, impelled by romantic affection, came in that disguise to attend thee in all thy perils, undertaken for her sake. It was she herself who seized her rival, and placed her in your hands, thus giving you an advantage which force could not bestow. And from time to time has she laid such injunctions on you, written and delivered by her own hand, as she judged conducive to your honour or advantage. If you suffer that inestimable lady to lye in durance, or one hair of her head to fall to the ground, after so many marks of affection and concern, you are unworthy of lady's esteem, of the titles you bear, or the honour of knighthood."

When the lady first came out with the fatal secret, and mentioned the princess's name, Douglas strode hastily across the floor of the pavilion, as if he would have run out at the door, or rather fallen against it; but the motion was involuntary; he stopped short, and again turned round to the speaker, gazing on her as if only half comprehending what she said. The truth of the [illegible] opened to him by degrees; and, it may well be supposed

gence acted upon his mind and frame like a
electricity. He would fain have disbelieved it,
en able to lay hold of a plausible pretext to
but every recollected circumstance coincided
ablishment of the unwelcome fact. All that he
to the lady, as he stood like a statue gazing her
e, was, "Who art thou?"

Mary Kirkmichael of Balmedie," said she, "and
ith the princess, disguised as her attendant. I
iend and confidant, and we held communication
', till of late that my dear mistress discontinued
O captain, tell me if it is in your power to
"

is flung himself on a form in the corner of the
hid his face with his hand, and at the same time
is if every throb would have burst his heart's
. He had seen his royal, his affectionate, and
istress swung from the enemy's battlements,
ne effort to save her, and without a tear wetting
; and his agony of mind became so extreme
id no more regard to the lady, who was still
ver him, adding the bitterest censure to lamen-
Yet he told her not of her mistress's melan-
,—he could not tell her; but the ejaculatory
it he uttered from time to time too plainly in-
lary Kirkmichael that the life of her royal mis-
either in jeopardy or irretrievably lost.

ouglas saw the lady no more, nor regarded her.
d from the tent, and gave such orders as quite
ed his warriors, one part being quite incompati-
another; and, in the confusion, Mary glided
vay from the scene without farther notice. All
ns of Douglas, for two days subsequent to this
nformation, were like those of a drunken man;
naged without cause, and acted without con-
but the *only point* towards which all these jar-
discordant passions constantly turned was re-
the English—deadly and insatible revenge.
oked towards the ramparts of the castle, his

dark eye would change its colour, and sink deeper under his brow, while his brown cheeks would appear as if furrowed across, and his teeth ground and jarred against one another. His counsels, however, were not, at this time, of a nature suited to accomplish any thing material against his rivals. He meditated the most deadly retaliation, but was prevented before he could put it in practice.

On the following evening, when the disturbance of his mind had somewhat subsided, and appeared to be settling into a sullen depression of spirit, or rather a softened melancholy, he was accosted by a monk, who had craved and obtained admittance—for a deference to all that these people said or did was a leading feature of that age. Douglas scarcely regarded him on his first entrance, and to his address only deigned to answer by a slight motion of his head; for the monks's whole appearance augured little beyond contempt. He was of a diminutive stature, had a slight, starved make, and a weak treble voice. His conversation, nevertheless, proved of that sort that soon drew the attention of the chief.

"May the blessed Virgin, the mother of God, bless and shield you, captain!"

"Humph!" returned the Douglas, nodding his head.

"May Saint Withold be your helmet and buckler in the day of battle—"

"Amen!" said the Douglas, interrupting him, and taking a searching look of the tiny being that spoke, as if there were something in the tones of his voice that struck him with emotion.

—"And withhold your weapon from the blood of the good," added the monk, "from the breast of the professor of our holy religion, and dispose your heart to peace and amity, that the land may have rest, and the humble *servants* of the Cross protection. Why don't you say *'Amen'* to this, knight? Is your profession of Christ*anity a mere form?* and are the blessed tenets which *enjoins, strangers* to thy turbulent bosom?"

"Humph!" said Douglas: "With reverence be it spoken, monk, but you holy brethren have got a way of chattering about things that you do not understand. Adhere to your books and your beads. I am a soldier, and must stick by my profession, bearing arms for my king and country."

"I am a soldier too," rejoined the monk, "and bear arms and suffer in a better cause. But enough of this. I have a strange message for you, captain. You must know that, a few weeks ago, a beautiful youth came to our monastery seeking supply of writing materials, which he could not otherwise procure. He was a kind and ingenious youth. I supplied him, for I loved him; and I have since seen him sundry times in my cell. But last night, as I was sitting alone, a little before midnight—I am afraid you will not believe me, captain, for the matter of my message is so strange—I had gone over my breviary, and was sitting with the cross pressed to my lips, when behold the youth entered. I arose to receive him; but he beckoned me to keep away from his person, and glided backward. I then recollected that he must be a spirit, else he could not have got in; and, though I do not recollect all that he said, the purport of his message was to the following effect:

"'Benjamin,' said he, 'arise and go to the captain of the Scottish army, whom you will find in great perplexity of mind, and meditating schemes of cruelty and retaliation, which would be disgraceful to himself and to his country. But let him beware; for there be some at his hand that he does not see; and if he dare in the slightest instance disobey the injunctions which you shall from time to time lay on him, his sight shall be withered by a visitant from another world, whose face he shall too well recognize ever again to find rest under a consciousness of her presence. Monk Benjamin, I was not what I seemed. A few days ago I was a lady in the prime of youth and hope. I loved that captain, and was betrothed to him. For his sake I ventured my life, and lost it without a single effort on his part to save me. But his fate is in

my hand, and I will use the power. It is given to me to control or further his efforts as I see meet,—to turn his sword in the day of battle,—or to redouble the strength of his and his warriors' arms. My behests shall be made known to him; and if he would avoid distraction of mind, as well as utter ruin, let him tremble to disobey. In the first place, then, you will find him pondering on a scheme for the recovery of my lifeless body,—a scheme of madness which cannot and may not succeed; therefore, charge him from me to desist. You will find him farther preparing an embassy to my father and mother to inform them of the circumstances of my death, and that not in the words of truth. But let him take care to keep that a secret, as he would take care of his life and honour, for on that depends his ultimate success. Tell him farther, from me, to revenge my death, but not on the helpless beings that are already in his power; to pursue with steady aim his primary object,—and his reward shall be greater than he can conceive.'

"Strange as this story may appear, captain, it is strictly according to truth. You yourself may judge whether it was a true or lying spirit that spoke to me."

"Are you not some demon or spirit yourself," said the Douglas, "who know such things as these? Tell me, are you a thing of flesh and blood, that you can thus tell me the thoughts and purposes of my heart?"

"I am a being such as yourself," said the monk,—"a poor brother of the Cistertian order, and of the cloister adjoining to this; and I only speak what I was enjoined to speak, without knowing whether it is true or false. I was threatened with trouble and dismay if I declined the commission; and I advise you, captain, for your own peace of mind, to attend to this warning."

Douglas promised that he would, at least for a time; and the monk, taking his leave, left the earl in the utmost consternation. The monk's tale was so simple and unmasked, there was no doubting the truth of it,—for without such a communication it was impossible he could have known the things he uttered; and the assurance

that a disembodied being should have such a power over him, though it somewhat staggered the Douglas' faith, created an unwonted sensation within his breast—a sensation of wonder and awe, for none of that age were exempt from the sway of an overpowering superstition.

CHAPTER X.

Here away, there away, wandering Willie,
Here away, there away, haud away hame.
Old Song.

The state of mind to which the two commanders were now reduced was truly pitiable. Within the castle of Roxburgh, all was sullen gloom and discontent. In one thing, and that only, were they unanimous, which was in a frantic inveteracy against the Scots: and though Musgrave, with the feelings of a man, would gladly have saved those dearest to him in life, yet he found that to have proposed such a thing as yielding to the garrison, would have been but adding fuel to flame in order to extinguish it. Their small supply soon began again to wear short, and, moreover, the privations to which they were subjected, had brought on an infectious distemper among them, of which some died every day; but every item added to their sufferings, fell into the scale against the Scots, and all the cruelties exercised by the latter in order to break the spirits of their opponents, only militated against themselves. Opposition to the last man was a sentiment nursed in every English bosom within the garrison, with a brooding enthusiasm of delight. There can be no doubt that they felt intensely for their gallant captain, considering the dismal situation in which he stood with respect to their enemies, and the strong hold they had been enabled to keep over his heart. It was probably the burning intensity of these feelings that

was the great source of [illegible] d gave rise to the fierce spirit of [illegible]n that daily manifested itself. Although they ae [illegible]n the deed the Scots had committed in executing Richard, yet they felt his death a sort of relief, as by it one-half of the cord which their hated adversaries held round the breast of their commander was broken, and there is little doubt that they wished themselves free of Lady Jane Howard, by fair and gentle means if possible, but at all events to be rid of that remaining tie, which almost maddened them to think of.

There was one circumstance which of late was to all of them wholly unaccountable. As the day of the Conception of the blessed Virgin approached, the mind of Lord Musgrave, instead of becoming altogether deranged as they had foreboded, became more and more steady and collected. He watched over every part of the economy within that huge fortress, and gave his orders with punctuality and decision, although with a degree of sternness that had not previously been observed.

The dreaded day of the Conception at length arrived; and, before noon, crowds of the citizens, and people from the surrounding country, began to assemble around the Scottish camp. These were forcibly kept beyond the line of circumvallation, while the regular troops were drawn up in columns both to the east and west of the fortress, and particularly round the gibbet on the Bush-law. At eleven o'clock the Scottish trumpets sounded; the English soldiers crowded to the battlements around the western tower of the citadel, and Lord Musgrave came up among the rest, arrayed in a splendid suit of light armour, and gallantly attended.

These battlements and the new gibbet were, as before stated, right opposite to one another, and separated only by the breadth of the moat and a very small slope on the western ascent; so that every object could be distinctly seen from the one place to the other, and, by raising the voice somewhat, a conversation could be carried on across. At the very time that Lord Musgrave first appeared on the wall, the Lady Jane Howard and

chard Musgrave were introduced on the boards of the bet. Yea,—read it over again. I say Sir Richard sgrave, for it was truly he. The Douglas, seeing t he could not prevail, and that the gallant youth was en up by his brother and the English to his fate, ld not brook the idea of losing by his death the one- f of the influence he held over Musgrave. But that might try it by stretching it to the very last, he thed another culprit in Sir Richard's habiliments, tied hite cloth over his face, let him stand a proclaimed ce on the boards with the cord about his neck, and, the last moment of the given time, there being no ley sounded for the delivering up of the keys of the tress, the board sunk, and the man died; but Sir hard was safe in hold.

He was again produced that day, being the eighth of cember, along with Lady Jane. He was dressed in suit of armour in which he fought on the day he s taken prisoner, and Lady Jane in pure snow-white es, betokening her spotless virginity. Sir Richard's beamed with manly courage, but the fresh hues of rose on the cheeks of Lady Jane had blenched, and en place to the most deadly paleness. Both hosts re deeply affected with the sight, and on this occasion h felt alike. There was not a heart amongst them t did not overflow with pity at the unhappy fate of two youthful prisoners, whose dismal doom could w no longer be averted, unless by a sacrifice on the part of English, with which even the most sanguine of the eaguering army doubted their compliance.

The Douglas then caused a herald to make proclama- n in a stentorian voice; first stating the cause why he l put off the execution of Sir Richard Musgrave until t day, namely, his anxious desire to save the life of noble youth, on the ground that the purposed holding of the garrison till the twenty-fourth was a chimera; *l, secondly, declaring* that, unless the keys of the *le were previously* delivered up to him, precisely at *our of noon, the* noble and gallant Sir Richard, the

flower of English chivalry, should be put down; and the beautiful and accomplished Lady Jane Howard, the betrothed bride and devoted lover of Lord Musgrave, subjected to a fate the most humiliating, and the most deplorable, that ever noble maiden suffered, and that in full view of both armies. A loud murmur of detestation sounded from the walls of the castle, but the columns of the Scottish army stood and looked on in mute and tender sorrow. Lord Musgrave placed himself right opposite the prisoners, turned his face straight toward them, and gazed with an unmoved and undaunted air. Sir Richard addressed him in the same sentiments he had formerly expressed, the purport of which was, it will be remembered, the madness and folly of holding out the castle, now when the bright and unequalled prize for which he contended was lost. For his own life, he said, he accounted it as nothing in the scale; but the fate that awaited the lady of his love, who had shown such devotion to his person and interests, was not to be endured or permitted by any knight of honour. Lady Jane cried out to him to save her from a doom before which her whole soul shrunk; adding, that she had done much, and suffered much, for him, and would he not make one effort, one sacrifice, to save her.

"Lord Douglas," cried Musgrave, "will not a formal consignment of all my lands, titles, and privileges in the dominions of England, ransom the lives of these two?"

"Not if they were ten times doubled," returned the Douglas: "Nor shall any earthly thing ransom them, save the full and free possession of the castle of Roxburgh. I have myself suffered a loss at your hands, of which you are not aware; and, I long and thirst to revenge it on you and your house."

"Then my resolution is fixed!" cried Musgrave; "Though all England should deprecate the deed, and *though* I know my brethren in arms disapprove of it, I *must* and will redeem the lives of these two. Yes, I will *save them*, and that without abating one iota from th *honour* of the house of Musgrave. Not make one eff

Lady Jane? Not one sacrifice to save your honour and life? Effort, indeed, I will make none. But, *without* an effort, I will make a sacrifice of as high estimation for you as ever knight offered up for the lady of his love. Perhaps it may not be in my power to save you; but in the sight of these rival armies,—in yours my only brother and betrothed bride,—and in the sight of heaven,—I offer the last ransom that can be offered by man." As he said these words, he flung himself headlong from the battlement of the western tower, struck on the mural parapet around the lower platform, then on the rampart, from which he flew with a rolling bound, and flashed with prodigious force into the ample moat. There, by the weight of his armour, he sunk forthwith to rise no more. The troops of the rival nations stood aghast, with uplifted hands, gazing on the scene; but no more was to be seen of the gallant Musgrave! A gurgling boil of bloody water arose above him as he sank to the bottom,—and that was the last movement caused in this world by one whose life had been spent in deeds of high chivalry and restless commotion.

Excepting one shriek uttered by Lady Jane, the Douglas was the first to break the awful silence, which he did by these words: "There fell a hero indeed! Noble and resolute Musgrave! I cannot but envy you such a chivalrous fate as this!" Many such expressions of enthusiastic admiration burst from both armies, not in shouts of applause, for these were suppressed by sorrow, but in a low and melting pathos that bespoke the soul's regret as well as approval.

When these first expressions of feeling were over, the dark and manly countenance of Douglas sunk into more than usual gloom and dejection. All the advantages given him, and which he had deemed insurmountable by his opponents, were by this desperate act of Musgrave's extinguished. He had now no more power over the English garrison than what he could make good with his sword and his bow. To have executed his threats on Sir Richard and the lovely and romantic Lady Jane,

would only have been an act of poor and despicable revenge, which would have disgusted his own followers, and could in no degree have farthered his cause; so he ordered them back to confinement, with directions that they should be attended according to their rank.

What was next to be done? That was the great question. Douglas never once conceived the idea of giving up the enterprize; for though the princess for whom he had undertaken it was now no more, his broad domains were all engaged. The very existence of the house of Douglas depended on his success; and, besides, the king had more daughters, though none like his beloved and accomplished Margaret. Therefore Douglas had no hesitation regarding the necessity of taking the castle. He was determined to have it. But what to do next, in order to accomplish this determination, was the question. Circumstances were grievously changed with him. The garrison had got a supply across the Teviot-bridge during the time of the flood and the tempest, but the Scots could not ascertain to what amount. Sir Thomas Musgrave had been joined by some troops from the shores of Northumberland, and had issued forth with these and the greater part of the garrison of Berwick, to the amount of 5000 men, in order to make a diversion in favour of the garrison of Roxburgh. This movement by the governor of Berwick disconcerted the Douglas most of all. A party of these marauders had shown themselves on the height about Hume castle, with trumpets sounding and colours waving in the air. From thence they marched on, keeping the backs of the hills, until they came into the lower parts of Leaderdale, which they harried, burning in their way the town and castle of Ercildon. They next made a movement towards Melrose, meaning to establish themselves in the rear of Douglas, and either to cut off his supplies, or force him to abandon the siege in order to preserve his own country behind him. But when they came to the river Tweed they were opposed by the brave abbot Lawrence. He had raised all the abbey vassals and retainers, and showed fairly disposed

to dispute the passage of the English over the river. In the meantime he posted message after message to Douglas, to come, or send to his assistance, before the abbey of the holy Virgin, with all its sacred stores, should fall into the hands of their ruthless enemies.

Douglas was hardly put to it. If he drew off from a close blockade, the English were sure to take advantage of his absence, make a sally, and procure plenty of provisions; and, in that case, his only probable hope of success was cut off. On the other hand, if he suffered himself to be enclosed between two armies, his situation would become every day more precarious, and perhaps in the issue quite untenable. He was, therefore, in a manner forced to the resolution of making an effort to join father Lawrence, and of giving the captain of Berwick battle before he attained possession of the rich monastry of Melrose.

The time was now arrived when the support of Sir Ringan Redhough and his borderers was become absolutely necessary. Without their co-operation in a more close and decisive manner than that in which they had hitherto conducted themselves, he could not now proceed one foot, and his great cause was ruined. He therefore dispatched a pressing message to the chief, conjuring him as his friend and fellow-soldier, either to come and supply his place in the blockade of Roxburgh, or march with all expedition to Melrose, and give battle to the governor of Berwick. The dogged and unyielding Warden returned for answer, that it had always been his chief and undivided aim to act in concert with his noble and gallant friend, and lord superior, the Earl of Douglas and Mar. But that he had a peculiar charge from his Sovereign of the English marches, which it was his bounden duty to attend to, prior to all other considerations. Whatever he could do conformable with this first duty, should not be wanting. Finally, he sent him word, as he had done formerly, "that if he coudna take the castle, and confessed that he coudna take it, he might send word to him, and he wad take it for him."

"What does the crabbed carle always mean by that answer?" said the Douglas, when it was reported to him: "Perhaps he has some means of communication with those within the fortress, some secret friend in disguise among our enemies. Perhaps he knows of some weak or accessible point among these extensive bulwarks, or perhaps he reckons on some plausible means of surmounting them; for the devil's head is not more fruitful in expedients than his. This is a matter of such importance to me at present, that I must try to probe it to the bottom. Were I sure that he could accomplish his boasted feat, I had better engage him to it with one-third of my dominions; and at all events, I must procure the active assistance of his energetic force at present, whatever may be the equivalent required. Let my white steed Beaver be caparisoned, and my attendants in readiness; I must have an interview with this man of the mountains before I sleep."

The warden had drawn his force down to Wooler, with the intention of co-operating more effectively with the Douglas. He had heard of the advantages that lord held over his adversaries, but nothing of the late catastrophe by which they were all removed. Deeming therefore that the chances were mainly on the side of the Douglas he judged it his safest course to act in complete concert with him.

This resolution had been taken, and so far acted upon, that trusty agents had been despatched all over the country in disguise, to execute a portion of the great concerted plan, when the Douglas, at a late hour in the evening, arrived in the Warden's camp. He then had proofs experimentally of the Warden's caution and vigilance. He came upon his outposts at a great distance from the main body of his army. These withstood his passage, but seeing his retinue so small, for he was attended only by *two knights*, a squire, and a guide, they conducted him from *one post to* another, till at length they brought him *completely* guarded to the Warden's head-quarters; which was *nothing more* than a lowly cottage at Wooller haugh-head

The doughty chief and his kinsmen were still sitting
earnest conversation round a rustic table, with a tre-
ndous torch in the middle of it. This was nothing
s than a huge broken jar full of refined ox's tallow, and
low peat stuck to the head in the middle, which be-
; kindled emitted a blaze like a fish light. The gallant
ısmen were in deep consultation anent their grand
ın of warlike operations, and the more they conversed
out it the more eligible did it still appear to them, and
e more deeply did they get interested in it; so that
ıen the knight in waiting announced a stranger who
quested an interview with Sir Ringan, every one seemed
ıposed to refuse him admission.

"Tell him I am engaged," said the Warden.

"O yes. By all means. Tell him we are engaged,"
id Dickie o' Dryhope.

"If it is another message from the Douglas, I have
d enough of him," said the Warden.

"Ay, faith, we have had enough of him," said
ickie.

"Who is he? or what is he like?" enquired the War-
n.

"Ay, that is the principal thing to be attended to,"
d Dickie; "What is he like?'

"He is delivered as a knight of most noble bearing
d courtly deportment," answered the knight in wait-
;. "I suppose we must admit him, and hear what he
s to say," said the Warden, again taking his seat.

"O yes. By all means. Let us hear what he has to
y," said Dickie, sitting down likewise.

As the courtly and athletic form of the Lord Douglas
ne up the hovel, the Border gentlemen stood all up to
:eive, save Sir Ringan, who throwing himself back on
: seat, leaned his chin on his hand, and in that indif-
ent posture awaited till the quality of his guest was
ıde manifest. But no sooner did the voice of Douglas
ıch *his ear, than he rose* up to salute and receive him
h *as much ease as if* he had been his daily visitor.

You are hard of admission, noble Sir Ringan," said

he, "thus to let your friends wait at the door of your pavilion, after riding so far in the dark to see you."

"I am chafed with visitors from both countries every hour of the day, Lord Douglas; many of them coming with complaints which it is out of my power to rectify. I have therefore a sly inquisition established around me, that might haply give your Lordship some interruption. But it was your own blame. Had you announced the name of Douglas, that would have opened a lane for you from my farthest outpost to this chair, which I request you to occupy, while I take my place here at your right hand. You are welcome, noble Earl of Douglas and Mar, to our rude habitation. There is no man more so, beneath our sovereign lord the King. I give you and your attendants all kind welcome and greeting."

"You are become as much an accomplished courtier among these wild wastes as you were before an accomplished warior, Sir Ringan," said Douglas.

"I always make points of speaking as I am spoken to, drinking as I am drunk to, and going to a battle when sent for," said the Warden. "H'm h'm h'm," neighed Dickie o' Dryhope, screwing up his mouth on one side like a shrew: "It is all true our Captain tells you, Lord Douglas. That's his rule. Mh? mh? Mh? H'm h'm h'm." The Douglas cast at Dickie a curious searching glance from his dark eye that was half hid by a shaggy eyebrow; and then turning to Sir Ringan, replied, "I am heartily glad of it, noble Baron of Mountcomyn, it having been for that very purpose I sought this interview with you. Sir Ringan Redhough, you must to battle with me to-morrow."

"With all my heart, my lord," was the reply.

"Come, that is as it should be. We'll no more of it. We *can* have no more of it," said Douglas: "Let us have a flaggon of your best wine to drink success to our arms."

The wine was soon produced, with plenty of other *good cheer*, with which the Warden's camp was then *abundantly* stored; and the two chiefs conversed *together with* as much freedom, and as little apparent jeal-

ısy with regard to rank or fame, as if they had been
vo brothers. The Douglas delineated his affairs as in
ıat posture in which success could not fail him; at the
ıme time he admitted the ticklish situation in which he
ood, owing to the diversion made by the captain of Ber-
ick, and that without an instant effort he would be in-
osed between two fires. Sir Ringan answered, that he
ıd heard of the incursion, and therefore he had drawn his
oops down from the dales of Northumberland to support
s friend and firm ally in any case of necessity; and he
ıncluded by boldly proffering either to supply the Doug-
ı's place in the blockade, or march to the west, and hold
r Thomas Musgrave in check. Douglas was delighted
find the crabbed, cross-grained Warden, as he was
ont to call him, in such a complaisant humour; and
stified that delight by many well-turned compliments
ıd encomiums on his vigilance and gallant support. He
ıt introduced to all the gentlemen of the party, with
hom he exchanged civilities, desiring them all to regard
m as their friend, and one ready to do them a kindness
ıenever it lay in his power. "And now, Sir Ringan,
ıce you hold the taking of the castle of Roxburgh so
ht," said he, "I think it is meet that my men and I
ould march and give battle to Musgrave. Probably
u may have taken possession of that troublesome gar-
on before we return."

"If I do, my Lord of Douglas, I take it for myself,"
ılied Sir Ringan: "and claim all the privileges, rights,
d immunities that were to devolve on you as the reducer
it. Now, if I should take the castle of Roxburgh be-
e your return, I suspect you would find it as hard
rk to expel me, and these Border warriors of mine, as
: half-starved English that you have there already. I
ve all these brave fellows to hold in beef and malt, my
rd of Douglas; and for their sakes I have laid down a
lden rule to walk by, which is, *To do nothing for no-
ıg. If I take the* castle of Roxburgh, I take it for
ıelf and them."

ouglas became now more convinced than ever, that

the Warden knew of some flaw or some tang
the garrison; and if there existed a knowled
thing, he resolved to avail himself of it by
He knew Sir Ringan too well to suppose he
fide his secret to him, without a certainty of
advantage; and that, therefore, it behoved to
prevailing interest in it. With this view, l
him, jocularly; "Though you were to rece
was promised to me, in the event of my s
would probably find yourself only a loser b
don."

"Why, are you not to be made the king's
replied Sir Ringan? "and thereby the first
rather the first man of the realm; for, by th
and retired habits of our sovereign, you wou
whole kingdom at your beck. Call you this
Lord? Or would it be fair and reasonable,-
the thing possible, which I do not pretend to
that if my warrriors and I should put you i
of all this power, riches, and honours, would
say, that we should be again turned out to t
wastes, to live by our shifts, without reaping
of the benefit?"

"Should you take the castle for me, in r
noble Sir Ringan, your reward shall be of
naming."

"Would it not be better, Lord Douglas,
ward were settled before-hand; and, then, I
at my own risk and peril. If I deliver you
I ask no pay."

"And what is the reward Sir Ringan wo
such a piece of incalculable service?"

"My choice of seven baronies on the W
to divide amongst these gentlemen commoner
support I owe every thing."

"You are a master worth serving, brave
But such a grant would break my power o
for ever."

"It is that your power on the Borde

or ever, Lord Douglas, that I make the proffer.
fer without the venture. But you are a day's
earer to the English army,—draw off your men
before the break of day, and march against it.
upply your place at the blockade, to the west of
e, without loss of time, and answer to you at
urn for all ingress or egress that takes place in
ision. If Sir Thomas proves hard for you, you
ly to keep your men together, and fall back to-
e entrenchments. You shall find you have some
ck-friends there."

las had determined on no account to let this
of the Warden's ingenious head and powerful
he taking of the fortress pass without trial; so,
more ado, he called for the friar's tablets, and
ut a grant to Sir Ringan, in free present, of the
and lands of Gilkerscleuch, and his choice of
the best baronies belonging to the house of Dou-
he districts adjoining to the West Border, in the
f his putting James, Lord of Douglas and Mar,
ossession of the castle of Roxburgh. This grant
nd sealed, the Douglas departed, after pledging
rden and his friends in a hearty stirrup cup, both
eing alike well pleased with the agreement they
ered into. The Douglas posted back to Rox-
nd reached it just in time to put the western di-
f his army in motion at break of day; while Sir
made his musters by the light of the moon, and
l off to the siege of Roxburgh.

CHAPTER XI.

Aboon his skins he sat and rockit.
And fiercely up his bonnet cockit;
Then at ha' doors he crousely knockit
Withouten dread,
Till wives and bairns around him flockit,
But now he's dead.

Then he wad claw, and he wad hustle,
Till all the skins played rap and rustle;
While up his thighs, wi' devilish bustle,
Ran mony a ked;
Now they hae lost their game and gustle,
Sin' Robin's dead.

De'il on the yaud, that I should ban!
That brak the neck of sic ane man;
Now wha will wucked dames traupan
Wi' siccan speed?
Or drive the hides to them wha tan,
Sin' Robin's dead?
Rob Paterson's Elegy

On the same day that Douglas marched his
the Tweed towards Melrose, and the Warden hi
ers across the Border to the siege of Roxburgh,
of twelve men and thirty horses came up out of
towards Craik-Cross, the most motely group t
ever been seen traversing that wild country. T
were dressed as English peasants of the lowes
with broad unshapely hats, made of a rude felt
and hair mixed; wide coarse jockey-coats that c
low their knees; and, instead of loops or button
were bound round the middle with a broad buff-b
rest of their dress was all conformable, save that
them had a noble broad-sword girded by his side.
of their horses were loaden, some of them half
and a few had scarcely any thing on their back
But no man will guess what that loading cons
Not to keep the reader in suspense, it was of *no*
that is, of cow-hides, oxen-hides, bull-hides and
of hides that ever came from the backs of cattle.
were raw hides, and dried hides, black hides an
hides, hides with horns, and hides without horns
these consisted their loading, and nothing else.

The men alighted at Craik-Cross to bait their
and the following conversation ensued, which wil
reader into the secret who these skin-dealers w
strangely accoutred.

"Will Laidlaw o' Craik, ye're a gayan

ld. Come near me, and sit down, and tell me gin
an hae ony guess what our master the Warden can
vanting wi' a' thir confoundit ill-smelled hides?"
I hae puzzled my brain to nae purpose about it, Dan
holm; but am convinced it is some way connected
he siege of that unlucky castle; and the maist part
trows that they are for making raip-ladders, or ra-
whing-ladders, for climbing ower the wa's; an gin
be the case, Dan, there will mony ane o' us throw
our lives to little purpose."
Now to hear you talk about fock throwing away
lives! You that wad risk your life for naething
a broken crown every day o' the year. Why, Will
llaw, I hae foughten often in the same field wi' you
this time, and I never saw you set your life at a
s horn, let be the hide o' ane (for whilk we wad gie
od deal the day.) I hae seen ye ride from your ain
y, when that wing wasna hotly enough engaged, and
er into the very thickest and hettest part o' the field,
girning and laying on like some lang-nosed deil come
o' the pit. But let me tell ye, Will o' Craik, it is a
fault o' your's, and it is a clagg o' the hale clan,—
leil be your landlord, (as he has already been mine,
tly,) gin the hale tott o' ye be nae ill for saying ae
g an' thinking another. If ane hear a Laidlaw com-
ing o' pinching and poverty, ye may amaist be sure
he has the best stockit mailings, and the best filled
barrels in the country. If ye hear him complaining,
the English are herrying the Scots up, stoop and
, ye may rely on it the Scots hae been getting the
er hand and enriching themsels; and if ye hear a
idlaw pretending to be averse to a foray or a battle,
nay depend on it that his very knuckles are itching,
his teeth watering, to be at it.—Na, ye needna waul
your muckle een, Will, for ye canna deny the thing;
it is a provoking gate ye hae."
Hout, *dear Dan! we* just hae it by kind to try what
thinks on the subject a wee; to sound them like,
we tell our hale minds. But a' comes aye freely

out ere the hinder-end. at this
we wer cracking, ye ken. I
the Warden be gaun to do
keep his promise, and
the hides of every three
"There it goes now!
ken ye carena ae doit ab
baith kye and ewes already, and, on the contrary, ye
gi'e them a' to ken what
wi' thir hides. But it is ne
na help that cross gate o'
ye be drowned we may s
ae thing, Will,—ye may see
general good to us a' by
he has sent ae man o' every n
o' his native district. Ae
law, ae Chisholm, and twa o
he is always maist behad
can be the meaning o'
single conjecture; and ne
if ane o' us let oursels be found out, we lose a' chan
of reward or advantage. See, Will, ye're unco weel ka
about Craik and Howpasley,
wick, and so am I about
and thereabouts. Gang ye
night, and I'll gang to Cr
Teviot, and I shall take Borthw ck in my road. My f
ther will maybe be a wee sweer to take ye in, but y
maun make your way on him the best gate ye can; h
has the best stockit pantry on Teviot head, but a bit o
a Laidlaw's fault, complaining aye maist when he ha
least reason. He has a capital stock o' hides, but seein
that English disguise he may deny them; therefore try
him first, and if he winna produce them, gang up th
burn about half a mile, and in a lown crook, weel hidde
frae a' the world, ye'll find a bit
good hides in it. If he winna
price, ye maun e'en take them for naeth
his ain advantage."

Na, na, Dan. Weel I wat I'll do nae sic thing! I
ıa dispute wi' the auld man nor anger him for a' the
ı in the hale barony."
There again! Aye the auld man! Now, the Lord
'e ye; for ye never met wi' him a' your life but ye
ı angered him and disputed wi' him. But nae mair
t it. Take ye Sandy Pot o' the Burnfit, the queer
ım skairum devil, Tam Oliver, Bauldy Elliot, and
dy Armstrong wi' you; and I'll take Jamie Telfer
e Dodhead, Jock o' the Delorrin, Jock Anderson o'
)lace, and Geordie Bryden o' every place, wi' me,—
good luck to the skin trade!"
was one of those sort of winter days that often oc-
n January, when the weather is what the shepherds
' in the deadthraw," that is, in a struggle between
and thaw. There was a dark cloud of rime resting
ıe tops of the hills, which shrouded them in a veil
rvious to vision beyond the space of a few yards,
within that cloud the whole height appeared to be
:ed with millions of razors, every pile of bent and
ı being loaded with ice on the one side, so that each
:he exact resemblance to a razor blade, all of which
ıred to be cast in the same mould, and of the same
:iful metal. The feet of the horses as they travelled
ıgh this made a jingling noise, as if they had been
ıg among crystal. As they came lower down on
ills the air became softer, and the ground was free
ose ice-candles; but an uncommon gloom hung over
and dale.
ıd Peter Chisholm was walking on the green to the
ward of his house, looking at his ewes coming bleat-
lown from among the dark foldings of the rime, and
g to himself, "I wonder what can be word o' thae
herd callants the day, that they are letting the sheep
: a' stringing in lang raws, and rairing and bleating,
the how o' the water that gate. The country's in a
: *state e'now, for the strength* is a' out o't; a raid o'
stout English thieves wad herry the hale water. An
re to come this gate the day, my stock wad be a' gane."

Peter was proud of his ewes for all that, and, giving t
a whistle, he threw the plaid over his shoulder, set
broad bonnet up before, and turned about to go hom
look after the shepherd lads. As he turned his face
the north, he naturally cast his eye up toward the Li
cleuch hills, where it instantly embraced the appal
sight of Will Laidlaw o' Craik, and his disguised c
peers, with their fifteen horses, coming stretching d
the ridge, right opposite to Pate Chisholm's hirsel
bonny wheel-horned ewes. The old man's eyes w
dazzled in his head, and a paralytic affection seized
whole frame. "Lord pity us! Now see what's com
yonder," said Peter: "I tauld them aye what wad h
pen! but no ane wad heed me! O dool to the day!
man may soon hae muckle, and soon hae naething in
wearifu' country. O Dan, Simon, and Jock, the stren
o' my house! wherefore are ye a' gane and left y
gear to gang as it came! Dear bought! far sought!
little for the haudding."

By the time Peter got thus far with his soliloquy
was quite out of breath; for he was not only walk
fast, but he was absolutely running towards home, w
a sore stoop, and knees bent much forward. Still as
hobbled he continued to apostrophise in short senten
as he could gather a little breath now and then to utt
small portion of the concatenation of repulsive ideas
presented themselves one after another—"Naething
trash left—Daughter! Bessy Chisholm—Heh!
ye therein? May Chisholm—where's your titty? I
tafferal ruined tawpies! What are ye gaun gainde
about that gate for, as ye didna ken whilk end o' ye w
uppermost?" "That's easily kend father. What
come ower ye? Hae ye seen a warlock that ye
gaping and glowring at sic a dismal rate?" "War t
ony warlock, ye twa glaikit idle hizzies. Off wi' je
*and wily*coat, and on wi' doublet, breeks, and buskins
stantly. Belt on bow, buckler, and brand, and s
for life, limb, gear, and maidhood, or a's gane in ae
O dool be to the day! dool be to the day! Wi

ing glinting, and looking at ane anither there for? ur een up to the Carlin-rigg, and see what's A' harried! ravaged! and murdered. Come, Don your billies' claes; let us make some show; aybe save something. Warn the herd callants; stoutest of them arm, and the weakest rin and eep and cattle an' a' out o' sight amang the O dool to the day! Na, na; for a' the houses in the country here they come straight! Nae by this place."

lasses seeing their father in such a querulous nd the motely troop fast approaching, acquiesced ıandate, and without delay mounted themselves ı suit of their younger brother's clothes, while r stood over them to see that they put all to lways giving such directions as these: "Come, ɔme! strap, clasp, belt and buckle; and gudesake your cuffs. Your arms hing at your shoulder ; they were off joint. Hout fie! hout fie! Wha young chields hae sic luchts o' yellow hair hingin in the wind? Come, come, strap and string waddle it round wi' sax dizzen o' wheelbands, ɔn a steel-belted fur cap ower aboon a'. Yare, Lord sauff us! Here they come! What's to ıte? Keep close for a wee while."

ioa! Wha hauds the house?" was vollied from by the deep-toned voice of Will Laidlaw.

ɔre's nae body in but me, and I downa come to . Ye had better ride on," cried old Peter, in a ɔmulous voice.

lt thou answer to thy name, or hast thou a name ɔr to?" said Will, feigning to speak the broad nberland dialect, which sorted very ill with his "An thou be'st leel man and true, coome and guests wailcome. It is God speed, or spulzie in three handclaps."

'zie, quo the man!" exclaimed Peter: "The *end spulzie the* unmannerly gab that spake it!" *:h that he came* stooping over his staff, and

coughing to the door, speaking in a quavering treble l
"A bonny like purpose! What wad ye spulzie fra
poor auld man that hasna as muckle atween him and
grave as will pay for howking it, and buy a haga
winding sheet? Spulzie, quo he! That is a good jo
—he—he—he, (cough) hoh—hoh—hoh. I'm sae ill
that host! Eh? wha hae we a' here? Strangers
think!"

"Goodman, we were directed to your house fo
night's entertainment or two, if you are the old
yeoman ycleped Patrick Chisholm of Castle-Weary."

"Na, na! I'm nae rich yeoman! I'm naething
a poor herried, forsaken, reduced auld man! I hae
up-putting for ought better than a flea. Ye had be
ride on down to Commonside. There's plenty th
baith for man and horse. Come away, I'll set
down the length o' the ford, and let ye see the ri
gate."

"Come neighbours, let us go away as he says, W
never make our quarters good on this auld carle," s
Sandy Pot, in a whisper to his companions: "A
troth do ye ken I wad rather lie at the back of the dy
before I imposed myself on ony body. Od my hea
wae for the poor auld niggard."

"Come away, lads, come away," cried Peter. "
days are unco short e'now; ye haena time to put off.

"Stop short there, my good fellow," cried Laidl
"We have some other fish to fry with you before we
I am informed you have a large stock in hand of
goods in which we deal. You have had lucky lifts
year. Plenty of good hides with you?"

"Rank misprision, and base rascally jests on a p
auld man. Not a single hide about the hale town, fo
by the ane on my back," cried old Peter.

"My orders are, worthy old yeoman, to give
prices to such as produce their hides," said Laidl
"*But* whoever refuses, I am obliged to search for the
and if I find any I take them at my own price."

"O dear, honest gentlemen, I downa joke wi' ye

ughed Peter. "Gin ye be for a place to stay in
come away as lang as it is daylight."
ay, with your leave my good fellow, we must
ith you to-night. Hearth-room and ha'-room,
om and sta'-room, is the friendly stranger's right
Small things will serve: a stone of English beef
nd two or three pecks of oats."
ef, quoth the man? Ye may as weel look for a
orby as beef in my pantry, or aits in my barn.
no come away."
t till I makes a search for your nolt hides, honest
. To that am I bound."
four skin-dealers next the door alighted and went
ing their horses with the other two, who went and
m up in a good large stable with plenty of stalls.
an back to the house in perfect agony, speaking
elf all the way. "They are very misleared chaps
They maun surely either be Low Dutch, or else
o' Selkirk, that they are sae mad about skins. I
at how I am to get rid o' them."
two lasses appeared armed cap-a-pee like two
men; and though Bess was Will Laidlaw's own
eart, he did not recognize her through the disguise,
did she once suspect him. The two made a little
ring about the *pelt-dealers* as they called them
g the pantry, but not choosing to measure arms
iem, the weak suffered the strong to pass; and
aving his cue, soon discovered the huge barrels of
elow the ground, with empty ones above them.
ter shed tears of vexation when he saw this huge
ghly-valued store was all discovered, but had not
to say for himself, save now and then "A' fairly
by, and hardly won; and there is nae right nor law
ys honest men should be eaten up wi' sorners.
ne speir where ye come frae, or by wha's right ye
!"
Why man dost thou no hear and dost thou no see
re coome joost from Nworthoomberland!"
!" thought Peter to himself; "English thieves

after a'? I had some hopes that I could disti
Scots tongues in their heads. But a's gane, a's g

"Now auld yeoman, if thou hast a word of tro
thee, tell us where the hides are, and we will pa
for them."

"No ae hide about the town. No ane, eithe
or muckle."

"Why soore am I them coos doodnae coome t
withoot heydes, did they? That I can answer fo
had a' heydes and bones baith when they came
hwome."

"Waur than ever! Waur than ever!" exclaime
Chisholm to himself as he sought another apart
"The very men that the kye were reaved frae co
take revenge! Callant, come here and speak w
Haste to a neighbour's house, and raise the fray
shall never be a' quietly put down wi' half a dozen

"Dearest father," said May, "I dinna think th
mean ony ill, if ye wad be but civil."

"Civil or no civil, wench, it is as good to have
dozen armed men lying concealed near us," said
"An we dinna need them, the better. Rin your
and gar raise a' the auld men and the young lads
two neist towns, for there is nae ither left. Pith's
in a' play."

The maid did as she was ordered, and Peter,
that no better would be, tried to compel himsel
sort of civility, which however, sat on him with
bad grace. But, hides! hides!—nothing but hid
the burden of their enquiries: while Peter durst r
his life produce the hides, deeming that ever
would know the hides of his own kine, and wreak
vengeance on himself and household. He knew
said, what his son Dan, who took care of all these n
had made of them,—sold them he supposed to th
riers and sutors of Selkirk,—and more than thi
would not acknowledge. There was no other th
it, nor perhaps did Laidlaw want any thing else
him and his companions to walk up the burn a

ure of the whole of Peter's excellent hides, with ch they returned loaden to his dwelling. His con- on and distress of mind were most appalling when dlaw spread them all out before him, and asked in a y particular manner to be informed where he had got n. O! Peter knew nothing about them. They e not his at all. He did not know to whom they be- ged. But he would not stand to speak, turning his : always on the men, and hasting away, coughing and king to himself. He could have seen these pre- ptuous skin-men roasted on a brander, for they had put him out of all patience, and all hope!

Pray thee now, mine good friend, inform me this," Laidlaw; "Did'st thou nwot get this seame fleck- l one, and this brwoad one here, on the third of the mwonth; and here's wother three, did'st thou nwo them on the twentieth of the seame mwonth? Now me this I say? Why where is thou going groom- g inte theesel? Turn about the feace to the heydes, answer to the pwoint."

Aff hands is fair play," said old Pate: "I winna be ed wi' ony unmannerly English lown that ever I saw :en the een;" and with that he heaved his staff and ck Laidlaw across the shoulders, and over the steel net repeatedly, who was like to burst with repressed hter, but still persisted in his queries.

What ails the owld catwiddied carle," said he, "that vinno answer a ceevil question? I's jwost wanting to : to thee aboot boosiness, and thou flees out in a e and breaks me head. Come tourn again, and tell when and where thou got'st this one, see, this wheyte here! What's 't moombling at? Wolt thou tell the price of them, then?"

I want to hae naething to do wi' you, and as little ıy to you; therefore, gang about your business, and a plague a poor auld unfeiroch man. The gate is e *ye, and your company's* wanted elsewhere."

'ill would take none of these hints; he followed his *rteous host about* and about, till at last he fairly

holded him beyond the fire; and then he took his seat over against him and conversed on, while his companions dropped in one by one and joined in it. For a while they got it all to themselves, but at length Pate, not being able to make better of it, suffered himself to be drawn in by degrees to join them, still preserving the same strain of disingenuousness. They asked who the two handsome striplings were that attended him, and spread the board with provisions? He answered that they were two sons of his own. "Sons of thine?" said Laidlaw, "Whoy what are their neames?" "Simon and John," answered he; "or rather Sim and Jock, for that's how we ca' them."

"Whoy, mon, that is the queerest thing I ever heard," said Laidlaw; "Then thou hast two swons of the neame of Jock, and other two of the neame of Sim, for I saw two of that neame, strapping youths, in the Warden's camp."

Peter wist not well what answer to make; and, therefore, only added, "Ay, Ay! Were you in the Warden's camp? Then tell me, is there ony word frae my son Dan?"

"Ay man, I can tell thee sic news of Dan as thou never heard'st; he has sitten at his supper hand and neive wi' the deil." At these words one of the young men behind them (May Chisholm to wit,) uttered a suppressed scream, and from that moment Will Laidlaw smelled a rat, and soon discovered his own beloved Bess Chisholm standing gazing at him.

Bess said to the skin-dealer next to her, who chanced to be Sandy Pot, "Pray, Sir, when you were in the camp of Sir Ringan Redhough, did you note a brave trooper, a friend of ours, named Laidlaw?"

"Oh, yes, that I did," said Sandy: "I know him well." This was a glorious joke for Pot, and his comrades were afraid he would persevere in it till he put their secret out altogether.

"*How* is he reported in the army?" said she: "Is it *still alleged* that he is the bravest and most successful *battler* in the baron's array?"

ottler, I suppose you mean," said Sandy, " for as battling, God mend that. He is not noted for that I ever heard of, except for keeping a flunkey, al-i'-the-chamber, as the Frenchmen ca' it; and it rted thro' all the army, that that *wally* o' his is an h girl. I can tell you that your neighbour, Will w, is notorious for nothing else beside this."

is false as thyself, and thy perjured ungenerous " said the disguised maiden. " I know my friend honour's self, and of a house whose courage and ty were never called in question. The man that to slander him had better do it somewhere else i my presence, and under my father's roof. But aded him myself, by putting his name into the of such a mean forager as thou art! The man actions are base, always accuses the brave and us of deeds such as his own."

ess me, what ails the chiel?" said Sandy, laugh- od humouredly:—" What's the great ill o' keep- *ally*? I ainee keepit ane mysel, there's nae doubt my uncle, Gideon Scott, set up his birse, and e part wi' the creature."

rest laughed at Sandy being put out of counte- by the indignant stripling; but Bessy Chisholm on her heel, and walked out at the door, mutter- ressions about vulgarity, raw hides, and maggots; ill Laidlaw, not able to contain himself, rose and out after her in a visible state of mental agita-

As he approached the stable door quietly, into she had turned, he heard her saying to herself, law keep an English mistress in disguise! No, ow is a poltroon, and a liar, and I will not believe Will entering at that moment, seized her hand be- both his, and kissed it, saying in a passionate ' My own dear and high-spirited Bess Chisholm

er was there seen such a statue of amazement. *ies of the voice, now* uttered in its natural key, *iliar to her. But the* figure that uttered them!

To be addressed in that style by a great burly thief o
English skin-buyer, outwent all comprehension.
was in a man's dress, be it remembered,—and there
stood, with her face half raised, her ruddy lips wide a
and her set eyes of lucent blue showing a mixtur
astonishment and disdain. "What? what? Sir," wa
that she could say, until the ragamuffin figure remi
her of some love-tokens and vows, of which none k
save one. But, with a woman's natural caprice, she
was angry at him in turn having discovered her true
timents, and refused to acknowledge him as her love
that hateful disguise, unless the meaning of it was
plained to her. He told her, that the meaning of it
unknown to himself; that he took it at his capt
command; but that his fortune depended on the s
being kept.

"There you are safe, at all events," said she; "
it is well you have disclosed yourself in time, for
father has raised the country, and it is not improl
that, before to-morrow, you should have been all
men."

"I think we have been in greater jeopardies," said
"But in the mean time keep up your disguise, that
comrades may not discover your sex;—and we two
have some private discourse during the night, for I
much to say to you."

"Not I, master, I winna court ae word wi' a ma
the dress of a vulgar English boor; for it is sae hatef
me, I can like nought that's within it. Ah me! I
ill how it is; but I think I hardly detest it sae
already."

"My bonny, haughty, pawkie, sweet Elizabeth!" c
Laidlaw.—But Isaac the curate says, that, being hi
a married man, he could not go on with all the c
charged outrageous stuff that passed between these
fond lovers; so he passes it over, as well as the cor
sation at their evening meal, which Bess took car
make a plentiful and savoury one; and in the mean
she was in such high spirits herself, that the troope

w her, took the young man for the most swag-
y they had ever seen. She challenged Sandy
her with single rapier, knowing well that
uld find some means of preventing it; but it
that old Peter thought her entirely out of
for he tried to get her away from about the
e residence of one of the neighbouring gen-
men for the night, but the experiment was

saw such a goodly supper, or dinner, (for
oth in one,) set down to these uncouth, and,
welcome guests, he could not contain his
at first refused to turn out to the board, or
1 the rest. But when he saw that the good
ill go, he grew as restless as if he had been
ins, till Bess, who knew his way, took him by
d pretended to force him jocularly out to the
Peter was not ill to force; for in place of
e made all the haste into the head of the
ie could, though at the same time always re-
tell ye, callant, it is downright wastery." He,
ied as good a knife and as good a horn-spoon
em all.
ey were yet busily engaged at their meal, the
orses was heard approaching the door in a
l uncertain manner, and by a circuitous way.
disguised maids, (whom, by-the-by, we should
oy the names of Sim and Jock, as they sus-
that night,) were standing eating at the hall-
ind the backs of the troopers; and when the
as first heard, Jock grew as pale as death,
o knew what guests were within, which the
it know, shewed a courage so undaunted, that
wonderful to all present, save one, but to
icular: "O ho! The nearer night the mae
ied Sim. "Who have we next?"
eats ought I ever heard in my life!" exclaimed
think the fock be gane distractedly mad!
them a' here? Is there no another ha'

house and pantry in the hale country but mine? hard to be eaten out o' house and hald wi' corners stravaegers this gate. May Liberton's luck befa' the o' them. Callant Jock, set by that meat out o' si "Stop for a wee bit, an ye like, goodman," said Be Armstrong: "It is best aye to do ae thing afore other."

By this time the dialogue had commenced in the c Simmy went briskly to the door by himself, and dema of the strangers who they were, and what they wan They answered, with hesitation, that they supposed had lost their way, and requested to know who held house, and how it was called? "The house is hel my father, a leel Scottish yeomen," said the youth; already full of strangers to the door, as well as every of his stable with their horses. Pass on your way, peace be with you." "Did not I tell you we had our way," said the first speaker, riding up to the "Pray, who are the strangers within? We have l party of our friends."

"The men are from the south, master: free-tra they may be called. Men of horns, hides, and hair, You, I suppose, are of the same profession?" " cisely of the same," said the stranger, alighting fron horse, and entering the house.

He was followed by other two, for there were four in all, and the fourth was a boy whom they left ing their horses. When they came in upon Peter his jolly hide-merchants, they were visibly disappoi and viewed the grotesque-looking group with ma curiosity. These were not the men they expecte have found, that was evident; but perceiving their lish habits, they ventured to address them. They answered in blunt cutting terms: for our troopers l them although the disguise prevented their being k again. Having learned the name of the house an *owner*, they began forthwith to inquire if any thing *young* nobleman had been seen at that place, with *and such* attendants; for they had traced them

, they said, and if the possessors could give no
them they would be held as responsible. Old
, there were so many people came to that
it was impossible he could tell a tale of one
istinct from another; but the intrepid Sim,
is back friends, told him the whole story in a
and then asked them in turn what they had
erning it.
', I has joost to say this, young chap, that I
d thee and all the faymilie, and carry you all
before a meeting of the wardens."
nd it is prwoper reyght and prwoper reason
hey should, friend," said Laidlaw, pretending
part, to see what he would say. Will knew
nen to be three notorious English thieves, of
the Halls and Reids, and that they could not,
sent in search of the Lady Jane Howard; but
not divine their motive for coming there, or
e inquiry; therefore he took the Northumber-
e as well as he could, and encouraged them in
n till a late hour. Yet he could learn nothing;
s sure they were come about no good end.
Peter, when he saw two parties of Englishmen
him, and heard that they laid their heads to-
gave himself and all that he had up for lost;
to conciliate their favour in some measure, he
reated these last comers to sit down and share
nants of their supper, which they did in a right
ner, while Peter went out and in to learn the
found by this time nine men, well armed,
in the barn, that had gathered from the neigh-
uses, whose inhabitants were all bound to rise
one another on any emergency. These were
men or very young ones, the flower of the
tricts being all in the Warden's camp. Will
formed his sweetheart privately of his suspi-
perceiving that the strangers were extremely
d, and heavily armed, he desired her, if pos-
means of concealing their horses. This the

supposed Sim soon effected. The boy still hel at forage by the side of the old castle-wall; and ing brought in and set down to supper, some of t the barn were warned to take the horses quietly concealed house up in the hollow burn. The soon secured there; and the thieves perceiving t one left the house, never had the smallest suspi any trick, the boy being fast asleep behind the At length all of them grew drowsy, and began t pose themselves to rest as they best could, save tv lovers, that were whispering their vows and their to each other.

About midnight, when all was quiet, these twc the cry of *Welhee! Welhee!* from a neighbouring tain, which in a short time was returned from twc ent places in the valley.

"Now, I will lay my neck in wad," whispere to his sweetheart, "that there is a thief-raid to and that these three have either come here to wat or to cut your throats in case of resistance; or they may have indeed lost their party in the mist this I ken, neither a Reid nor a Hall ever came t into Scotland for good. If the fray rise, take y command, and fear nothing. My friends and defend you, and clear your way."

"But what shall we do, dear Laidlaw, with three moss-troopers and the boy?"

"We must either slay or bind them the first th do, or perhaps leave them to waddle to the hills i armour on foot the best way they can."

The maiden's heart trembled at the thoughts lay before her; as for old Pate, he kept going out a restless spirit; and if he had not lost his daught knew not where she was, he proposed to have fi doors and windows, and burnt all the nine Engl *where* they lay, for he had no faith in any of *and weened* them all come for the purpose of *him.* As he was going about preparing matters *laudable* purpose, one of the shepherd lads cam

id related a dismal tale. He said, that he and his ions had driven out all the sheep and cattle to the among the mist, as they had been commanded; the course of the evening they heard many calls istles around them; and just as the moon rose a f English thieves came round them, and drove ll off towards Bilhope-head. Peter's assembled advised him to take the skin-men's fifteen horses, at remained at home of his own, and ride off and ecover the prey, without alarming his dangerous ; but Peter was bent on fastening the doors, and ; them skin and bone, for he said they would et so easily quit of them. The two anxious lovers a bustle without, opened the casement, and over- part of these perplexed words and reasonings. astening out to join counsel, they raised the fray

The heroic Sim flew to horse, and desired all re friends to the Scots to follow, while Laidlaw ed his compeers, saying, "Up, lads, and let us ur host must not be herried while we are under

", no!" exclaimed the thieves, all in a breath; ust not be herried and we under his roof;" and no eared in half such hurry as they were to mount gone.

op short, my good fellows, till I speak with you inute," said Laidlaw: "Make me sure which side l take before you go, else one foot you stir not at fire-side. I know you for Anthony Reid of iope, and those for two of your cousins of Tersit- nd shrewdly suspect you to be at the head of the

iony drew his sword: so did Laidlaw. But the troopers were bold and desperate fellows; and Laidlaw's friends could gather round him to his ce, the three having covered themselves with their s, *forced their way out*, back to back, and ran *Pot through the left* shoulder, who pressed on *rashly. When* they missed their horses, and

saw that they were clean gone, they foamed like as many furies, and setting their backs to the wall, swore they would fight it out. The combat might have been attended with much bloodshed, had not all the people rushed from the barn, and overpowered them. They were then taken into the house and bound, while Pot and May Chisholm, alias Jock, were left as guards on them, with orders to kill the first that should offer to loose either himself or any of his companions. This whole scene was quite beyond Peter Chisholm's capacity. He could in nowise conceive how the one party of Englishmen assisted with such energy in detecting and binding the others. Still he was any thing but satisfied; the matter having outgone his comprehension, as well as that of all his associates, save one.

They now mounted without delay, and rode with all manner of speed toward the Pass of the Hermitage, by which path they supposed the droves must necessarily proceed; and just as they went down the Redcleuch, leading their horses, they saw the cattle passing at the foot of it. The party amounted scarcely to their own number; but the sheep-drivers were not come in view; so they mounted their horses, and instantly mixed with the men behind the drove, without offering to stop the cattle. At the same time they placed a guard of two farther behind, to prevent all intelligence from passing between the two parties. When this was effected, Simmy challenged the cattle as his father's, and desired the drivers to give them up; but to this the captain of the gang, whose name was Gabriel Reid, the younger brother of Anthony, and captain in his absence, only mocked, imitating the sharp treble notes of the petulant younker, and telling him that he would not give them up for three score such men as *he* was, else he was better than he looked. As he said this, however, he kept a curious eye on the rough exterior of the tall athletic English peasants by whom the youth was surrounded, which Laidlaw perceiving, accosted him in his feigned tone.

"Whoy, friend, we are countrymen of thee own, and

know thee full weel. Thou's Gabriel Reid of Trochend. But thee billy Anty is taken prisoner this seame mworning, and if thou disna gie up the kie, his head will be chappit off, as weel as these of thee twa coosins the Ha's. See thou hast ney choice left but to yield up thee ill gotten gain."

"And what dog art thou, that takest part against thee own countrymen?" said Reid.

"Oo, I's a dealer in the leather line, as weel as all my friends there. We have our free passages and warranty for the good of both countries; but we are honest men, and by chance were lodged in the house of the owner of these coos, and must see joostice doone to him. I boond thee brwother with mee own hands."

"Then the devil bind thee, thou traitor knave! and for thee reward, this to thy harnpan!" said Gabriel, drawing out his sword, and attacking Laidlaw without more ado. Will, who was never backward at a brulzie, received the encounter without flinching, and calling for fair play and elbow-room, both proceeded to decide the day by single combat, while the rest drew aloof and looked on, encouraging them only with cheers and applausive words. Laidlaw was mounted on Anthony Reid's gallant steed, which Gabriel remarked, and that added to his rancour against the skin-man at least ten degrees. The ground was exceedingly bad, so that they could not wheel for weapon-space without a parley; but neither would ask it. They fought close together, first with their swordblades, and afterwards, as their horses came in contact, they dashed each other with their hilts. Both were slightly wounded, but Laidlaw rather had the worst of it. "Beshrew thine heart, if thou hast been a skin-merchant all thy life," said Gabriel, as he turned his horse in the path for another encounter. They had now changed sides, and this encounter was longer and more inveterate than the first. Laidlaw not being quite master of his *mighty and furious* steed, was twice in im-*minent danger, losing his* broad slouched hat in the *struggle, the crown of which* was cross-barred with steel

Poor Sim had changed colours ten times sinc
combat began ; and, on seeing this last struggle, h
all command of himself, and rushed with his sword
to Laidlaw's rescue. *Himself*, did I say? alas, n
knew the true sex, save her lover, and no one inte
till she was met by an English trooper half-way, wh
horsed and wounded her with as much ease, of c
as she had been a child. Will's eye caught the
glance of her, as she was falling, and galloping up
rescue, bare-headed as he was, he clove the tro
burgonet, and slew him at the first stroke. Reid f
ed him up; but Laidlaw's spirit, now fully propor
to the high mettle of his steed, was a match for any
He rode against his antagonist with all his fury
having the advantage of the brae, overthrew hors
man, and galloped over them. Then throwing hi
from his horse, and seizing the forlorn warrior b
throat, called out with a voice of fury,—"Rescue
rescue?" "No rescue! Redsdale to the fray!" w
resolute and fatal reply. Will could not stand to r
any more at that time, so, without more ado, he ra
through the body, and flew to the rescue of his be
and heroic Elizabeth, for there the combat begs
thicken. She was on her feet ere he arrived, and
guarded, and mounting her palfrey, she bade her
head the fray, and pay no regard to her, for sh
nothing the worse. He, however, saw the blood
her bassonet, and was roused to perfect fury. The
tle now became general; but it was no regular en
ment, being scattered here and there through all
drove—some fought before the cattle, some behind
and some in the middle. It was reported, that a
time there were fifteen single combats all going on
same instant. Therefore, to have been an engage
on a small scale, it proved a very bloody one,
being slain and wounded on both sides. But the
mendous skin-merchants bore down all before
wherever they went. These were inured to
while the thieving moss-troopers, as well as the

the Scottish side, were only used to desultory warfare. The bare-headed leather-merchant, in particular, was a dismal sight to the forayers, for having soon rid himself of his first antagonist, he continued galloping about the field wherever he saw two engaged, and cut down all of the adverse party as he went, or rode them down, giving, with every stroke, a hard grin and a grunt. The men thought the devil was come among them, or else that he had fairly taken possession of a skin-merchant; and giving up the contest, a few of them tried to escape by flight, which they did by quitting their horses, and gaining some inaccessible ground. The drivers of the sheep likewise made their escape, for they found the droves deserted in the Hope. The weakest of the men having been left behind with them, they had come in view of the field of combat, and, marking how it terminated, had sped them away out of danger.

Chisholm's party brought home five prisoners with them, twelve English horses well caparisoned, and all the prey, save one ox that Will Laidlaw had ridden over and slain in the plenitude of his wrath. The Scots had no fewer than nine killed and grievously wounded out of their small party, of whom one of the latter was the brave and lovely Bess Chisholm, who was so faint, that Will was obliged to carry her all the way home on his horse before him, clasped to his bosom, he not failing to kiss her pallid cheek many a time by the way, while all the rest wondered at Laidlaw's great concern about the youth. When Peter saw his child borne into the house pale and wounded, he lost all recollection of the secret of her sex, and cried out "O my poor Bess! my dear daughter! What had I ado making a man of thee! Thy blood is on thy old father's head. Alas, for my beloved daughter!"

"Daughter!" exclaimed they all again and again, "Daughter!" re-echoed Will Laidlaw, as if he had not known *well before.* "Daughter?" cried the skin-men; *"Have we then been led* to the field by a maid? Shame *on our heads that suffered* the overthrow! against the

rules of chivalry as her attempt was! Alas, for the gallant and high spirited young dame!"

They put her to bed, and dressed her wounds, and from all appearances had high hopes that she was more afraid and fatigued that hurt. She soon fell into a quiet slumber, in which they left her, and retired to take some refreshment, and talk over their morning's adventure. It turned out as suggested, that their three prisoners were the three chief men of the gang, who had completely lost themselves and all traces of their companions among the mist; and having heard a report of the seizure formerly made at that place, they cunningly tried to pass themselves off as messengers sent in search of the lost travellers. If they had been with their own party, they would have proved an overmatch for the Chisholm's. The Reids and Halls had been herried of their whole live stock by the Warden's people, and learning that the greater part of it was driven up into these mountains, they naturally wanted to make some reprisals, and recover their own again. Had it not been for their misfortune in separating, and the exertions of the gallant hide-men, they would have effected their purpose with the utmost ease. It proved a luckless raid for them, for they lost all their horses, the greater part of their men, and the chief, and six of his friends, were sent prisoners to the castle of Mountcomyn.

The country people at Chisholm's board were loud in praise of the skin-men, and of their trusty and gallant behaviour; in particular, they averred that Laidlaw had killed the half of the thieves with his own hand, for that he rode about the field like a resistless angel, destroying all before him. When Peter heard that he fought so valiantly for the recovery of his stock, and saved his darling daughter's life, his heart warmed toward him, and he bid him ask any thing of him he chose that was in his power to give, and he should not be said nay. Will *at once* asked the maid whose life he had saved for his *wife.* Peter hesitated, and said it was hard to bestow *the flower* of all the Chisholms on an English a

rchant, a man who seemed to have neither house nor
ne, or was ashamed to own them. However, as he
l proved himself a warrior and a hero, Peter consented,
vided the maid grew better, and was herself satisfied
h the match. Will said he asked her on no other
ns, and went to see her before he departed. She was
l sound asleep, or pretended to be so ; therefore, un-
ling to disturb her, he breathed a blessing over her,
l impressed two or three warm affectionate kisses on
lips. As he came away he felt a slight pressure of
arms around his neck.

When Sandy Pot learned that the lovely youth with
om he had watched the prisoners all the night and
rning of the battle was a maid, and the younger sister
his gallant friend Dan, Sandy's wounds grew so ill,
it he could not be removed, so he remained where he
s, and the other four went off with their uncouth
ding. They found Dan Chisholm at Hawick waiting
them in the utmost impatience, having collected no
wer than twenty horse-loads of hides, every one of
em in size like a hay-stack, and away the motley train
arched and joined the Warden on the night after his
rival before the walls of Roxburgh.

CHAPTER XI.

So they shot out and they shot in,
Till the morn that it was day,
When mony o' the Englishmen
About the draw-brigg lay;
When they hae yoket carts and wains,
To ca' their dead away,
And shot auld dikes aboon the lave,
In gutters where they lay.

Ball. of Old Mettlin.

The expedition of the Douglas against Musgrave is, *the innumerable* Border battles of that reign, only

shortly mentioned by historians; and although it w
notable encounter, and is detailed by Isaac at great len
it lies out of our way here. Let it suffice that they
mished cautiously for two days with various success,
at last came to an engagement on a field right opp
to the junction of the Tweed and Gala. After a
fought battle, Douglas' left wing was discomfitted;
just as he was arranging his force so as to cover the
treat, an unaccountable confusion was noted among
English ranks, which seemed to be engaged anew,
with one another, there being no other army nigh.
glas, recalling his routed squadrons, faced about, but
vanced with caution, till he saw Musgrave's army br
and flying in all directions. This gallant feat wa
complished by a Sir John Gordon, who was on his
with seven hundred fresh men to the assistance of
glas; and as he came on the English ranks behind at
important crisis, he broke them at the first onset
took Sir Thomas Musgrave prisoner with his own h

Thus far the affairs of Douglas wore the aspe
prosperity—but a settled gloom hung over his mind
oppression of spirits was apparent in every sentence
he uttered and every plan he suggested, and these
far from being traits of his wonted disposition. Bu
monk Benjamin had been with him again and agai
had been harrassing his soul with commissions and
sages from the mansions of the dead; and one nigh
heard the voice of his lost and dearly regretted prin
speaking to him in his tent, as it were out of the ca
Still the most solemn injunctions of secrecy were im
on him, insomuch that he deemed himself not at li
to open his mind to any one. Besides all this, the
consolate Mary Kirkmichael had been constantly li
ing nigh to him, and always presenting herself i
utmost agony of mind, to make inquiries about her
mistress. That lady's appearance became so terrib
him that he was unable to bear it, and gave strict ch
that she should not be suffered to come within the
of his camp. But for all that, availing herself

t and her sex's privilege, she forced her way to him
ral times, and at every visit filled his soul with the
t racking torments.

After the intrepid Lord Musgrave had sacrificed his
life in order to save those of his only brother and
lady of his love, Clavering was unanimously chosen
tain in his room, and every soldier took a new oath
im to die in defence of the fortress. The commis-
of which he accepted was a dismal one; but he
ered into all the feelings of the famishing inmates
their hatred of the Scots, and implacable enmity
nst them,—therefore, he was the very man for their
pose.

Every attempt of the besiegers to scale the walls of
castle, or to gain an entrance by fraud or force, had
erto proved utterly abortive; the determined sons of
land laughed at them, regarding them in no other
t than as freaks of mere insanity, or the gambols of
dren. The fortress was impregnable with such heroes
in, had they been supplied with sufficient stores of
and of arrows, both of which had long been exhausted;
though a small and welcome supply of the former
been obtained during the tempest and the flood which
wed, yet, it proved rather more hurtful than advan-
ous, for they devoured it with such avidity that the
emper, with which they had formerly been visited,
te out among them with greater violence than ever.
disregarding all these privations, which a looker-on
ld suppose might naturally tend to break the human
rt and daunt the resolution of the boldest,—with fa-
e and pestilence both staring them in the face,—they
nd themselves by a new and fearful oath never to
d the fortress to the Scots while a man of them re-
ned alive. Every new calamity acted but as a new
r to their resolution; and their food being again on the
y eve of exhaustion, their whole concern was how to
cure *a new supply.* *Not* that they valued their own
or their own sufferings,—these had for a good while
only a secondary consideration,—but from the ex-

cruciating dread that they should die out, and the
attain possession of the fortress before Christmas.

The warders soon noted the alteration that had t
place in the beleaguering army. They perceived
ground that had formerly been occupied by the A
men, and the Mar Highlanders, now taken up by the
athletic, and careless looking borderers, against v
they found their antipathy was not so mortal: and
had some surmisings of what really was the case, t
strong diversion had been made in their favour, that
drawn off their inveterate and hateful enemy Do
from the siege. Every hour convinced them farth
the truth of this suggestion; for they perceived a la
in the manner of conducting the blockade which
had not witnessed for many days, and all their con
tion turned on the manner in which they ought to
themselves of it. The carelessness of the besi
themselves, or something subordinate thereto, soon
nished an opportunity to them of putting their
once more to the test, and that by an adventur
most ardently desired. On the second day afte
departure of Douglas, the warder on the topmost
perceived, on a rising ground two miles to the south
about thirty head of cattle, that came gradually in
as a wing of a large drove might be supposed to do
after they had fed for some time there, two men
before them and chased them back out of sight o
castle, as if a great oversight had been committed b
ting them come in view of it. Notice of this impo
discovery was instantly given to the captain, and the
spreading among the garrison, many a long and lo
look was cast from the battlements and loopholes o
high western tower that day. They were not ca
vain. Just toward the fall of evening they percei
part of the drove appear again only a very short
from the castle, and they likewise perceived by thei
ours that they were a drove of English beasts whic
been brought from their native pastures by the
hand of rapine, for the supply of this new com

They perceived likewise that they approached
my by a concealed way, that the two glances they
them were merely casual, and that they were very
y guarded.
ouncil of war was immediately called, in which it
greed, without one dissentient voice, that the gar-
hould make a sham sally at the eastern draw-bridge,
ith intent to gain the city, in order that they might
he attention of the besiegers to that point; and in
eantime the captain, with the choicest of the men,
o march out by Teviot-bridge, of which the garri-
d necessarily the sole possession, and endeavour
e the prey. Thence they were to proceed west-
and try to elude the enemy's posts, or give them
if the former were found to be impracticable; but
events, either to die or succeed in attaining that
le supply, or a part of it. The success of the con-
w turned on that single point as on a pivot; the
e was against them, but, that being turned in their fav-
by an exertion of warrior prowess, they could then
on a complete triumph over their unappeasable foes.
ides, every thing seemed to concur in support of
allant expedition. The nights were dark even be-
their usual darkness at that gloomy season, and the
did not arise till two in the morning. Both these
nstances were in their favour,—the one in attaining
sion of the prey unperceived, and the other in en-
them to fight their way home; for they knew that
h they themselves might pass the strong Scottish
favoured by the deep darkness, still it was impos-
o bring the drove through them, and along the
, without a hard skirmish. The captain, therefore,
command to the division left behind, that the more
they heard of an engagement about the bridge of
t, and the gate towards the west, the more they
d press their *battle eastward*, to divert the strength
army to that quarter. Because on that side the
ould make no impression, and the English could
hing there save a few lives, which they accounted

of small avail; but if the expedition to the west failed their cause was finally ruined..

That was a busy evening within the walls of Roxburgh while all was quietness and indifference without. Within there was arming and disarming, for the suits of armour that once fitted these emaciated warriors would now hang on their frames. There was grinding of swords pointing of spears and ox-goads, and even the slaughter houses of the fort were cleared, with a provident concern seldom overlooked by Englishmen; and at eleven o'clock at night, by the convent matin bell, Clavering, with five hundred chosen men, well armed, issued silently from the garrison, creeping along the Teviot-bridge on their hands and knees. From that they proceeded westward in the most profound silence, and so close by the Scottish posts, that they heard them breathing and conversing together. One party crept up all the way with the water-brae, and the other, led by Clavering himself past through between two Scottish posts, drawing themselves along the ground close on their breast, and once or twice were obliged to squat close down, and lie silent for a considerable space, while the following dialogue passed between the sentinels.

"Od, Sandy Scott, think ye it can be true that the English are eating ane another?"

"There's nae doubt o't. I hear that they're snapping up five o' the fattest o' their number every day. They will eat themselves out bit by bit that gate."

"Aih wow, man! I wad rather die o' hunger than pick the banes of ane acquaintance. Bursten devils, that they are!"

"Aha, Sandie, billie, ye dinna ken till ye be tried. A man will do ought or he die o' hunger. An do you ken Sandie Scott, I think our captain has done wrang in bringing sae mony fat bullocks a' sae near the castle at this *time*. Thae hungered louns will hae a haud o' some o' *them*, and maybe cut a wheen o' our throats into the *bargain*, some o' thir dark nights."

"*Now*, ye see neighbour, I ken nae well the

aster never does the sma'est thing without some design, at I think he wants to wile out the English, and then ll them; and that he has brought a' thir braw stots o'er e border, just on the same principle that a fisher throws bait into the water."

"Na, na, Sandie, that canna be the case, for he has en strict orders that no ane o' them be suffered to me within sight o' the castle. He just thinks the asts canna be sae safe ony where else as beside himsel' d his lads. But hunger has sharp een, and I wadna nder if this drove should lead to some hard tulzie."

"Whisht! Godsake, haud your tongue! What's that ear?"

"The English, I'll warrant you. If hunger hae clear een, r has unco lang lugs. What was it that Sandie heard?"

"I heard a kind o' rubbing and thristing, as a fox or oumart had been drawing himsel' through a hole aneath ground. Hilloa! What guard?"

"Howpasley and Gemelscleugh."

"Watch weel. There's something stirring."

"Not a mouse."

"So say the sleeping foresters; but I can tell you, n o' Gemelscleuch and Howpasley, an there be nought ring aboon the ground, the moudies are very busy ath it the night. Clap close, and keep an e'e on the hergloom. I had a heavy dream at nightfa,' and I'm olved no to close an e'e. Come neighbour, tell a tale, say a rhame to keep us wauking."

"Have ye heard the new ballant made by the rhiming minie o' Selchrit, the queerest thing ever was heard? begins this gate—

The Devil he sat in Dornock tower,
And out at a slip-hole keekit he,
And he saw three craws come yont the lift,
And they winged their flight to the Eildon tree.
O whow, O whow, quo the muckle deil,
But you's a sight that glads my ee,
For I'll lay the steel brander o' hell
There's a storm a-brewing in the west countrye."

* * * * * * * *

"Whisht, for heaven's sake! I heard the tod again. Hilloa! Gemelscleuch to the glaive! Hare lug and hawk e'e, or there'll be news afore the morn that's unheard tell o' yet."

"And that there will! Saint David be with us! and the blessed Saint Mary, the mother of God, be with us! Hist havering, say Benedicite."

At that instant a sharp breeze arose which drowned the noise, and Clavering and his men passed fairly by on their perilous expedition. Beyond the next hollow they found the cattle all lying puffing and dozing on a round hill. An immense drove of them there seemed to be, for the hill appeared to be literally covered, but the night was as dark as pitch, and they could see nothing distinctly. Clavering gave his commands in a whisper to his chief men, to surround the whole drove, and drive them furiously, that by these means they might throw the enemy's lines into confusion. "We have the advantage of the ground," said he; "the bridge is clear, and the gates open. Let us play the men for once, and our difficulties are all over. Providence has favoured us beyond what could have been calculated on. Our force is superior to that of our enemies on this side the river. On whatever side our column is attacked, let us keep a running fight, so as to push on and preserve the prey, and the day is our own: And now, Saint Anthony for the right!"

The men then formed themselves into a crescent behind the cattle six-line deep, and with club, goad, and spear pushed them on. There were a few dour lazy driving runts behind that bore all the thumps, but the bulk were high-spirited, and galloped off on the path toward Roxburgh with the utmost fury, insomuch that the delighted drivers never got a sight of them. They broke through the Scottish lines without either stop or stay. The alarm was instantly given, but a night muster is always attended with some delay. So the English thought,—so they said; and to their great joy they found their suggestions realized; for not till the last cow was past the strong line of posts on the height were they attacked

y the Scots. But then, indeed, the Gemelscleuch and Howpasley men set upon them with unparalleled fury and being every five minutes joined by more of their companions, they pressed hard upon the English, who, being obliged to keep up a retreating battle, fell thick on the brae beyond the bridge. The brave and judicious Longspeare himself led the attack, and behaved like a lion; for though wounded in three different places of the body, he fought in the front of the main battle all that night.

The Scots, to the utter amazement of their enemies, never once offered to stop the cattle, but merely attacking the English crescent behind, drove them and cattle and all towards the bridge. This Clavering and his chief men attributed wholly to the surprise by which the Scots were taken; and when the former saw the dark column of cattle take the bridge, he thanked the God of heaven, the blessed Virgin, and all the saints whose names were known to him, for such a wonderful success and merciful deliverance. The English host then raised such a shout of triumph that the echoes called from the castled towers to the forest, and from the forest to the distant rocks. The Scots soon joined in it with equal enthusiasm; and the two armies then engaged at the eastern gate, also joined their voices to the general chorus. The grey friars of Roxburgh, and the Benedictine monks of Kelso, raised their heads from their flinty pillows, committed themselves to heaven, and deplored the madness and folly of the men of the world. The city dames wept and prayed, and the men ran to head-quarters to learn the cause of the uproar. The sounds were actually heard in the camp of Douglas, at the distance of sixteen miles; and when this was reported to him next morning, he said, "Then is the Redhough on the ramparts of Roxburgh!"

But man's thoughts are vanity! He cannot judge of events so as to calculate on what is to happen from one moment to another: incidents of the slightest moment often having the effect of overturning the greatest and most momentous enterprizes. Never was there one so

nearly overturned as this, although it was not once thought of till afterwards,—and it was on this wise: There was a strong guard of English placed at the south end of the bridge, to guide the foremost of the drove on to it, or help to cut a way for the cattle through such troops as might interpose. The cattle, as was said, came galloping furiously without intervention, and, as if led by an unseen providence, took the bridge with all their vigour, the battle being then raging behind them, and the shouts beginning to rend the sky. This guard had nothing to do, of course, but to open into two lines, and give them head. But at the end of the bridge there was a deep puddle, and among the men there chanced to be a little boy who was running about and thrashing the cattle as they went through this puddle, which made them spring up the arch with redoubled velocity, which the urchin thought good sport. But in the midst of this frolic he bolted away at once with such velocity that he had almost overthrown one of the men in the file, and as he ran he cried out, "Lord, saw ever ony mortal the like o' that?" "What was it, rash idiot?" said the man. "Grace and mercy man did you not see how yon great black stott stood straight up on his hin legs and waded the pool?" said the boy. "Take that to clear your eyes, impertinent brat," said the man, and gave him a blow with his fist that made him run away howling and crying, always repeating as he went, "I'll tell your captain,—now! 'at will I that—now!"

The combat behind the cattle thickened apace. The English were sore borne down on the hill, but when they came to the little plain at the bridge-end they stood firm, and gave as hard blows as they got. They had fairly gained their aim, and their spirits, so long depressed, mounted to an unusual height. The last lingering hoof of the whole countless drove was now on the arch, and *they* could calculate on holding out the fortress against *their* hated foes not only to Christmas, but till that time *twelvemonth*. Their shouts of joy were redoubled. So *also* were those of the Scots. "The people are mad

they, "thus to shout for their own loss and their
defeat. It is a small trait of the cursed perversity
he whole nation!"
he English narrowed their front and narrowed their
t still as their files found room on the arch of the
ge, which was long and narrow, and very steep at the
h end, that rose directly from the plain. But the
up to the castle by the two tremendous iron gates
likewise exceedingly steep, and went by a winding
nt, so that the latter end of the drove, those dull
ing ones that bore all the strokes, got very slowly up,
with great difficulty. There was a guard of consid-
le strength left in this gateway by Clavering, lest
attempt should be made by the enemy to enter in
absence. But these men had strict charges to clear
way for the cattle, and help to drive the foremost
up the steep. The fore part of the drove however
e up to the steep with such main fury, that the men
e glad to clear a way for them, by flying out of the
up to the citadel. There was not a man left in the
way, save two at each of the iron portcullises, and
e stood in deep niches of the wall, out of all danger.
h of these men held the end of a chain that was
ted round an immense bolt in the wall,—and these
s are to be seen sticking to this day. On untwisting
chain the portcullises fell down, and when they were
aise up it was done with levers. Well, as the two
rmost men stood in their niches, holding by the ends
heir chains, they observed, that two of the oxen that
came in, nay the very first two that came in, turned
nd their ugly heads, leaned their sides to the wall,
kept in their places, the one on the one side and
other on the other, till the whole drove passed them.
men could not move from their posts to drive them
with the rest, but they wondered at the beasts; and
one cried to the other, "What can ail them two
ps?" "*O them are two* tired ones," said the other:
m them for two ugly monsters! they look as them
een dead and roosen again."

At length, by dint of sore driving and beating, the last hoof of the Warden's choice drove passed inward through the castle gate of Roxburgh, for the maintenance of his irascible enemies. Could anything be so unfortunate? or how was he to set up his face, and answer to the Douglas now? But the Redhough was determined that he would set up his face and answer to the Douglas and his country too, as well as to his kinsmen and followers, whom he valued highest of all. Just as the last lazy cow crossed the gate, and when the triumphant shouts of the English were at the loudest, the two great lubberly oxen that stood shaking their ugly heads, and leaning against the wall, ripped up their own bellies; and out of two stuffed hides, two most ingenious cases, started up no less men than Sir Ringan Redhough and his doughty friend, Charlie Scott of Yardbire. Off went the heads of the two porters in one moment, and down came the portcullis with a thundering rattle, and a clank that made the foundations of the gate shake. "Now, southern lads, hand ye there!" cried the Redhough. "Time about is fair play. Keep ye the outside o' the door threshold, as lang as ye hae gart us keep it."

They next went up and seized the other two porters, whom they saved alive, to teach them how to bolt, bar, open and shut the gates, but the men had taken the oaths with the rest, and remained obstinate. No threatening could make them move either finger or tongue except in mockery, which provoked the Redhough so that he despatched them likewise. On reaching the great square the Warden found his men in peaceable possession. Six score brave chosen men had entered among the cattle, each in a stuffed ox or cow hide, and had now like their captain cast their sloughs, and stood armed at all points to execute his commands. They found nothing to do, save a prodigious difficulty in working their way from the western to the eastern gate. There were so many *turnings* and windings; so many doors and wickets; so *many ascents* and descents,—that an army might have *gained possession* of the one end and yet have been kept

out of the other for years. But the surprise here was so complete, that the Borderers had in fact nothing to do but to keep the possession, thus obtained in so easy and at the same time so gallant a style. The shouts that arose from the western battle had so much encouraged those at the eastern gate, that they had sallied out, and attacking the besiegers sword in hand, had driven them back within their strong line of defence. This retreat was a part of the plan of the Scots to draw off the remaining force from the gate, and while they were in the hottest of the skirmish, down came Redhough and his lads from the interior of the castle behind them, cut down the few guards about the entrance and the draw-bridge with ease, and having raised that, and shut the double gates on that quarter likewise, he placed the Armstrongs there as a guard, and returned into the interior, still uncertain what enemies he had to combat within.

This mighty fortress was, from the one draw-bridge to the other, a full quarter of a mile in length, walled and moated round, and contained seven distinct squares or castles, every one of which was a fortress of itself. But the strongest of all was the division on the western part, which was denominated the citadel, and had gates and bars of its own, and towers that rose far above the rest. Into this strong place the sole remnant of the English soldiers had retreated, which consisted merely of the guard that kept the western porch and made way for the cattle, a few stragglers beside, and some official people that kept always within. Through every other part of the castle the Scots found free passage; and by the time the moon had been risen for an hour, the shouts of "A Douglas! a Douglas! a Redhough! a Redhough!" were heard from every part of the walls, excepting the western tower. There indeed a faint and subdued shout announced at intervals the name of the King of England, for it was now no more a Musgrave! and as for Clavering they wist *not whether* he was dead or alive, taken *or at liberty.*

When the first ranks of the Englishmen that came

up behind the castle saw the gates shut against them, they took it for some accident, or some mistake that the porters had fallen into, on listening to the shouts of the adverse parties; but after calling and remonstrating to no purpose, they began to suspect that there was treason at the bottom of it, and the whisper of treason spread among that part of the forces which was now forced against the gate. They could do nothing; for they neither had room to fight nor fly, and they knew not whom to suspect or what had befallen them. As for those at the farther end of the bridge, they were so hotly engaged with their opponents, that they had little time to consider of any thing; but finding themselves fixed to the spot, and no movement making toward the gate, they conceived that something there was wrong, which retarded the regular entrance of the troops for so long a time. They now fought only three to three abreast on the steep arch of the bridge, down which the English drove the Scots six or seven times, the latter always returning to the charge with that vigour which a certainty of success inspires. Clavering fought them in the rear, and in the hottest of the battle still encouraging his men to deeds of desperate valour, little weening how matters went within. But when the names of the Scottish chiefs were resounded from the walls, every heart among the English was chilled and every arm unnerved in one instant. They had no conception how the thing could have happened; it appeared so far beyond all human power to have effected it, that it was several hours before it gained general credit among them. They had kept the fortress so long, with so little dread of its being wrested from them, and withal suffered so much in it, that they could not believe the evidence of their senses, that by a course of events entirely of their own planning, they should be all without the walls, and the Scots within. It was like a work of enchantment.

The Scots could make no impression on them upon *that long* narrow bridge; but they could not long stand *cooped up* there; and when they saw that all hope of

ing entrance was lost, they threw themselves over
ı parapet, and took possession of the steep bank be-
the bottom of the southern wall and the river
t. The river being dammed below, it stood like a
ound the bottom of this bank, which was so steep
hey could not stand on it, but were obliged to
er alongst it on their hands and feet. Escape being
cticable, the Scots suffered them to take possession
t bank undisputed, and to keep it, supposing they
surrender next day; but a great number were slain
the latter end of the train was disentangled of the
.

e Scots had now free access to the gate, into which
lscleuch and Howpasley were admitted. The
en embraced them, and thanked them for their wise
el, as well as their great bravery, and they again
out traversing and surveying the fortress, concern-
ich Charlie Scott said, "It wad tak a man a year
day to find out a' the turnings and windings
it."

e battle at the eastern draw-bridge had continued
nidnight without intermission; and after the break
our chiefs witnessed a scene from the walls that
ithout a parallel. That division of the Scots
was composed of Douglas' men, being the same
that were there before, and they were com-
d by Sir James Douglas of Dalkeith. That knight
ivate intelligence of the Warden's intention to
the castle, by what means he knew not, but re-
to hold himself in readiness; and, as he was de-
when the sortie was made, he retreated at first,
g them off from the gate. When the cry arose
ie castle was taken, his men became frantic with
d resolute on taking ample vengeance on their ene-
hey burst upon them without regularity, making
avoc, and at the same time throwing away many
r own lives. Sir James with great difficulty re-
them, called a parley, and offered the expelled
quarter; but they returned for answer, that they

weened he had called the parley to ask quarter of them, and they had determined to refuse it. They concluded by telling him to see to himself, and insult them no more by such messages, for as yet he knew not with whom he was warring. The battle was then renewed by the light of the moon with greater fury than ever; they fought like baited bears, with recklessness of life and the silence of death. Deadly hate was in every thrust, and the last words of every falling warrior were, "Have at them yet."

When the day light arose, the English fought within a semicircular wall of mangled carcasses; for grievous to relate, they were not corpses; yet were they piled in a heap higher than a man's height, which was moving with agonized life from top to bottom, and from the one end to the other; for the men having all fallen by sword wounds, few of them were quite dead. The English were now reduced to a small number, yet, in the strife, their ardour seemed to prevail over that of their opponents. The Border chiefs, inured as they were to war, stood amazed, and even shocked, at the scene presented to their view. Yardbire was the first to deprecate it in these words; "Gude faith, Sirs, it strikes me, that this is rather carrying war to an extremity."

"Rescue! rescue!" shouted the Warden: "Give quarter to these men, for my sake. I will pay their ransom myself."

When the Douglas' vassals heard this they lowered the points of their swords, and drew back from the slaughter, commanding the English to ground their weapons. The latter consulted together for a few minutes, and void of all dread, save that of being obliged to submit to the Scots, they broke with one consent over the pile of human bodies, and carrying destruction before them, opened a way into the middle of the Scottish columns; nor ceased they fighting until every man of *them* was cut down. The rest of the English army *were* in a fold. Escape was impossible. Ten men *could* have prevented it on all sides, yet for a whole day *and night* did they hold their tenure of that perpendicu

bank, although before the evening many were losing
ir holds, and rolling into the river from exhaustion.
en the sudden immersion arousing them somewhat
m their torpor, scores of them might be seen at a
ie crawling to the side of the water, and endeavouring
clamber once more up the bank; but at last they sunk
k into the deep, and their last breath arose to the
face in small chains of fetid air bubbles. No one knew
at became of the young and intrepid Clavering,—at
at time, or in what place he fell; and without a head
these men were, it was not till the second morning,
en the breath of revenge had cooled, and after much
postulation on the part of the conquerors, that the
tched remnant yielded themselves prisoners of war,
l were all suffered to depart on their parole, with high
omiums on their valour. But these commendations
e received with the gall of bitterness; and none of
m could tell, when they went home, how or by what
ns they were expelled.

he Warden and his men now set themselves with all
ir endeavour to take the citadel; and feebly as it was
ended, it cost them no little trouble. It is probable
; it might have held out a few days longer, but when
glas and his army were seen approaching on their re-
n from the battle, the impatience of the Borderers
ld be no longer restrained; and Yardbire, with a rem-
t of his Olivers, Pots, and Laidlaws, scaled the wall
he faces of the enemy, who had scarcely power left
leave a head without a helmet, and throwing them-
es into the square, became masters of the gate in a
minutes; so that before Douglas reached the top of
hill of Barns, his colours were placed on the topmast
er of the citadel.

t may easily be conceived with what joy, wonder, and
iration he gazed on this phenomenon. Joy that his
d lands and possessions were thus insured to him,
which for some time past he scarcely retained a hope;
admiration how that indefatigable chief had accom-
d, in a few days, that which he had exerted him-
f.

self in vain to accomplish for the space of as many months. The idea of being so far outdone in policy was without doubt somewhat bitter to the palate of a Douglas, for never till this day can they brook a competitor in the field: but, considering how matters stood, it would have been the worst of policy to have let such a feeling appear. Douglas therefore testified the highest satisfaction, extolling the Warden's head to conceive and hand to accomplish, in terms as he never had been heard to utter. "Glorious Redhough! unparalleled Redhough!" exclaimed he again and again: "Thou and thy lads are the men to trust."

The chief received him at the castle gate, welcoming him in jocular terms of high chivalry to the castle of Roxburgh, which he took care always to denominate "my castle." This was soon noted by the Douglas; and as soon as they entered the governor's house in the citadel, Douglas made over to him, by regular deeds and instruments, the seven first baronies he chose to name. This document, together with the royal charters confirming it, is extant, and in the possession of one of the Warden's lineal descendants at this day. On receiving this grant, signed, sealed, and witnessed, Sir Ringan delivered over the keys of the castle to the Earl of Douglas and Mar, and the two exchanged seats at the table. Douglas also conferred the honours of knighthood on Charlie Scott, Simon Longspear, and John of Howpasley; while Sir Ringan bestowed one of his new baronies on each of these brave gentlemen in support of their new dignities, burdened only with a few additional servitudes. On his right hand hero, the hereditary claimant of the post of honour, he conferred the barony of Raeburn and Craik, that he might thenceforward be the natural head of his hard-headed Olivers and skrae-shankit Laidlaws. To Longspeare he gave Temadale; and to Howpasley, *Phingland* and Langshaw. When Charlie first rose from *his knee*, and was saluted as Sir Charles Scott of Rae*burn* and Yardbire, he appeared quite cast down, and *could* not answer a word. It was supposed that his grea

ful heart was overcome with the thought that the reward bestowed on him by his generous chief had been far above his merits.

The news of the capture were transmitted to court with all expedition; on which King Robert returned word, that he would, with his queen, visit the Douglas in the castle of Roxburgh, and there in the presence of the royal family, and the nobles of the court, confer on him his daughter's hand in marriage, along with such other royal grants and privileges as his high gallantry and chivalrous spirit deserved. He added, that he had just been apprized by his consort, that his daughter the princess Margaret, had been for some time living in close concealment in the vicinity of Roxburgh, watching the progress of her lover with a devotion peculiar to her ardent and affectionate nature. If the Douglas was aware of this, which the king had some reasons for supposing, he requested that he would defer seeing her until in the presence of her royal parents. There was a thrust indeed! An eclaircissement was approaching too much for man to bear.—But that heart-rending catastrophe must be left to the next chapter.

Abundance of all the good things that the kingdom could produce were now poured into the castle with all expedition; and every preparation made for the reception of the King and Queen of Scotland. The carnage had been so great at the two gates that night the fortress was taken, that the citizens of Roxburgh, as well as the three establishments of monks and friars in the vicinity, besought of Douglas that the slain might not be buried nigh to the city, for fear of infection; and if this was granted, they proffered to be at the sole charge of removing and burying them with all holy observances. This was readily granted, and they were removed to a little plain behind the present village, where thousands of their bones have lately been dug up. The burying continued for *three days.*

CHAPTER XIII.

O I hae seen the guds auld day,
The day o' pride and chieftain glory,
When royal Stuarts bore the sway,
And ne'er heard tell o' Whig nor Tory.
Though lyart be my locks and gray,
And eild has crook'd me down,—what matter?
I'll dance and sing as ither day,
That day our King comes o'er the water.

Jacobite Song.

From the time of the taking of the castle until the arri of King Robert, was an interval of high festivity. T Border chiefs and yeomen went home to their respect places of abode with abundant spoil, having been loa with rich presents from the Douglas, as well as their sh of Sir Ringan's numberless booties, which he alw divided among them with great liberality; and it computed that, in the course of that predatory warfa he drove thirty thousand domestic animals out of English territory. The Scottish Border districts w never so well stocked before. For a century previou that, they had lain waste, having been entirely depo lated, and left no better than a hunting forest. T reign enriched them, and its happy effects have ne since been obliterated.

Among other things that happened in this joyful in val, old Peter Chisholm received a message one day, forming him, that the stranger to whom he had betrot his daughter would appear next day to claim the fu ment of his promise.

"They'll eat up every thing that's within the hou said Peter: "If he will have her, it wad suit better *us* to meet them at Hawick. The half o' the expen *there* wad lye to him at ony rate; and if he made w *through* wi' his hides, mayhap he wad pay the hale *He's* a brave chield enough, it wad appear; but

fawn aff the tap o' his humphed ill-smelled hides,
ken the bane o' his neck; for it will be a wae
me to see the flower of a' the Chisholms gang
i' an English cadger. Oh, wae be to the day!"
hat is a man but his word, father?" said Dan. "I
ıe gallant way in which the stranger behaved en-
m well, not only to the flower o' the Chisholms,
he best in the house beside."
, ay, that's aye the gate! fling away! fling away!
soon fling away every plack your auld father has
d for ye. But, hark ye, callant Dan: Gin ye will
y me, I'll gainsay the fellow yet, and refuse to gie
Bess."
ar what Bess says hersel," said Dan, "and then
my answer."
was sent for, who declared not only her willing-
ıt her resolution to abide by her father's agree-
ɔut added, that if a better came before him, and
ɔr an offer, she would not wait a minute on her
merchant.
ard ever ony body the like o' that?" said Peter;
trow ye is the chance for that? How lang hae
ɛ on the tree wi' a red cheek an' a ripe lip, and
ıan to streek out the hand to pu' ye? There was
neighbour I had some hopes o'; an' he has a
ɛart too, for a' his jibes, an ane durst but tell

r said these last words to himself, as he was turn-
ut to leave the apartment,—for he was at that
ming in his mind one of those superlative schemes
trike dotage as plans of the mightiest and most
evice, but which youth and energy laugh at. This
other than to be early astir next morning, and,
ıny of his family was aware, gallop over to Craik,
r of seven miles, and beg of Will Laidlaw to come
ı off with his daughter before she fell into the
f an English skinman. This grand scheme he
put in practice, but met Laidlaw and his jovial
the way, who wondered not a little when they

saw old Pate coming gallopping up the Fanesh ridge, having his great pike staff heaved over his shoulder, with which he was every now and then saluting the far loin of his mare, and that with an energy that made all his accoutrements wallop. He never perceived the bridal party till close on them, and till he was asked by half a score voices at once, "What's the great haste, Castle-weary! Where are ye gawn at sic a rate sae early in the morning? Are your ha's burnt? Are your cattle driven? Have the Ha's and the Reids been o'er the fells aince mair?" And many other such questions were put, before Peter got a word spoken or a thought thought. He only bit his lip, and looked very angry, at being caught in such a plight. But seeing Will Laidlaw at the head of his kinsmen, he took him aside, and imparted his grand secret. Will's sides were like to burst with laughter. He, however, contained himself, while Peter went on "But ye had better turn a' that clan again, wha hae nought ado at a' wi' us but put things to waste. The less din about the thing the better."

"But how are we to answer the skin-merchant when he comes then, Castle-weary? That tremendous buyer of hides will hew us all to pieces."

"Ay, ye maun just take a' the blame on yoursels, you and Bess. He'll no mak muckle at the Laidlaw's hands, or he'll do what never ony did afore him."

"I certainly have the greatest respect for your daughter; but times are hard and dangerous, and I have nae great opinion o' marriage."

"Come, now, I like to hear that; for ye ken fock maun ay read a Laidlaw backward; and if the times are hard, I shall be satisfied with a very small dowry. Perhaps the matter o' ten tup hogs aff the Crib-law, sax owsen off Hosecot, and"——

"Hold there, my old friend; and I will run all risks, *and* take away your daughter Elizabeth: let the skin-*man* look to himself."

"Weel, God bless ye wi' her. Ye'll get the flower *of* a' the Chisholms, and the best bairn o' the like."

Bess was a winsome and a blithe bride that day, and though the wounds she received in the engagement with the marauders were not quite whole, she danced the best at the wedding, and was the first that lighted on Craikgreen. Dan entertained his fellow soldiers nobly; but old Peter was terribly in the fidgets, not only at the huge waste of meat and drink that he now saw going on, but for fear of the arrival of the outrageous and ill-used hide-merchant, and never till his dying day could he be brought to identify his son-in-law with the stranger to whom he first promised his daughter. But for many a day, when the dogs barked, he hasted out in great agitation, lest the dealer in skins and his associates should come upon him unawares. Sandy Pot having found a very kind, attentive, and, withal, a very indulgent nurse, in the younger daughter, May Chisholm, there chanced two weddings at Castleweary on the same day.

Among all the festivities at Roxburgh, and all the mighty preparations for the reception of royalty, and the spending of the Christmas holidays in such company, the countenance of Douglas was manifestly overcast. He affected mirth and gaiety, but a hideous and terrific gloom frequently settled on his dark manly countenance. The princess's shameful and untimely death hung heavy on his mind, and the secret of it still heavier. His conscience upbraided him, not with any blame in the matter, for he was alike ignorant of the rank and sex of his fantastical page: But her devotion to his cause and person; the manner in which she had exerted herself by putting her rival into his hands; the love-tokens slily given to him by her own dear self; her admonitory letters; and all her whimsical and teazing inuendos, came over his mind, and combined in rendering her memory ten times dearer to him than ever he conceived that of human being could have been. And then, how was all this requited? By bad humour, disrespect, and a total disregard of her danger and sufferings. The most enthusiastic, affectionate, and accomplished lady of the age in which she lived, was suffered to be put down as a common

criminal, without one effort being made to save her; an that delicate and beautiful form thrust down into a con mon charnel-house among the vulgar dead. Knowin all these things as he did, how could he again behold he royal parents? and knowing all these things as he did why had he not related the lamentable facts as they ha happened, and conducted himself accordingly? Then was fixed the acmè of his dilemma. The detail of tha lady's love and fate rose before his mind's eye, like a dark unseemly arch, of which this was the keystone; and there was a power stood above it that held his soul in controul, and beyond that he could not pass. Was it indeed true, that the spirit of his royal and beloved mistress walked the earth, and from day to day laid her stern behests upon him? And could it be that such a spirit attended upon him in his most secret retirements; and, though unseen, watched over all his motions, words, and actions? Or how else could the very thoughts and purposes of his heart, together with his most secret transactions, be repeated to him by this holy monk? Nay, though he had never actually seen this apparition, he had heard his mistress's voice one night speaking to him as from behind the hangings, and charging him, as he respected his own and her soul's welfare, to keep her fate concealed from all flesh.

Whenever the Douglas got leisure to think at all, amid the hurry of his military duties, these cogitations preyed on his mind; and one night when they had thrown him into a deep reverie, the monk Benjamin was announced.

"I cannot see him to-night: Tell him to come and speak with me to-morrow," said Douglas.

"He craves only a few moments audience Lord of Douglas; and he says, that unless he is admitted, a visitor of another nature will wait on you forthwith."

"What is the meaning of this?" said Douglas: "Must my privacy be broken in upon, and my mind placed on the rack, at the pleasure of every fanatical devotee? *Tell* him that I will not be disturbed to-night. But—*think* not what I am saying. Admit him. Well,

end and holy father—madman rather! What is your portant business with me?"

"That saintly vision has again been with me."

"Out upon thee, maniac and liar! There has been such thing with thee; and thou hast trumped up a ry in order to keep the power of the Douglas under ghostly and interested controul."

"If I am a visionary, Lord, it is for thyself to judge. peak nothing as of myself, but the words of one that sent me. If thou darest say they are the visions of naniac, in future I keep them to myself and do you de by the consequences."

"Thinkest thou that I will not, or that I dare not de by any consequences? Hence! Begone!"

"Rash precipitate man! thou shalt repent this! What erest can I possibly have in whispering these truths in ne ear? Did I ever ask or hint at a favour from thee? was aught ever, save thy own welfare, the purport of messages? Adieu, my lord! There must another nmissioner wait on you presently, and one who will de the most vigilant of your sentinels."

"Stay, Benjamin: Thou art, indeed, blameless. If u hast ought to warn me of, say it and have done, I am not in a mood to be trifled with."

"I have been bid to caution you to look to yourself, that there is treason within the walls of this castle. ll you answer me one or two queries truly and seri-ly, that I may know whether the being that commis-ned me be a true spirit or a false one?"

"I will."

"Have you got a private offer to a prodigious amount the ransom of Lady Jane Howard?"

"Monk, thou hast had this from hell.—I have."

"Which thou hast rejected, with the secret intent of ing her in marriage yourself, should circumstances cur to *favour the device*?"

It is false!—false as the source whence thou hadst

Ah! Then have I done! my informant is a false one."

"Or, if I had, it was some passing thought, which no man can gainsay, and for which none are accountable."

"Neither is it true that you visited her in disguise last night?"

The Douglas gazed upon the monk in silence, with an eye in which there was an unnatural gleam of madness. He drew his breath three times, as if he would have spoken, but made no answer. The monk continued: "If these are truths, then list to the following behest,—if they are false, thou needest not regard it: There is a conspiracy among thy people for the rescue of Lady Jane. They have been bribed by unheard-of rewards. Thy guards are of course to be cut down, otherwise the rescue cannot be effected; and if thy own head is added to the convoy, the guerdons are all to be doubled."

The Douglas started to his feet, and held up both his hands: "By the blessed Virgin it is true!" exclaimed he—"True every word of it! There have been petitions made to me for the use of certain keys already. Ay, and I have granted some of them too. I see through a part of the conspiracy. But I'll sift the traitors! I'll make carrion of them."

"If I am rightly informed, it may yet be prevented without being made manifest, which would be greatly preferable. Beware of Kinlossie. And list, for my time is expired: If you value your own name, see not the face of Lady Jane again, till you present her to your sovereign."

The monk retired with precipitation, and left the Douglas overwhelmed with tumultuary and adverse passions. "Still the Lady Jane Howard!" said he to himself: "Nothing but the Lady Jane Howard! Is it possible this can be an agent of hers? But the inference contradicts the whole scope and tendency of his missions. *I must* investigate this matter without delay." He raised *his small* bugle to his mouth, for in those days that answered all the purposes of a house bell, and many more. *Every officer* in castle or camp knew, by the blast blown

personal attendance was required. Douglas
to his mouth,—but before he sounded it, the
waiting announced "a lady." No bolder heart
of Douglas beat in a Scottish bosom. Never-
quaked; for he thought of the threatening of
, that another commissioner should visit him,
guards should not be able to repel. His agita-
ıow wrought up to the highest pitch, for he at-
o pronounce some words, of which the knight
the import,—probably it was a command to
or to call in some guards; but before the or-
be understood or complied with, the lady her-
ed. "There she is, my lord!" said the knight
ıer; "and none of us know whence or how she
er."
ly came slowly by, and the knight retired with
She bore indeed the figure and form of the
ess, but the roses of youth and beauty were
in their room a clayey paleness pervaded the
which were even whiter than the cambric by
face was surrounded. The figure held up its
l as it advanced, and fixed its eyes on the earl;
an to this day ever knew any thing farther of
erence. The knight in waiting, shortly after
tired, heard a noise within as of a man choking
ıvouring to cry out; and, bringing two more
s with him, they all three rushed into the apart-
l found the Douglas fallen back on the embroi-
ıch in a state of mental abstraction, or rather of
nsibility, and the lady was gone. They imme-
ıplied themselves to the restoration of their lord,
ıy effected in a short time. Animation soon re-
ut reason wavered in a state of instability for
ıurs. During that period he had for a number
inquired who admitted that stranger, or who
lepart? *The men* assuring him each time, that
aw her till she was observed standing in the
ıer; and that none was either admitted into
or seen depart, save the starveling monk who

attended him frequently as his confessor. "The been another lady," they added, begging admiss your presence for a whole day and night, which l ways been refused her, in consequence of your pe tory order. She has at the last resorted to the always at a woman's command, tears and threate and she vows, that if she is not admitted to an aud you shall dearly repent it."

"What, another still?" said the Douglas: "N see no more women to-day, nor to-morrow, nor nex Do you know, Eveldon, what I think of women?'

"No, Lord Douglas, but well what I think of myself, which is, that they are nature's masterpiec

"The pests of society, Eveldon. I deem the bordinate creatures, created solely for man's disqui The warrior is naturally surrounded by dangers; b he engages with women, he rises superior to them is then that his troubles and perils begin. No, I no more women to-night."

"Might I advise, my lord, it would be, the should give her admission. It appears so strange a lovely and most courtly dame standing weeping a gate. The very commonest of the people symp with her, and blame your neglect. Beshrew me knight in the realm would refuse such a suit; no, n King himself."

"Do you think, Sir John of Eveldon, that I ca mit to be ruled by women and their agents? I, who held them as ought save as beings formed for pleasures or his interests. My hands are free of blood, Sir John,—my heart, if ever it was in bor now emancipated; and yet, by their means, has n of late been held in thraldom."

"Say that I may admit this dame, my lord."

"Well, be it so, and let us be quit of her. In the *time,* let the guards be tripled, and stand to your *I have* had strange intelligence to-night; if true, *will* be a dangerous commotion in less than *hence."*

rces of the two kingdoms cannot disturb you
ıt, Lord Douglas."
it,—there is treason within our walls. Who
d?"
ordons, and Lindsay of Kinlossie's men."
ordons I can trust,—let the others be chan-
; delay, Sir John, and see them consorted to
-Call up the Douglasses of the Dales, and let
› themselves. Admit that petitioner in whom
much interested, and call me on the slightest
of insubordination."
did as he was commanded, and forthwith in-
lary Kirkmichael of Balmedie. The impa-
nortification that the Douglas manifested un-
l is not to be described, for he had promised
information of her royal mistress as soon as
his power, and yet he neither had the heart
›lution, after the charges he had received of
tell her of her mistress' woeful fate. At
entrance into his presence, she rushed for-
ıeeled at his feet, crying, in the most passion-
, " O, my dear lord, tell me what has become
ess. This suspense is dreadful. The castle
›ur hands, and all the prisoners, if such there
there are shocking insinuations whispered
er father and mother are on their way to visit
and what shall I say to them for the loss of
;tress? O, Lord Douglas, if you know of
v of her you must, tell me where I can see
or alive, let me but see her. Or tell me
I see her."
that is more than I can tell you ; but if it
u any heart's ease, as certainly as I speak to
ıer in this apartment to-night."
are the news to me, my lord! But why,
you admit me to her? Send me instantly
nce, Lord Douglas, for I know she cannot
ıte of concealment in which my company

cannot be welcome. I implore of you to send me forthwith to her presence."

"Send you to her presence? That would be a cruel act! Dame, you and your sex have moved my spirit from its erect and heavenward position. It is like a tree bowed by the wind, and the branch of memory is stripped of its fruit. Did I say I saw the Princess Margaret in this apartment?—You must not credit it. There's an incoherence in the principle, or nature has hasty productions not accounted for. You must not believe it, lady; for till the porter opens the great gate to you your royal mistress you shall not see again."

"Are not all the gates opened or shut at your controul, my lord? You speak to me in paradoxes. I comprehend it all well enough, however. I will go in or out at any gate; only, in one word, conduct me to my mistress."

"Hell has no plague like this! No, there are no other fiends that can torment a man in this manner." He blew his bugle.—"Eveldon, conduct this dame to her mistress. She is in the great stateprison, you know, the receptacle of royalty and thraldom, and let me not hear another word. I'll throw him over the battlements that next mentions the name of a woman to me."

The lady curtsied, and thanked the Douglas; and Sir John, mistaking his lord's frantic sarcasm for a serious command, hurried Mary Kirkmichael up stairs to the topmost apartment of the great tower, and ushered her in, without farther ceremony, to Lady Jane Howard and her attendant. Lady Jane rose and came running toward them; but, seeing who approached, she started, and retreated to her place. As the two ascended the narrow staircase, there was a great commotion in the square below, therefore, Sir John turned the key and hastened down again. The noise increased, and he heard there was a stern engagement, in which the name of Lady Jane was given as a rallying word on the one side. At the bottom of the stair the conspirators met him, having broken through the ranks in that direction; for the Go

ew to guard the apartments of the Douglas, not
ıg what the object of the insurrection was. Sir
ıad just time to shut a double-barred door in front
n; and, retreating up one storey, he shouted from
lcony to apprize the Douglas, else the Lady Jane
'd was gone. One from the ranks ran to apprize
ptain, but losing himself among the intricacies of
ıtrance, he shouted out, "Lord Douglas! Lord
ıs!" with the utmost vociferation. The Douglas
:ting in a deep reverie; his drawn sword was lying
table beside him. He heaved it above his shoul-
ıd running to the door of the apartment, opened it,
ked the fellow, who was still bawling in the dark,
t was? "Tis the Lady Jane Howard!" answer-
in the same shouting voice. "Damnation on the
: that says it!" exclaimed the Douglas in ire: "Am
r more to hear aught repeated but the names of
ı? Do you know the penalty of that word, recre-
. have sworn to throw you from the battlements,
ıt shall not prevent me from cleaving you to the
n the first place. Women! women! Nothing but
›man after another! I'll cut down every man that
ıame one to me in that manner!" As he said these
he rushed toward the soldier with his heavy sword
l, but the man, flying with all expedition, escaped
he court. The Douglas followed him, and was
ı the midst of a confused engagement; and hearing
ıspirators shouting the same name, "Lady Jane
d!" he took it as in derision, and flew on their
with such fury, that every man at whom he struck
the ground. The Gordons followed him up, cry-
ı Douglas!" but the conspirators were the stronger
and would ultimately have prevailed, had not the
ısses of the Dales arrived to change guard as for-
ordered; and then, Kinlossie having fallen in an
ıt to slay the Douglas, his party surrendered. There
strong troop of English horsemen waiting on the
ide of the Teviot with a raft, to whom she was to
en let down from the wall. But the information

lodged by the monk not only frustrated the whole of this desperate expedition of the Howards, but saved the life of Douglas. For the conspirators receiving the unexpected orders to depart to the camp, were driven to make the attempt prematurely, before their measures formerly concocted were ripe for execution.

Of all the circumstances that had hitherto occurred, the reflection upon this bewildered the mind of Douglas the most. The manner in which these secret combinations had been revealed to him filled his heart both with gratitude and amazement; and as all endeavours at reconciling them with nature or reason only increased the mystery, he resolved to shake the load from his spirits and think no more of them. That he might effect this with greater promptitude, he kept his noble kinsmen constantly about him by night as well as by day. The Redhough also returned from his visit to Mountcomyn, as did all the knights and gentlemen commoners of his party from their respective homes, mounted in their most splendid accoutrements, to greet their Sovereign, render him an account of their services, and proffer him due homage.

The arrival of these heroes added a great deal to the hilarity, tilting, and other military amusements at Roxburgh; until at last the 24th of December arrived, and with it the word that the King and Queen were on their way to Roxburgh, and approaching by the wild path of Soutra-edge. There was no bustle at the castle or city of Roxburgh, save by the city dames and maidens, for whom the approaching festival appeared a glorious epocha; for since the days of Edward Longshanks, who kept his court there for some weeks, there had not been a crowned head within the precincts of that illustrious city. Consequently, with these fair denizens, and with the merchants who attended that mart once a year from many of *the towns* on the Continent, it was a time of hurry and *preparation*; but with the warriors it was far otherwise. *They were* ready before; every one being alike anxious *to fulfil* the part entrusted to him,—so that they in

nothing ado but to mount and ride in the order assigned to them.

First of all rode Sir Ringan Redhough, supported by all the gentlemen of the middle and west marches—the Scotts, the Elliots, the Armstrongs, and the Olivers, were the most powerful of these: And next in order came the Laidlaws, the Brydens, the Glendonyngs, and the Pots. After them rode the copper-nosed Kers, the towzy Turnbulls, and the red-wudd Ridderfords; for in those days every sept had some additional appellative or by-name. These were also mixed with a number of smaller septs, such as the Robsons, the Dicksons, the hurkle-backed Hendersons, and the rough-riding Riddels; and they were all headed by the doughty Sir Andrew Ker of Aultonburn. Next in order rode Old Willie Wiliecoat, named also *Willie wi' the white doublet*, the ancestor of the Earls of Home,—a brave and dauntless character, who for the space of forty years had been a sight of terror to the English, with his white jacket. With him rode the gentlemen of his own name, the hard-rackle Homes, the dorty Dunbars, the strait-laced Somervilles, and the Bailies. Then came the proud Pringles, a powerful sept, mixed with a countless number of dependent families, headed by Pringle of Galashiels; and after them the Gordons, led by Sir John of that ilk.

All these held lands of the Douglas, on conditions of certain services; they were nevertheless all independent chiefs, these services performed; but at this time they attended personally, with their kinsmen, to pay their dutiful respects to their Sovereign. Last of all came the Douglasses, in five separate bodies, every one headed by a lord or knight of the name; and these made up one-third of the whole cavalcade, the Earl himself being with the last party of all, and most gallantly attended.

The two parties met at Earlston, but the royal party was nothing in point of bearing and splendour to that of the Douglasses. The King and Queen travelled each in a litter borne by two gallant steeds. These carriages were very splendid in their decorations, and constructed

in the same way as a sedan chair, and it was truly
derful with what velocity they were borne along.
were contrived for the King's use, who had a hal
could not travel on horseback; and they suited the
of the roads in Scotland at that period exceedingly.
heralds rode before his Majesty, who introduce
various chiefs to him as he passed. The whole p
sion then drew up in files until their Majesties p
after which they fell all into their places, the or
precedency being then reversed, and the Douglasse
to the Sovereign. There was no time for delay,
dering the season, the darkness of the night, an
shortness of the day; so they posted on with all m
of expedition, and yet it was dark before they re
the abbey of Kelso. But all the way, by the clo
the bridge, and up the High-street of the city of
burgh, there were tiers of torches raised above on
other that made it lighter than the noon-day.
was there such a scene of splendour witnessed i
ancient and noble city; to which the darkness
canopy above, and the glare of torch-light below,
inconceivable grandeur. It seemed as if all the ligl
beauty of the universe had been confined within
narrow space, for without all was blackness impervi
the eye, but within there was nothing but brilliane
tivity, and joy. Seven score musical instrument
as many trilling but discordant voices, yelled forth
the one end of the street to the other, that old
beginning,

"The King came to our town;
Ca' Cuddie, ca' Cuddie!
The King came to our town,
Low on the Border."

The trumpets sounded before, and the bugles be
and the Border youths and maidens were filled wit
thusiastic delight at the novelty of the spectacle.
followed with shouts to the castle gate, and then ret
to talk of what they had seen, and what they shou
on the morrow.

The royal party was conducted to the citadel, where
very thing was in readiness for a grand entertainment;
id there the Douglas delivered into the King's hands
e keys of the castle of Roxburgh. His Majesty re-
ived them most graciously, and thanked him for all the
st, pains, and trouble that he had taken for the good of
e realm; and added, that he came prepared in heart
d mind to fulfil his engagements to him in return.
here was now a manifest embarrassment on the part of
e Douglas; his countenance changed, and he looked as
would have asked for the princess, or, at least, as if
me one were wanting that ought to have been there;
t after an agitated pause, he could only stammer out,
at "he was much beholden to his Majesty, who might
all times command his utmost services without bounty
reward."

"I trust that is not as much as to say that you now
cline the stipulated reward for this high service," said
e King.

"Sire, I see none either for your Majesty to give, or
ur servant to receive," said the Douglas; and at the
me time he cast a hasty and perturbed glance at the
urtiers and warriors ranged around the hall. The King
dded by way of assent to his hint; and at the same
ne said to him, aside, "I understand you, Lord Doug-
. You will explain this gallantry of yours, in keeping
ur sovereign's daughter in concealment from her na-
ral guardians, in private to-morrow. But, pray, can
not see our darling to-night?"

"Alas, my liege lord and sovereign," said Douglas,
ssionately, "sure you jest with your servant, thus to
c him with that of which he is innocent."

The King smiled, and waving his hand jocularly, by
y of intimating that he thought his affected secrecy
udence at that time, left him, and forthwith went halt-
g up among the Borderers, to converse with them about
affairs of the English marches.

CHAPTER XIV.

I want none of your gold, Douglas,
I want none of your fee,
But swear by the faith of thy right hand
That you'll love only me:
And I'll leave my country and my kin
And wend along with thee.

May Marley.

When the mass, and a plentiful morning meal, were o next day, every one began to prepare for such exerc as the season admitted. All lingered about for s time, but seeing that no orders were likely to be gi out for any procession or general rendezvous during day, which every one had expected, some betook th to the chace, others to equestrian exercises with sw and spear, while the Homes and the Gordons joine an excursion into English ground, keeping along southern bank of the Tweed. The king observing th all about to disperse, reminded the Douglas that it a high festal day; on which the latter made a low ob ance, and remarked, that he was only now a guest in castle of Roxburgh, and that his honoured liege sover was host; that his foresters and sumptuary officers got timeous notice, and nothing would be lacking his majesty could desire for the entertainment of nobles and friends. The king then caused it to be nounted, that he would be happy to meet all his lords nobles in the banquet-hall at even-tide, where e knight, gentleman, and yeoman, were expected to att in their several places, and all should be heartily welco "And now, Lord Douglas," said he, leading the into an antichamber, "let us two retire by ourse and consult what is to be done next."

Lord Douglas followed, but ill prepared to answer inquiries about to be put to him. He had receiv junctions of secrecy from one who had in no l

led him, and to whom he had been of late indebted the preservation of his life. But how was he now to duct himself, or how answer his sovereign in any er way than according to the truth as it had been ed unto him? His predicament was a hard one: for was, in the first place, ashamed of the part he had ed, of never having discovered his royal mistress le attached to his side, notwithstanding of all the lences in confirmation of the fact, which he had never e seen till too late. And then to have suffered even mistress' page to fall a victim to such a shameful th, without either making an effort to save him, or so ch as missing him from his hand, or mentioning his s,—were circumstances not quite consistent with the h spirit of gallantry, as well as chivalry, he had dis-yed at first by the perilous undertaking. Gladly uld he have kept his knowledge of the transaction a ret; but then there was the monk Benjamin, who, by ne supernatural agency, had been given to understand whole scope and tenor of it; and there was dame ary Kirkmichael knew the whole, except the degrading astrophe, and had unfolded it all to him when it was late. He run over all these things in his mind, and s as little, as at any previous period, prepared what rt to act, when the King turned round, and, in the ost anxious and earnest manner, said, "Lord Douglas, ere is our daughter?"

"My liege lord and sovereign, ought not I rather to ve asked that question of you?" said the Douglas; And I would have done it at our first meeting, only at I would not trifle with your feelings in such a seri-s matter, perceiving that you laboured under a grievous sconception regarding my conduct. You have not, it ems, brought the princess Margaret along with you, as is expected by all my friends and followers?"

"Not by *yourself, I am* certain. I say, Lord Doug-, *where is my daughter?* I demand a categorical wer."

Sire, in what way am I accountable for your daughter?"

"Lord Douglas, I hate all evasion, I request an answer as express as my question. I know my darling child, in admiration of your chivalrous enterprise, resolved, in the true spirit of this romantic age, to take some active part in the perils undertaken solely on her account; I know her ingenuity, which was always boundless, was instrumental in performing some signal services to you; and that finally she attached herself to your side in a disguise which she deemed would ensure her a kind and honourable protection. Thus far I know; and, though the whole was undertaken and transacted without my knowledge, when I was absent in the Highlands, I am certain as to the truth of every circumstance; and I am further certified that you know all this."

"Hear me, my liege sovereign. Admitting that your daughter, or any other king's, lord's, or commoner's daughter, should put herself into a page's raiment, and"——

"Silence, lord!" cried the King, furiously, interrupting him; "Am I to be mocked thus, and answered only with circumlocution, notwithstanding my express command to the contrary? Answer me in one word. My lord of Douglas, where is my daughter?"

"Where God will, sire," was the short and emphatic reply. The king eyed Douglas with a keen and stern regard, and the eagle eye of the latter met that of his sovereign without any abashment. But yet this look of the Douglas, unyielding as it was, manifested no daring or offensive pride: it was one rather of stern sorrow and regret; nevertheless he would not withdraw it, but, standing erect, he looked King Robert in the face, until the eyes of the latter were gradually raised from his toward heaven. "Almighty Father!" cried he, clasping his hands together, —"Where, then, is it thy will that my beloved child should be? O Douglas! Douglas! In the impatience *and warmth* of temper peculiar to my race, I was offended *at your* pertinacity; but I dread it was out of respect *to a father's* feelings. I forgive it, now that I see you *are affected*; only, in pity to this yearning bosom, relax

that you know. Douglas! can you inform
ıas befallen to my daughter?"
my liege, I cannot. I know nothing, or at
: save from report, but the little that I have
l the little that I have seen, shall never be re-
my tongue."
. hope is extinct!" cried the King. "The
t can draw tears from the stern eye of the
even by an after reflection, is one unmeet for
ear. The will of the Almighty be done! He
ı and he hath taken away; blessed be his name!
ıave the men of my household, and the friends
[trusted, combined against my peace?" The
l this in a querulous mood. "Why did you
ıe sooner!" cried he, turning to Douglas, his
ing gradually from one of penitence and deep
n to one of high displeasure: "Why bring me
ol's errand, when I ought to have been sitting
th and ashes, and humbling myself for the sins of
:? These must have been grievous indeed,
drawn down such punishments on me. But
:rence of those in whom we trusted is the worst
O, my child! My darling child, Margaret!
s there a parent so blest in a daughter as I was
The playfulness of the lamb or the kid,—the
)f the turtle-dove, were thine. Thy breast was
iiasm and benevolence, and every emotion of
ıs pure as the ray of heaven. I loved thee
: than parental affection, and, if I am bereaved
will go mourning to my grave. Is there no
; place that can inform me of my daughter's fate?
confidant, I understand, is still lingering here.
er instantly. Send for her confessor also, that I
ont you altogether, and ascertain the hideous and
e truth. If I cannot have it here, I shall have it
, or wo be *to all that* have either been instrumental
or lax in warding it off. Do you think, Lord of
at I can be put off with a hum and a haw, and a
ıe head, and, "it's God's will?" Do you

think I should, when I am inquiring about my o daughter, whom I held dearest of all earthly beings? N I'll scrutinize it to a pin's point. I'll wring every syll ble of the truth out of the most secret heart and t most lying tongue. I'll move heaven and hell, but I know every circumstance that has befallen to my daug ter. Send, I say, for her foster-sister and faithful atte dant, dame Mary Kirkmichael. Send also for her co fessor, and for all to whom she has but once spoken since s arrived here. Why are they not sent for before this time!

"My liege lord, restrain your impatience. They a sent for; but they will tell you nothing that can mitiga your sorrow. If it be all true that has been told to m and that you yourself have told to me, of the disgui the Princess assumed, then is it also true that you wi never again see your daughter in this state of existence.

"Ah! is it even so! Then is the flower of the realm fallen! then is the solace of my old age departed! B she is happy in the realms of blessedness. While lov joy, and truth are the delight of heaven, there will my Ma garet find a place! O, that she had staid by her father hand! Why was my jewel entrusted to the care an honour of those who care but for themselves, and wh have suffered the loveliest flower of the world to be cro ped in its early blossom? nay, left it to be sullied an trodden down in forgetfulness. Lord Douglas, did yo see my daughter perish?"

"Now, my liege lord, can I act the man no longe Forgive me: and may the holy Virgin, the mother God, forgive me; for I indeed saw with these eyes th inestimable treasure cut off, without one effort on m part to save her, and without a tear wetting my cheeks

"Then, may all the powers of darkness blast thy so thou unfeeling traitor! Thus! thus will I avenge me the culprit who could give up his sovereign's daughte *and his own* betrothed bride, to a violent death, and th *without a tear!* O thou incarnate fiend! shalt thou *bewail this* adown the longest times of eternity? D *thou not* draw against an injured father and king."

up thy sword, sire. The Douglas draws not
is equals, and thou art none of them. Thy per-
cred and thy frame debilitated. He holds thee
; but he holds thee also as nothing !"
ıu shalt know, proud lord, that the King of
fears no single arm, and that he can stand on
to avenge the blood of his royal house."
gracious lord, this is the mere raving of a
l spirit, and I grieve that I should have for one
regarded it otherwise than with veneration. I had
to die an hundred deaths, if I had known who
sufferer was; but, alas! I knew not ought of
ɔr rank of my page, who was taken prisoner in
t night engagement. But I can tell you no more,
r is it needful; you now know all. I am guilt-
ıe babe unborn of my royal mistress's blood; but
ver forgive myself for my negligence and want
ption; nor do I anticipate any more happiness in
ld. I have been laid under some mysterious
ɜ, and have suffered deeply already. And now,
ious lord, I submit myself to your awards."
s, Lord Douglas, you are little aware of the trea-
ı have lost. Your loss is even greater than mine.
res us, therefore, to lament and bewail our mis-
together, rather than indulge in bitter upbraid-

they were interrupted by the entrance of the
who brought with her the Lady Jane Howard,
in a style of eastern magnificence, to introduce
the King. The King, amid all the grief that
lmed his spirit, was struck with her great beauty,
l that respect and homage to her which high birth
fortune always command from the truly great;
Queen, with the newfangledness of her sex, ap-
wholly attached to this captive stranger, and had
her down at that time to intercede with the King
d Douglas for her liberty, loading her with com-
ms and kind attentions. To check the Queen's
of spirits, the King informed her shortly of the

irreparable loss both of them had suffered, but the was manifestly not at all proportionate to the cause appeared indeed much moved, and had well nigh into hysterics; but if her grief was not assumed, i strong symptoms of being so. She first railed a then tried to comfort the Douglas; but finally t again to Lady Jane, (who wept bitterly, out of true pathy, for the princess's cruel and untimely fate caressed her, trying to console her in the most ex gant terms. The King, on the other hand, sobbed his inmost soul, and bewailed his loss in terms so pa and moving, that the firm soul of Douglas was over and he entered into all his Sovereign's feelings wit keenest sensations. It was a scene of sorrow and pair, which was rather increased than mitigated b arrival of two more who had lately been sent for. ' were the monk Benjamin and the lady Mary Kirkmi whom the King began anew to examine, dwellin every circumstance that occurred during the course darling child's extravagant adventure with a p anxiety. But every now and then he became heated anger, blaming some one for the want of discerume respect. When he came to examine the monk, shewed great energy and acuteness of speech, he lo temper altogether at some part of the colloquy; bu monk was not to be daunted; he repelled every inv with serenity of voice and manner, and at sundry rather put the monarch to shame.

"Hadst thou ever an opportunity of confessing shriving my child, previous to the time she fell int hands of her enemies, reverend brother."

"No, Sire, she never made confession to me, nor absolution at my hand."

"And wherefore didst thou not proffer it, thou velled starveling? Were there no grants to bestow *rich* benefices to confer, for the well-being of a roya *gin's* soul, that caused thee to withold these poor al *grace*? Who was it that bestowed on thy unconsci *order* all that they possess in this realm? And y

lt suffer one of their posterity to come into thy cell, to
k thy assistance, without bestowing a mass or benedic-
n for the sake of heaven."

" Sire, it is only to the ignorant and the simple that
proffer our ghostly rites. Those who are enlightened
the truths and mysteries of religion it behoves to judge
r themselves, and to themselves we leave the state of
eir consciences, in all ordinary cases." The monk was
bed in a very wide flowing grey frock, and cowled over
e eyes, while his thin and effeminate-looking beard
embled adown his breast with the fervency of his ad-
ess. As he said these last words, he stretched his
ght hand forth toward the King, and raising the left up
ehind him, his robe was by that means extended and
read forth in a manner that increased the tiny monk to
ple the size he was before. " And for you, King of
otland," added he, raising his keen voice that quavered
ith energy, " I say such a demeanour is unseemly. Is
becoming the head and guardian of the Christian
hurch in this realm,—him that should be a pattern to
l in the lower walks of life,—thus to threat and fume
eneath the chastening of his Maker? You ask me who
estowed these ample bounds on my order? I ask you in
turn who it was that bestowed them on thy progenitors
nd thee, and for what purpose? Who gave thee a king-
om, a people, and a family of thy own? Was it not he
efore whose altar thou hast this day kneeled, and vowed
be for him and not for another? And what he has
estowed has he not a right to require of thee again, in
is own time, and in his own way?" The King bowed
ith submission to the truth of this bold expostulation,
nd the impetuous and undaunted monk went on: " It
rather thy duty, most revered monarch, to bow with
eep humiliation to the righteous awards of the Almighty,
r just and righteous they are, however unequal they
ay appear to the purblind eyes of mortal men. If he
as taken *a beloved child from* thee, rest assured that he
only snatched her from evil to come, and translated
to a better and a happier home. Why then wilt thou

not acknowledge the justice of this dispensation, an
ther speak comfort to the weaker vessels than give
to ill-timed and unkingly wrath?

"As for thee, noble lord, to the eyes of men
may appear a hard lot indeed. For the love of one
adventuredst thy life and the very existence of thy
and name. The stake was prodigious, and when
hadst won it with great labour and perseverance, th
was snatched from thy grasp. Thy case will to al
appear a peculiarly hard one; still there is this cc
tion in it—"

"There is no grain of consolation in it," said D
interrupting him: "There can be none! The bl
my head, and my hopes of happiness, is irretrievat

"Yes lord, there is," said the monk; "for has
been decreed in heaven above, that this union was
to be consummated? Man may propose and schen
lay out plans for futurity, but it is good for him th
fulfilment is vested in other hands than his. Thi
is consolation, to know that it was predestinated
counsels of one who cannot err, that that royal maid
was to be thine; and therefore all manner of repir
not only unmanly and unmeet, but sinful. It b
now thy sovereign, in reward of thy faithful servi
bestow on thee another spouse with the same do
meant to bestow on his daughter. And it behov
to accept of this as the gift of heaven, proffered t
in place of the one it snatched from thy grasp.
agent, therefore, and the promoter of peace, lov
happiness among men, I propose that King Robe
stow upon thee this noble and high born dame f
consort. Both of you have been bereaved of th
whom you were betrothed, and it cannot fail to
every one that this seems a fortune appointed f
two by Providence; nor can I form in my mi
slightest objection that can be urged to it on eithe
It is desirable on every account, and may be the
of promoting peace between the two sister kin
wasted by warfare and blood, which every true

re. I propose it as a natural consequence,
apparently foreordained by my master; and
:e for it. King and Queen of Scotland, what

the matter that this holy and enlightened
uttered to be consistent with truth, reason,
," said the King,—"and the union has my
free approval. I farther promise to behave
as a father to a daughter, and to bestow upon
nd leal cousin, the Lord Douglas, such hon-
r, and distinction as are most due for the
:s rendered to this realm. The match has
oncurrence."
ne," said the Queen: "I not only acquiesce
rend brother's proposal, but I lay my com-
y noble kinsman the Lord Douglas to accept
boon of heaven."
my sovereign lady," said the Douglas, "be-
ıceed too far. In pity to the feelings that
som, let me hear no more of the subject at
ı pity to that lovely and angelic lady's feel-
ust be acute as my own, I implore that you
ıt farther in this proposal. Do not wound a
ale breast, pressed down by misfortunes."
something like affectation, Lord Douglas,"
Queen: "If I answer for the lady Jane's
at have you then to say against this holy
ıposal?"
your Queen stand security for the lady's
. if *I stand security for it likewise*," said the
ıat have you to say against the union then?
again, lord. Is not she *a lovely* and *angelic*
nfess the truth now. For I know it to be
ıat never since you could distinguish beauty
ity, have your eyes beheld *so lovely* and *so*
dy? Pressed down by misfortunes, too!
ɔt add a triple charm to all her excellencies?
hat has been done for her? what has been
r? what a noble and gallant life was laid

down for her. Was such a sacrifice ever m
lady or princess of your own country? No, nev
lord! Therefore bless your stars that have p
a way for your union with such a dame and t
take her to your longing and aching bosom."

"Moderate your fervour, holy brother," Douglas, "which appears to me rather to be r unwarrantable extremes. Granting that the l Howard is perhaps unequalled in beauty an accomplishments——"

"Why then do you hesitate, and make all t opposition to an union which we all know you to consummate?" said the monk.

"Holy brother, what unaccountable phrenzy upon you," said the Douglas; "and why thi declamation? Let me not hear another sen another word on the subject: only suffer m what I had begun. I say then, granting tha Jane were peerless in beauty and accomplishr there is an impression engraven on my hea never be removed, or give place to another; and I cherish it as sacred, till the day of my dea that no reckless importunity may ever be was again, here I kneel before the holy rood, whi and swear before God and his holy angels, t have been bereaved of the sovereign mistress o and all my affections,—of her in whom all of happiness in this world were placed, and w was all in all of womankind—that never sh of the sex be folded in the arms of Dougl him husband! So help me thou Blessed Or thy holy saints and martyrs, in the performan vow!"

During the time of this last speech and so the sobs of the monk Benjamin became so a all eyes were turned to him, for they thought t *licate* frame would burst with its emotions. A *he was* all the while fumbling about his thr *they* dreaded he had purposed some mor

himself. But in place of that, he had been unloosing some clasps or knots about his tunick; for with a motion quicker than thought, he flung at once his cowl, frock, and beard away,—and there stood arrayed as a royal bride the Princess Margaret of Scotland! "Journeyer of earth, where art thou now?"

Yes; there stood, in one moment, disclosed to the eyes of all present, *the princess Margaret Stuart herself*, embellished in all the ornaments of virgin royalty, and blooming in a glow of new born beauties.

"Thank heaven I have been deceived!" cried she, with great emphasis; and when she had said this, she stood up motionless by the side of lady Jane Howard, and cast her eyes on the ground. No pen can do justice to the scene. It must be left wholly to conception, after the fact is told that no one present had the slightest conception of the disguise save the Queen, who had been initiated into the princess's project of trying the real state of the Douglas's affections on the preceding night. It was like a scene of enchantment. But a moment ago all was sorrow and despair; now all was one burst of joyful surprise. And, to make it still more interesting, there stood the two rival beauties of Scotland and England, side by side, as if each were vying with the other for the palm to be bestowed on her native country. But to this day the connoisseurs in female beauty have never decided whether the dark falcon eyes and lofty forehead of the one, or the soft blushing roses and blue liquid eyes of other, were the most irresistible.

The King was the first to burst from the silence of surprise. He flew to his daughter's arms with more vigour than a cripple could well be supposed to exert, kissed and embraced her, took her on his knee and wept on her neck; then striking his crutch on the floor, he scolded her most heartily for the poignant and unnecessary pain she had occasioned to him. "And the worst of it is," added *he*, "*that you* have caused me show too much *interest in an imp that has* been the constant plague of *my life with her whims* and vagaries; an interest, and an

intensity of feeling, that I shall be ashamed of the longest day I have to live."

"Indeed but you shall not my dear lord and father, for I will now teaze another than you, and teaze him only to deeds of valour and renown; to lead your troops to certain conquest, till you are fully avenged of the oppressors of your people."

Mary Kirkmichael hung by her seymar and wept. The Douglas kneeled at her feet, and in an ecstacy took her hand and pressed it to his lips. "I do not know whether or not I shall have reason to bless heaven all my life for this singular restoration," said he; "but for the present I do it with all my heart. Tell me, thou lovely cameleon, what am I to think of this? Were thou indeed, as was related to me, the page Colin Roy Macalpin? He with the carroty locks and the flippant tongue?"

"You need not doubt it, lord Douglas. I was. And I think during our first intimacy that I teazed you sufficiently."

"Then that delicate neck of yours, for all its taper form and lily hue is a charmed one, and rope proof; for, sure as I look on you now, I saw you swing from a beam's end on the battlement of this same tower."

"Oh! no, no, my lord! It was not I. Never trust this head again if it should suffer its neck to be noosed. *You* suffered it though; that you must confess. And I dare say, though a little sorry, felt a dead weight removed from about your neck. You suffered me to be taken prisoner out of your tent, and mured up among rude and desperate men in a dungeon. It cost me all my wits then to obtain my release. But I effected it. Swung from a beam's end, quoth he! Och! what a vulgar idea! No my lord, the page whom you saw swung was *a tailor's apprentice*, whom I hired to carry a packet up to your lordship, with my green suit of clothes, and a promise of a high place preferment, and I kept my word to *the brat*! An intolerable ape it was. Many better lives *have* been lost in this contention; few of less value—

ever deemed he was so soon to be strung, and my heart note me for the part I had acted. But the scheme of rming monk and confessor suited me best of all: I then ot my shackles of mystery riveted on you; and, heavens! hat secrets I have found out."

The marriage of the princess Margaret of Scotland and he Earl of Douglas was not now long delayed. The order never witnessed such splendour of array, such tournaments, such feasting, and such high wassail as what ccompanied the wedding. The streets of the city, and he square of the fortress, that had so lately been dyed vith blood, now "ran red with Rhenish wine." And e it farther known, that Sir Charles Scott of Raeburn nd Yardbire, and his horse Corbie, bore off every prize in he tilting matches, till at last no knight would enter the ists with him; but the fair dames were all in raptures vith the gallantry of his bearing, and the suavity of his manners. In short, Charlie Scott or the knight of Raeburn, was of all the gallants quite the favourite at that splendid festival in the hall, as well as the hero in the lists, in which he six times received the prize of honour from the hands of the royal bride and those of lady Jane Howard, who, at the Queen's earnest request, was made principal bride's-maid, and presiding lady at the sports.

CHAPTER XV.

This general doctrine of the text explained, I proceed, in what remains of this discourse, to point out to you three important and material considerations concerning the nature and character of women. These shall be, 1*dly*, What she was; 2*dly*, What she is; and, 3*dly*, What she will be hereafter. And are not these, my brethren, matters of high importance?

Dickson's Sermons.

All things of this world wear to an end, so also did *its high Christmas festival* within the halls and towers

of Roxburgh. The lady Jane had borne a pri
share in all the sports, both in and out of doors. I
hall she was led up to every dance, and in the lis
presided as the queen of the games, distributing the
with her own fair hands to the Scottish heroes, a
course, crowning her old friend Charlie with the b
least once a day. Sir Charles was a most unass
character, and seldom adventured on addressing h
periors first. But when once they addressed disc
to him, he never failed answering them with perfec
and unconcern; and often, as is well known er
time, with more volubility than he himself approv
Once, and only once during all these days of his tri
and high honours, did the lady Jane remember h
having brought her into captivity, and of the high
he had refused for her liberty. "An' if it be yon
honoured lady, I wish ye wadna say ony mair abou
matter," said Sir Charles; "for mony queer fid
kind o' feelings I hae had about it sinsyne. And if
kend then what I ken now,—if I had kend wha I h
my arms, and what I had in my arms, I had nae
the honours that I wear the day. My heart had
sair misgiving aince about you, when there were
news gaun of your great jeopardy; but now that yc
in sic high favour, I am e'en glad that I brought yo
troth ye hae a face and a form that does ane go
look at."

The lady Jane only sighed at this address, and l
down, thinking, without doubt, of the long and d
widowhood which it would behoove her to keep fc
dismal end of her betrothed knight, and then a
widowhood too, which was the worst of all. Ther
an obscure glimpse of the same sort of ideas glanc
Charlie's mind as he viewed her downcast blushing
tenance; and afraid of giving birth to any painful s
tions in such a lovely lady's mind, he desisted fron
ther conversation.

The Queen was still so much interested in th
as to endeavour by all means to procure her liber

any ransom, somewhat contrary to her son-in-law's ion. The Queen reasoned, that she was not a law- prisoner of war; the Douglas that she was, there ig no bond of peace subsisting between the nations, she entering Scotland with forged credentials, at least ed and sealed in favour of another and non-existing on. She applied to the King, who gave his consent, at the same time, professed having nothing to do he matter. At length she teazed Lord Douglas so h that he resolved to indulge her Majesty before the rt took leave of him.

Meanwhile lady Douglas (lately the princess Margaret Scotland) through the instrumentality of her tire- nan, Mary Carmichael, furthers, in the following ner, a match between Sir Charles Scott and her ner rival, lady Jane Howard. One day Sir Charles, s Muckle Charlie of Yardbire, was standing at the d of his hard-headed Olivers, his grimy Potts, and skrae-shankit Laidlaws, in all amounting now to 140 e and well appointed soldiers. He had them all sed out in their best light uniform, consisting of deer- l jackets with the hair outside; buckskin breeches, ned white as snow, with the hair inside; blue bon- s as broad as the rim of a lady's spinning wheel, and ted single-soled shoes. He was training them to e evolutions for a grand parade before the King, and himself dressed in his splendid battle array, with his mes and tassels of gold. His bonnet was of the form a turban, and his tall nodding plumes consisted of ee fox tails, two of them dyed black, and the middle crimson. A goodlier sight than Sir Charles at the d of his borderers, no eye of man (or woman either) beheld. As he stood thus giving the word of com- nd, and brandishing the Eskdale souple by way of ex- ple, in the great square in the middle of the fortress, ittle maid came suddenly to his side and touched him. arles *was extending his* voice at the time, and the in- *uption made him start* inordinately, and cut a loud *ble short in the* middle. The maid made a low

courtesy, while Charles stooped forward and looked a her as a man does who has dropt a curious gem or pi on the ground, and cannot find it. "Eh? God bless us what is't hinny? Ye war amaist gart me start."

"My mistress requests a few minutes private conversation with you, sir knight."

"Whisht dame! speak laigh," said Sir Charles, hal whispering, and looking raised-like at his warriors: "Wha's your mistress, my little bonny dow? Eh? Oh you're nodding and smirking, are you? Harkee, It's no the auld Queen, is it? Eh?"

"You will see who it is presently, gallant knight. It is a matter of the greatest import to you, as well as your captain."

"Ha! Gude faith, then it maunna be neglected. I'll be w'ye even now, lads; saunter about, but dinna quit this great four-nooked fauld till I come back again. Come along, then, my wee bonny hen chicken. Rax up an' gie me a grip o' your finger-ends. Side for side's neighbour like." So away went Sir Charles, leading his tiny conductor by the hand, and was by her introduced into one of the hundred apartments in the citadel.

"Our captain is gaun aff at the nail now," said Will Laidlaw; "Thae new honours o' his are gaun to be his ruin. He's getting far ower muckle in favour wi' the grit fo'k."

"I wonder to hear ye speak that gate," said Gideon Pott of Bilhope: "I think it be true that the country says, that ye maun aye read a Laidlaw backward. Who can contribute sae muckle to advance a gentleman and his friends as to be in favour with the great?"

"I am a wee inclined to be of Laidlaw's opinion," said Peter Oliver of the Langburnsheils, (for these three were the headsmen of the three names marshalled under Sir Charles,)—"Sudden rise, sudden fa'; that was aye saying o' my grandfather's, and he was very seldom in the wrong. I wadna wonder a bit to see our new knight get his head choppit off; for I think, if he haud on as he is like to do, he'll soon be ower grit wi' the Queen

Fo'k should bow to the bush they get bield frae, but take care o' lying ower near the laiggens o't. That was a saying o' my grandfather's aince when they wantit him to visit at the castle of Mountcomyn."

"There is he to the gate now," said Laidlaw, "and left his men, his bread-winners, in the very mids o' their lessons; and as sure as we saw it, some o' thae imps will hae his simple honest head into Hoy's net wi' some o' thae braw women. Wha wins at their hands will lose at naething. I never bodit ony good for my part o' the gowden cuishes and the gorget, and the three walloping tod tails. Mere eel-baits for catching herons!"

"Ay weel I wat that's little short of a billyblinder, lad!" said Peter Oliver; "I trow I may say to you as my grandfather said to the ghost, 'Ay, ay, Billy Baneless, 'an a' tales be true, yours is nae lie,' quo' he; and he was a right auldfarrant man."

But as this talk was going on among the borderers, Sir Charles, as before said, was introduced into a private chamber, where sat no less a dame than the officious and important lady of all close secrets, Mistress Mary Kirkmichael of Balmedie, who rose and made three low courtesies, and then with an affected faultering tongue and downcast look addressed Sir Charles as follows: "Most noble and gallant knight,—hem—Pardon a modest and diffident maiden, sir knight!—pink of all chivalry and hero of the Border: I say be so generous as to forgive the zeal of a blushing virgin for thus presuming to interrupt your warrior avocations.—(Sir Charles bowed.)—But, O knight—hem—there is a plot laying, or laid against your freedom. Pray may I take the liberty to ask, Are you free of any love engagement?"

"Perfectly so, madam, at—hem!——"

"At my service. Come that is so far well. You could not then possibly have any objections to a young lady of twenty-one or thereby, nobly descended, heir to seven *ploughgates of land*, and five half davochs, and *most violently in love with* you."

"*I maun see her first*, and hear her speak," said the

knight, "and ken what blood and what name; and whether she be Scots or English."

"Suppose that you *have* seen her and heard her speak," said the dame; "and suppose she was of *Fife* blood; and that her name was *lady* Mary Kirkmichael: What would you then say against her?"

"Nothing at all, madam," said Sir Charles, bowing extremely low.

"Do you then consent to accept of such a one for your lady?"

"How can I possibly tell? Let me see her."

"O Sir Charles! gallant and generous knight! do not force a young blushing virgin to disclose what she would gladly conceal. You *do* see her, Sir Charles! You *do* see her and hear her speak too. Nay, you see her kneeling at your feet, brave and generous knight! You see her *tears* and you hear her *weep*,—and what hero can withstand that? Oh Sir Charles!—"

"Hout, hout, hout!" cried Sir Charles, interrupting her, and raising her gently with both hands, "Hout, hout, hout! for heaven's sake behave yoursel, and dinna flee away wi' the joke athegither, sweet lady. Ye may be very weel, and ye are very weel for ought that I see, but troth ye ken a man maun do nae thing afore another, and a woman too. Ye deserve muckle better than the likes o' me, but I dinna incline marriage; and mair than that, I hae nae time to spare."

"Ah, Sir Charles, you should not be so cruel. You should think better of the fair sex Sir Charles! look at this face. What objections have you to it, Sir Charles?"

"The face is weel enough, but it will maybe change. The last blooming face that took me in turned out a very different article the next day. Ah, lady! Ye little ken what I hae suffered by women and witchcraft, or ye wadna bid me think weel o' them."

"Well, knight, since I cannot melt your heart I *must tell* you that there is a plot against your liberty, *and you* will be a married man before to-morrow's night *It is a grand* plot, and I am convinced it is made so

o entrap you to marry an English heiress that is a cap-
ive here, who is fallen so deeply in love with you that,
f she does not attain you for her lover and husband, her
eart will break. She has made her case known to the
Queen, and I have come by it; therefore, sir knight, as
ou value my life, keep this a *profound* secret. I thought
t a pity not to keep you out of English connections;
herefore I sent for you privily to offer you my own hand,
nd then you could get off on the score of engagement."

"Thank you kindly, madam."

"Well, Sir. On pretence of an appendage to the
arriage of the king's favourite daughter with the great-
st nobleman of the land, before the festal conclude, it is
greed on that there are to be a number of weddings be-
ide, which are all to be richly endowed. The ladies are to
hoose among the heroes of the games; and this lady
ane Howard is going to make choice of you, and the
aw is to be framed in such a manner that there will be
o evading it with honour. You have been a mortal
nemy to the English; so have they to you. Had not
ou better then avoid the connection by a previous
arriage, or an engagement say?

"I think I'll rather take chance, with your leave,
adam: Always begging your pardon, ye see. But,
epend on it, I'll keep your secret, and am indebted to
ou for your kind intentions. I'll take chance. They
innа surely force a wife on ane whether he will or no?"

"Perhaps not. One who does *not incline marriage*,
nd has not *time to spare* to be married, may be excused.
'ell me, seriously; surely you will never think of ac-
epting of her?"

"It is time to decide about that when aince I get the
ffer. I can hardly trow what ye say is true; but if
he King and the Warden will hae it sae, ye ken what
an a body do?"

"Ah, there it is! Cruel Sir Charles! But you know
ou really *have not a minute's time to spare* for marriage,
nd the want of inclination is still worse. I have told
u, sir knight, and the plot will be accomplished to-

morrow. I would you would break her heart, solutely refuse her, for I hate the rosy minx. I earldoms and nine hundred thousand merks go me! Goodbye, noble knight. Be secret for my

Sir Charles returned to his men in the great laughing in his sleeve all the way. He spoke himself likewise, but it was only one short which was this: "Three earldoms and nine thousand merks! Gudefaith, Corbie will be ast

It was reported afterwards, that this grand Mary's to Sir Charles was nothing at all in co with what she told to Lady Jane, of flames a heroism, royal favour, and distinction; and fi endless captivity in the event of utter rejection. ever that was, when the troops assembled aroun tress in the evening and the leaders in the l clamations were made in every quarter, settin that all the champions who had gained prizes s commencement of the Christmas games were together, and contend at the same exercises be King, for other prizes of higher value; and, fart every successful candidate should have an oppor acquiring his mistress' hand in marriage, with rich honours, manors, and privileges, to be conferre King and Queen; who, at the same time, gave fo peremptory commands, that these gallants shou with no denial, and this on pain of forfeiting t favour and protection, not only towards the dam fusing, but likewise to her parents, guardians a relations.

Never was there a proclamation issued that m a deray among the fair sex as this. All the beau Lowlands of Scotland was assembled at this royal The city of Roxburgh and the town of Kelso v of visitors; choke full of them! There were l every house beside the inmates; and generally s *three at an average* for every male, whether in *or suburbs*. Yet, for all these lovely wome *rank* and accomplishments, none else fled from

ences of the mandate but one alone, who dreaded a al being preferred,—a proof how little averse the ies of that age were to the bonds of matrimony. Such ight as that was in the city! There were running to l fro, rapping at doors, and calling of names, during the ole night. It was a terrible night for the dressmakers: there was such a run upon them, and they had so ch ado, that they got nothing done at all, except the eiving of orders which there was no time to execute. Next morning, at eight of the day, by the abbey bell, multitude were assembled, when the names of the oes were all called over, when sixteen appeared. The ididates were then all taken into an apartment by themres, and treated with viands and wines, with whatever else y required. There also they were instructed in the laws he game. Every one was obliged to contend at every : of the exercises, and the conqueror in each was to re into the apartment of the ladies, where they were to be placed in a circle, lay his prize at his mistress's t, and retire again to the sports without uttering a d.

The exercises were held on the large plain south of Teviot, so that they were beheld by the whole multie without any inconveniency. The flowers of the l also beheld from their apartment in the castle, alugh no one saw them in return, save the fortunate tenders in the field.

Sir Charles Scott won three prizes; one for tilting on seback, one for wrestling, and one for pitching the bar, and he laid all the three prizes at the feet of Jane Howard. Two lords won each of them two es, and other two knights won each of them one; and h laid them at the feet of their lady.

When the sports of the day were finished, the conrors, all crowned with laurel, and gorgeously arrayed, e conducted to the gallery where the ladies still rened; *and after walking* round the room to the sound *iumphal music, they* were desired to kneel one by *n the order in which* they had entered before, and

each to invoke his mistress's pity in his own terms. Sir Charles Scott kneeled, and, casting his eyes gravely toward the floor, said only these words; "Will the lady whom I serve take pity on her humble slave, or shall he retire from this presence ashamed and disgraced."

Woman, kind and affectionate woman, is ever more ready, to confer an obligation on our sex than accept of one. Lady Jane arose without any hesitation, put the crown on the knight's head, and, with a most winning grace, raised him up, and said, "Gallant knight, thou wert born to conquer my countrymen and me; I yield my hand and with it my heart." A friar who was present lost no time in joining their hands; he judged it best and safest to take women at their first words; and short time was it till the two were pronounced husband and wife, "and whom God hath joined let no man dare to put asunder. Amen!" said the friar, and bestowed on them an earnest blessing.—Fame expatiates largely on the greatness and goodness of this couple; how they extended their possessions, and were beloved on the Border. Their son, it is said, was the famous Sir Robert of Eskdale, the warden of the marches, from whom the families of Thirlstane, Harden, and many other opulent houses are descended.

THE ADVENTURES

OF

COLONEL PETER ASTON.

This heroic young gentleman was bred up in the family of John, the eighth Earl of Mar, and was generally supposed to have been a near connection of that nobleman's, but whether legitimate or illegitimate, is no where affirmed. It was indeed whispered among the domestics, that he sprung from a youthful amour between Lord Aston, of Forfar, and a nearer connection of the Mar family than I choose to insinuate. Certain it is, however, that the boy was christened by the name of Peter, and retained the surname of Aston to his dying day.

Although young Aston was taught every accomplishment of the age, yet he had no settled situation, either of honour or emolument. He looked forward to the life of a soldier, but hitherto his patron had made no provision for him. He was a principal man at weapon-shaws, excelling every competitor, an excellent bargeman, a most acute marksman, and at the sword exercise, he was not surpassed by any young man in the kingdom.

His chief and benefactor, the Earl of Mar, was a man of great power and authority, but about this time he got embroiled in the troubles of the period, and suffered some grievous losses and misfortunes, owing to the malignity of some of the parliamentary leaders, and so hardly

was he pressed, that he was obliged to make his escape into Ireland, and his family was scattered among his relations.

But perceiving the dangers that were approaching him, he established young Aston in the north, as constable of the Castles of Brae-Mar and Kildrummie, and sole keeper of the Earl's immense forests in those parts. This was a grand appointment for our young hero, requiring all the energies of his mind, for the forest was then of such extent that no living sportsman knew the limits of it, and concerning which the different foresters were not at all agreed, no, not to the extent of ten and twelve miles in some directions. Throughout this boundless chase, the great red deer of the Highlands strayed in thousands, beside numberless roes, wild boars, foxes, and other meaner animals. Here also the king of game, the great cock-of-the-wood, or capperkailzie, was to be found in every copse, with grouse of every description, without number, so that it was indeed a scene of prodigious interest to Peter. Here his adventurous life began, and in this early stage of it were displayed many of the rising energies which marked his character. Here he was enabled to maintain the Earl's castles and domains against all opposition; for among the woods and fastnesses of the great Mar forest, no regular troops durst trust themselves; and here our young hero, with his hardy Farquharsons and Finlays, kept all the straggling bands of the parliament forces at a due distance.

But Peter had other enemies whom he found it harder to deal with. These were bands of deer-stalkers or poachers, who established themselves on the skirts of the forest, and subsisted on its plunder. The deer and the game were so abundant, that hordes of sundry neighbouring clans made incursions into its richest glens occasionally, and made spoil of the Earl's deer. Over these men, our hero began at once to keep a jealous eye, and soon forced *them to* escape from his limits, for he could not endure to *see the best* of the deer slaughtered by men who did not *even ack*nowledge vassalage to his chief. He took several

ese marauders prisoners, chastised others, and by
of watching, threatening, and fearless demeanour, he
cleared the forest; so that he proved a most unwel-
guest to all the poachers and deer-stalkers of that
try; while his pursuits of and engagements with
contributed greatly to the romantic excitement of
mployment, and afforded numerous opportunities for
biting that personal prowess for which he was be-
ng every day more renowned.

mong all those bands of depredators, the worst and
; obstinate was one Nicol Grant. This resolute out-
had established himself and a body of his kinsmen in
le solitary dell, not far from the side of Loch-Bily,
e the remains of their hamlet is still visible, though
ly covered with the green sward. It was a perilous
tion for Peter and his men; for it was actually upon
chief of the Grants' property, although indented into
of Glen-Gairn, one of the richest glens of the Mar
t: and there Nicol Grant persisted in remaining, and
all the adherents of the Earl of Mar at defiance.

gainst this man there were grievous complaints lodged,
the first commencement of Peter's command, and
ad of dying away under the new rigours of our de-
ined keeper, the complaints of his under-foresters
me still more loud; for though they knew that he
ied their forest, they could not catch him, his art of
ealment greatly surpassing their skill in discovery.
y often caught his warders, placed on hills to give
various warnings, but these they could not even
ish with any show of justice, as they were all un-
ed intentionally, their situations being so much ex-
d.

'eter at last determined one day, all of a sudden, that
vould step into this highland reaver's den, and expos-
te with him on the baseness and impolicy of his con-
t, and try to convince him of these, and persuade him
eep his own laird's bounds. Expostulate indeed!
*r was there a man less likely to succeed in expostu-
than Mr Constable* Aston, for he was violently

passionate when he conceived himself wronged, and though himself swayed by principles of the most perfect justice and integrity, had no patience with any one whom he deemed in the wrong. Moreover, having been brought up at Alloa Castle, on the Forth, he understood the Gaelic so imperfectly, that he frequently took it up in a sense the very reverse of what it was, which ruined all chance of expostulation. His attendant, Farquhar, however, understood both languages middling well, so that there he was not at so great a loss.

Well, it so chanced that Peter and this one attendant was hunting or watching one day upon the eastern division of the great mountain Ben-Aoon, when Farquhar pointed out to him the smoke issuing from the abode of Nicol Grant and his associates. The smoke appeared so nigh, that all at once the fancy struck Peter of going directly there and hearing what this obstinate freebooter had to say for himself; and notwithstanding of all that Farquhar could say, he persisted in his resolution.

The way was longer than he expected, and on coming nigh the hamlet, almost impervious, so that had it not been for the smoke, the two could not have found it; but the smoke was like the smoke of a great camp, or a city on a small scale, and as they approached, a savoury scent of the well-known venison came temptingly over the senses of our two hungry invaders. But though that gave Farquhar a strong desire to partake of the viands, he continued to expostulate with his master on the madness and danger of this visit, but all to no purpose.

If ever there existed a man who really knew not what fear was, as far as regarded beings of flesh and blood, it was Peter Aston, and without the least hesitation, in he went, followed by his attendant, to the largest house of the encampment, from whence the greatest quantity of smoke issued, and from which likewise, the savoury perfume seemed to proceed. At his very first step within the threshold, (O woful sight to Peter's eyes!) he perceived hundreds, if not thousands of deer hams, all hanging drying in the smoke, tier above tier innumerable. To

being something like a large highland barn, with
lls made of stake-and-rise, there was in the other
kilnful of malt drying, for ale and whiskey to these
narauders. It was this which had produced the
column of smoke, by which the keeper and his man
en directed through the intricacies of rock and
to this singularly sequestered abode. There was,
ver, a large fire in the middle of this rude edifice,
ich hung an enormous kettle simmering full of a
n stew, and two coarse-looking highland women
onstantly stirring and pouching it up.
this was far too much for the patience of Peter.
ioment he cast his eyes to the countless number of
ams, the calm-expostulation part of his errand va-
. He and his attendant were both well armed
ong firelocks, bows, arrows, and broad swords ; and
ig up resolutely into the middle of this singular
iouse and refectory, he said fiercely, " By the faith
body, but you gentlemen deer-stalkers seem to
ell here, and rather to know too well where the
f Mar's best bucks graze."
ere were four or five ragged and sulky looking fel-
tting on the floor in a ring, employed on something,
they understood no English, they made no answer;
e of the women at the kettle, called out " Eon,"
raight a tall hard-featured fellow came from another
ient, who, with a bow that would not have disgraced
leman, welcomed the stranger Sassenach to his
s humble abode.
Vhy I was saying, sir," said Peter, " that you seem
well here, and rather to know too well where
arl of Mar's best bucks graze ; what say you to

Vhy sir," said the fellow, " she just pe saying tat
e pe very mooch tepending on her creat induster.
e often tear pought and far sought. But such as
, *te stranger always* welcome to his share."
nswer me this one civil question, sir," said Peter,
ce of thunder, " where did you get all those deer

hams, and on whose land and in what district did y
obtain them all. You can answer me, can't you?"

"Yes," said the highlander, drawing himself up. "
one who can pe knowing a steir's ham from that of
buck, and a highland shentlemans from a mere gilly s
could pe answering te questions."

Peter, without once thinking of his perilous situati
among a horde that had sworn his death, stepped fierc
up, and seized the man by the collar, "I'll have no sh
fling, sir," said he. "I am the Earl of Mar's castell
and forester, and I demand an explicit answer, wheth
as has been reported to me, those deer have been stol
from his forest."

The man, not doubting that Peter had a strong a
overpowering party without, answered him softly,
assuring him that he was not master there, but that
might depend on being satisfactorily answered by
leader and kinsman.

By this time one had run and apprized Nicol Grant
the arrival of a youthful Sassenach, who was assum
unaccountable airs and authority among his kinsm
Nicol belted on his sword, and hasted into his rude h
and there perceived a stately youth, of not more th
nineteen years of age, collaring his kinsman, the redou
ed John of Larg, his greatest hero and right hand m
a well-tried warrior, whom he had never known to flin
The scene was so ludicrous that the captain of that
theran band could not help smiling, and going up,
tapped Peter on the shoulder, addressing him in
most diabolical English; something as follows:—"F
pe te mhatter, prave poy? Fwat haif my cousin L
peen tooing or saying?"

"What?" said Peter:—he said no more but that
short monosyllable, yet he expressed a great deal,
what from his look and that one word, he set all pres
into a roar of laughter, except Nicol.

"Pray fwat should pe your grotharh, tat is your
upon me after?" said the latter.

"What?" said Peter, louder than before, for he

understand what Grant said, and to four or five speeches of the highlander, this word was the swer, still louder and louder. Both were getting ige, when Farquhar interposed, desiring each of speak in his own mother tongue, and he would t between them. By this means Farquhar hoped n both answers, and for a short while effected a the breaking out of the quarrel, but to the old by Peter, "where he destroyed all those deer?" nade a speech, which Farquhar being obliged to t, put an end to all peaceable colloquy. He said upon his chief's own land, and took the deer ie could get them, and defied the Earl of Mar his adherents to prove him a thief or dishonour- n. That he had as good blood in his veins as at chief had or any belonging to him, and that he and his whole clan at defiance.

to be short with you," said Peter, "since I find h a determined and incorrigible villain, I give you ning, that if I find you or any one of your gang rth in the Earl of Mar's forest, I'll shoot you like gs or wolves. Remember, you are forewarned." l the Sassenach, kill him," shouted a number of t once, and half a dozen of naked swords were d to Aston's breast at once. "No, no, hold off!" icol, "since he has dared to beard the old fox in I'll show him how little I regard his prowess, or er of those who sent him. Young gentleman, are you o fight me for the right of shooting in Mar forest?" the faith of my body, and that I am," said Peter, out his sword. "But you dare not, sir. You t, for the soul that is in your body, fight me single "

y te teal mon take tat soul ten!" exclaimed Grant. ah! all hands aloof! It shall never pe said tat raunt *took odds* akainst a Sassenach, far less a *a fhoolish poy.* Come on, praif mhaister, you *er chase a Craunt* from the Prae-Mhar forest

The two went joyfully out to the combat, and
followed by the whole hamlet, men, women, and c
ren, an amazing number, and among the rest, not f
than twenty-five armed hunters were among the cr
Farquhar besought a word of his master, and trie
persuade him to come to some accommodation for
present, for as it was, in whatever way the combat
minated, they were both dead men. But his remons
ces were vain. Peter never could be brought to
ceive danger. There was a deadly rancour in each h
and they took the field against each other with the
determined inveteracy.

They fought with swords and bucklers, at whi
was supposed each of them believed himself unmat
But they had not crossed swords for five minutes
Peter discovered that Grant was no match for him.
latter fought with the violence of a game-cock, an
being more than double the age of Peter, soon begs
lose his breath. Peter let him toil and fume on, del
ing himself with the greatest ease, till at last he cho
opportunity of putting in practice a notable quirk in
sword exercise, that he had learned from M'Dowell
master, at Alloa castle. He struck Grant's elbow
the knob of his buckler, so as to take the whole p
out of his arm, and the next moment twirled his s
from his hand, making it fly to a great distance, and
out the loss of an instant, while the Katheran chief
in this dilemma, Aston tripped him up, and set his
upon his breast, waving his sword above his throat.

It was not to be borne by the Grants, as he m
easily have supposed. A loud cry and a general rush
ward was the consequence, and in one moment I
Aston was overpowered and bound with cords, his h
behind his back and his feet with many folds.
they did not slay him on the instant, as Nicol Grant
his gang had sworn his death many a time, is not ea
be accounted for, but there can be no doubt that s
selfish motive predominated.

He was carried to a sort of dark hovel of an ou

n upon the floor, and a single armed guard placed
: door. He requested to have his servant Farquhar
end him, but the savages only laughed at him, spoke
elic, and left him. Thus was our hero vanquished
mbers, but still nothing dismayed. His mind seems
re been incapable of terror from man ; but hunger
in its place, which was worse to bear, and now
ı to teaze him most unmercifully, nor had he any
ɜ of repelling that most troublesome guest, and he
ı to dread that the savages were going to starve him
ath, and his blood ran chill at the thought.
: fell asleep, but it was a troubled sleep, for he had
ıs of eating at the Earl of Mar's table, but was
ıed because his appetite was insatiable. He ate up
: quarters of vension, and began to attack the beef
ınimaginable glee; but still the desire increased with
ion, and there was no end either of the feast or the
intolerant rapacity. While in the very height of
ingular enjoyment, he imagined that he saw a lovely
e figure coming in to partake of his viands. He
to speak and welcome her, but he could not. He
to stretch out his arms and embrace her, but he
not. She was, however, no vision, for the lovely
loosed the cords from his hands, and as he came
nself by degrees he heard her whispering—" Be
fraid, gallant stranger ; I have come at the risk of
fe to set you free. I saw how fearlessly and nobly
ıcquitted yourself to-day, and though you vanquish-
y own father, I admired you, for we never knew of
eing vanquished before. And besides there is a
on the way which will be here shortly, and these
are to carry you into your own bounds and drown
angle you ; for it is a rule with my father that no
however great his offence, shall be put down here.
ring all this, and hearing the orders given, I thought
d that so gallant a youth and a stranger should be
ff in *this manner, for* doing that which he conceived
his duty. I have therefore taken my life in my
nd come to set you at liberty, provided you give

me your sacred troth, that you will spare this little community, that by the troubles of the times have been driven to the hard circumstances in which you find us. But in particular you are to promise me, if I now give you your life, which your rashness has forfeited, that you are never to shed the blood of my parent, but to ward off his vengeance in the best way you may; for well I know he never will forgive the stain which you have this day cast on his honour by vanquishing him, and setting your foot on his breast at his own threshold, and in the midst of his dependants. Now, before I set you free, do you promise me this?"

Peter was deeply affected by the interest taken in his fortune by this lovely young female, the daughter of his mortal enemy; yea, affected in a way which he had never before experienced. "I would have granted anything at your request, my comely maiden, without any conditions," said Peter; "but as it is *your* request, it is granted. Henceforth Nicol Grant's life shall be held precious in my sight, as if it were the life of my own parent; and as a pledge of my troth, now that my hands are free, I will halve this bonnet-piece of gold between us, and let the sight of your half or mine always remain a memorial between us and a witness of this vow." And then, after a good deal of sawing, cutting, and nibbling, he parted the gold coin between them.

"I am satisfied and happy, brave youth," said the maiden; "and to tell the truth, I had resolved to set you at liberty, and to trust to your generosity and your honour, whether you had promised or not; but your promise and your pledge makes me happy; for well I know my father will never forgive you, but will thirst for your blood. But the times are perilous, and you and my father may soon come into the battle-field together, or against each other; and should you once cover his head on such a day, he then might be all your own; and what *a guardian* I should then have for my brave old and im*petuous* parent!"

"Lady, who are you, that I may know you again

d Peter; "for such sentiment and high and generous
ling in such a place as this, appears to me as an ano-
ly in human nature."
"I am Marsali Grant," said she; "the sole child and
rling of the man whom you this day vanquished in
ht. But there is no time for more parley; your exe-
tioners will presently be here. There is something
:h to eat and drink, but for Heaven's sake escape to
: solitudes and fastnesses of the hills before partaking
either. Remember you are unarmed, for I durst not
ng your armour for fear of a discovery. Haste and
ke your escape by the western branch of the glen,
l avoid the eastern as you would the door of death.
ke your way through this divot roof, for though your
rd is asleep, which I effected, yet I dare not trust
a in his sight. My father and his men are all absent
some expedition. Not another word. God speed
u."
"But where is Farquhar?" said he; "What has be-
me of my faithful Farquhar?" Marsali shook her head,
l again charged him to look to his own safety; so, af-
giving her an affectionate embrace, and shedding a
r of gratitude or love, we shall not decide which, on
r cheek, our hero took his leave, made his way by the
stern branch of the glen, as the maid had directed him,
l on the following morning reached the castle of Brae-
r in safety.
Peter had the day before summoned the Earl's men of
: western glens together, to watch the motions of some
the marching divisions of the enemy, and found them
embled at the castle on his return. To them he re-
ed his adventure precisely as it had happened, save
t he did not mention his promise to Marsali. The
n insisted on being led against that nest of freebooters,
cut them off root and branch, but Peter refused, on
ich the men of Mar looked at one another, not being
e to divine the cause of Peter's backwardness, it being
much the reverse of his general disposition.
'eter really was convinced in his own mind that Nicol

Grant only took that mode of releasing him, to give it a little more effect—to make a deeper impression on his mind, and extract a promise from him which Grant could not otherwise have obtained. Our hero was wrong, as will appear in the sequel: but, at all events, he would not have injured a hair of one of that tribe's head, and all for the sake of their lovely young mistress.

The confusion in the south of Scotland became dreadful about this period. New tidings arrived at Brae-Mar every day, of new revolutions and counter-movements of the different armies. Certain word at length arrived, that the Earl of Mar had been compelled to fly the country, and that his son Lord John, who commanded in Stirlingshire, had been so hard pressed by Argyle and his party, that he had been obliged to abscond along with a few principal friends. It was rumoured that they had escaped to Argyleshire, and joined Montrose, who was then laying waste the devoted Campbells. But young Aston could not help wondering why his lord should not have retired to his highland dominions, where the force continued stedfast, strong and unbroken; but it was to save those dominions from ravage that both noblemen escaped in a different direction.

A messenger at length arrived from Ireland, who brought a confirmation of Peter's investiture in the chief command of all the Earl's people in those parts. His instructions were to keep his men prepared, but to temporise as long as possible, without showing a decided hostility to any party; but if fairly forced to take a part, then to join his troops to those of the king, and stand or fall with the royal cause. The Earl's people were thus left in a ticklish position, being surrounded on all sides by the whig or parliamentary forces, excepting indeed their powerful neighbours the Gordons of Strath-Bogie and Aboyne. They had marshalled again and again in great force, but had not yet finally declared themselves; *the Marquess* of Huntly and his son being both in prison *in Edinburgh* Castle, so that they were as much at a loss *how to* proceed, deprived of their leaders, as the Earl of

Mar's people were. Peter, now styled Captain Aston, continued to act in the most fearless and independant manner. He held the strong castle of Kildrummie Cogarth and Brae-Mar, and showed a resolution of repelling force by force on the first opportunity.

It is well known, that in the event of any national commotion in Scotland, it has always been the prevailing sin of the clans, in the first place, to wreak their vengeance on their next neighbours, and this disposition shewed itself at that time over all the north. And in particular as relates to our narrative, the Grants deeming theirs the prevailing party, became as intolerant as any clan of them all; but many and severe were the chastisements they received from Captain Aston, who missed no opportunity of inflicting on them the most rigorous retaliation. They could live no longer with him, and determined on having him cut off, cost what it would. Nicol Grant, of Glen Bilg, and his desperate gang of deer-stalkers were applied to as the most able and likely to effect this laudable work; and they undertook it with avidity, swearing over the sword to shed his blood, or forego the name and habitation of their fathers.

On the morning after Peter's escape from the hands of these ruffians, Grant's party of executioners arrived at the encampment about the break of day, in order to carry off the prisoner, to hang or drown him in his own bounds. They found the armed highlander walking backward and forward before the door, but on entering the bothy there were the bonds lying, and the prisoner gone through a hole in the roof. The highlander swore to them that he had never for a moment quitted, but that he once thought he found the smell of the devil coming from the cottage, and heard him saying to the prisoner, that the Grants might rue the day that he was born. The Grants were astonished, and believing all this, they looked on their very existence as a tribe to depend on the death of this young man, and tried every means of accomplishing their purpose. Nicol Grant burst into the heart of the forest with a stronger party than he had hitherto headed,

and defeating a party of Mar's men on the hill a
Invercauld, he pursued them with such agerness, t
ing they were led by the captain, that he lost all the
of his danger. The man whom he took for Ca
Aston perceived that he was singled out by Grant
fled toward a ford in the linn of Glen-quaish, where
only can step at a time, and where one good fellow
guard the ford against fifty. Finlay Bawn leapec
gully, and then turned to fight the Katheran chie
Grant heaved a stone with such deadly aim, that Fi
feet being entangled among the rocks, it knocked
down, or some way caused him to fall, on whic
Grant sprang over the gully, and cut the unfort
youth down as he was trying to gain his feet, and
many curses and oaths began a-hacking off his head.
was that moment saluted by a shower of huge st
which laid him prostrate at once, and he was seized
bound by three of the Farquharsons.

As they were binding him, he growled a hideous l
and said, "Ay, you cravens, do your worst, now I
kept my oath. I have avenged the wrongs of my
and my own disgrace, and removed the spell of a c
enchanter. I am satisfied."

"Is it the death of our young friend, Finlay B
that is to effect all this?" said the men.

"Finlay Bawn!" exclaimed the savage, in a to
agony: "and is it only Finlay Bawn, whose death I
effected with the loss of my own life? Bramble! b
ling! would that I were at liberty to hew you i
thousand pieces for thus disappointing me of my jus
noble revenge."

"What a pity we have not a rope," said o
his captors, "that we might hang him over the
tree."

"What need have we of a rope," said another. "
me a fair stroke at the monster, and I'll engag
cut off his head as accurately as it had never
on."

"*I defy you,*" said Grant; "now try your han

"O, that is a stale joke," said the first; "you want to fall by a quick and honourable death, but you shall hang like a dog. Off to the castle with him, that our captain may have the satisfaction of hanging him with his own hand."

Nicol Grant was then hauled away, with his hands bound behind his back, to the castle of Brae-Mar, and flung into the dungeon until the arrival of the Captain, who was not expected till the evening. In the mean time, Finlay Bawn's father arrived at the castle, and insisted on inflicting vengeance on the slayer of his son, with his own hand. He being a man of some note among the Earl's people, none of the assembled vassals opposed the motion, and Grant being delivered up to the irritated father of a beloved son, a scene of great outrage ensued. Old Finlay put a rope about the culprit's neck, and began a-dragging him up to the gallows that stood at the cross of the village of Castleton, about a quarter of a mile from the castle. Grant was so dogged and sulky that he would neither lead nor trail, and a few boors, with braying laughter, were beating him on with sticks like an ox. Grant cursed them; tried to kick them; and said again and again, "Were your lord here, as he is in Ireland, the best of you durst not use me thus."

At this critical juncture, Captain Aston arrived from Kildrummie, and galloping up the green beheld his sworn enemy Nicol Grant led like a bullock by a long rope, and a parcel of clowns threshing him on with stones. He rode into the middle of them, knocking sundry of them down with his sheathed sword. "Who dares to lead a prisoner to execution here without my orders?" cried he. "I claim this prisoner as mine to try or to pardon; for though he slew your son in a forest broil, he slew him for me, and therefore the revenge is mine."

"What, sir?" cried old Finlay, "refuse me due vengeance on this old outlaw for the death of my brave son? *I'll have it, sir!*"

"*Hold your peace,*" cried Aston. "I am captain

here, until either the Earl or Lord John return, and I'll have no vassal voice to countermand my orders. I am sorry for the loss of the brave young man, but the stroke, as I understand, was meant for my head, not his; therefore, the prisoner is mine."

So saying, he alighted and loosed the rope from the neck of Nicol Grant with his own hands, unscrewing also the chain that held his hands together.

Old Grant gnashed his teeth and bit his lip in astonishment, but said not a word. He was conducted back, and again thrown into the dungeon of the castle, without being offered either meat or drink. "Lie there, and eat the flesh from off your bones, old murderous vagabond," said Aston; "I carry this key to the wars with me, and if I never return your cursed bones shall never be buried."

Nicol Grant laid him down on his dungeon floor, and after exhausting his curses on Pender-tana-mor, fairly made up his mind to suffer death by hunger and thirst without complaint, and without a cry being heard from the dungeon.

As he was lying half asleep, grinning with despair, he thought he heard the outer door of the castle slowly unlocked; then a few steps as approaching down the stone stair, and finally the dungeon door was unlocked, and in stepped Captain Aston. He carried armour, and old Grant perceived at once that he was to be murdered in private and in cold blood, and grinned a disdainful smile in the face of his hated enemy.

"You have always judged too hard of me Grant," said he. "I was never your personal enemy, nor the enemy of your clan, but only the enemy of injustice and robbery; and if you and your adherents will desist from robbing my lord and master's forests, I will unite in friendship with you for ever. It is not now a time for loyal subjects to be quarrelling among themselves and cutting each *other's* throats."

"Young squire, I want no directions from you where I and my men are to hunt or not to hunt. I will hav

where I please over all Scotland," said Grant; "and you or the Earl of Mar hinder me at your peril."

"What folly to speak to me in that manner, Grant," said Captain Aston, "considering that you are in my power, and sensible as you must be that I have spared you and your nest of forest robbers merely that I might not make enemies of my powerful neighbours the Grants; hoping that we shall yet combine in the same noble cause. Nor, for all your malice, shall a chieftain of the Grants be put down by me. I desire to be your friend and your companion in arms, for I know you for a brave man. Therefore, though I dare not tell my men, but must pretend I leave you here to die of hunger and thirst, here is both meat and drink for you in abundance; but haste and escape to the fastnesses of the mountains before partaking of either, for I cannot answer one minute for your life while you are in the environs of this castle."

"Boy! stripling! low-life Sassenach!" exclaimed Nicol. "Do you think I would take my life in a present from you? No, caitiff, I would rather die a thousand deaths!"

"Well, if you put hand to your own life, that is no act of mine," said Aston, gaily; "but I hope better things of you, and yet to fight side by side with you." So saying, he thrust him out of the castle, loaden with venison, bread, and wine, and bolted him out.

Grant felt himself degraded below the standard of humanity. Never was there a more wretched and miserable being. He felt himself doubly—trebly conquered; and his savage nature recoiling from the contemplation, he cherished nothing but the most deadly revenge.

He returned home, to the great joy of his clan, but he had not the face to tell them of his degradation; but his darling Marsali wormed it out of him, partly in his sleep and partly when awake. But by day his whole conversation with his associates was how to accomplish the death *of Aston. He was* represented as a necromancer, *limb of Satan, and a* scourge of God on the Grants; *d one on whose death* the welfare and very existence

tinsts that he used, the Grants could not sur a
they were surprised; and that he had dogged the
few chosen men for three successive nights, an
likely remain till discovered or expelled.

This was joyful news for old Neal, and all wa
among the Grants of Glen-Rig, to secure the su
their great enterprise. The scouts kept all day
and going, and meeting one another, and at nigh
ascertained that the dreaded party was still ther
smoke was seen ascending from the bothy,
scarcely discernible through the trees that sur
the rock, at the foot of which the shieling was
They then set their guard, so as it was impos
foe could escape.

But none of their consultations were conceal
Marsali; she was one of themselves, and hear
thing. No one ever suspected her of having
great foe at liberty, the devil having been the onl
suspected there. None, however, knew of he
enj ment to her, and no one but herself knew

. The place was on the very boundary of the Grant's
l, and fixed on as a check to them as well as for its
;ular safety; for the bothy could only be approached
one man at a time, and that with difficulty. And,
:eover, the inmates had a retreat up from behind on
dder into a concealed cave in a tremendous rock, and
:n the ladder was pulled up, the men who took shelter
re were safe, though assailed by a thousand foes.
'eter (or rather Captain Aston) and his men were
ng in the bothy at the foot of the rock, cooking a
:ful of the finest venison, with other game mixed, and
ays now and then tasting the delicious liquor, to as-
ain if it was ready for their grand repast, when all at
e a watcher in a loud whisper, gave the word, "A
nt! a Grant!" "By the blessed rood, he dies then,
e were their chief," cried the Captain, and fitting an
w to his bow, and waiting a little space until the in-
ler came to the highest part of the path, his form was
lly exposed between the captain's eye and the sky,
was thus rendered a complete butt for an archer's
. The intruder was a slender youth, and hasting to-
ds them with eager speed. Peter took a hasty aim,
bowstring twanged, the shaft sped, and pierced the
nger's lightsome form, who with a loud cry fell to the
nd. The captain was first at him, and found a come-
outh lying bleeding on the height, with a deep wound
is shoulder, from which he had just pulled the barbed
w. The youth wept bitterly, and blamed the cap-
for shooting a friend who came on a message of life
death. The other retaliated the blame on the
nded youth, for his temerity in coming without the
-word.

I want a single word with you in private, sir, before
e," said the youth.

Die!" exclaimed the captain, "why it is a mere
tch, it would not cause a girl to lose an hour's sleep.
re, *my friends, to your* supper, till I hear what this
ing has to communicate." The men did so, when
outh instantly produced the token which our hero

had given to Marsali Grant, and at the same time charged him to follow where he should lead the way, else in half an hour he and his party would all be dead men.

"There you are mistaken, my brave boy," said Peter; "for here I and my party are safe, and defy all the Grants of Strath-Aven."

"Are you not bound in honour to answer this token, sir." Peter bowed, and acknowledged the obligation. "Then," continued the youth, "you must come and speak with my young mistress without, for she has something of the utmost importance to communicate to you."

Peter did not hesitate a moment in complying with his beauteous deliverer's injunctions. He ran to his men, desiring them to take shelter in the cave for the night, and draw up the ladder, and returned to his young ragged and weeping conductor. "O sir," said he, "if you know of any path out of this entanglement in any direction, for heaven's sake lead on, for my master's men surround this place in great force, and will immediately be upon us; and if I guess aright, it was to save your life that I was sent. What shall we do? For I am wounded and cannot fly with you, and if I am taken, my life is the forfeit."

"Fear not, and follow me," said the captain; and taking the youth by the hand, he pulled him along on the narrow path by which he had come. They had not proceeded far, ere they heard the rush of the Grants approaching, on which they were obliged to creep into the thicket on one side, and squat themselves to the earth. The poor timorous youth clung to the captain's bosom, and sobbed and wept; for he heard their whispered vengeance in his native tongue, and their rejoicings that they had their greatest enemy once more in the toil. When they were all gone by, the two arose and pursued another path in deep silence, and it was not long ere they gained the height, and perceived the blue waters of Loch-Bily below them, whose waves glittered bright in the beams of the rising moon.

Here the captain dressed the youth's shoulder, whi

ad still continued to bleed a little and rendered him omewhat faint: but Peter, binding it hard up with some erbs, assured him that it was nothing, and the two proeeded on in silence, the youth taking the lead. In an mazing short time, our hero found himself in the middle f the encampment of the Grants; and the sly youth who had led him by such a near route, seemed to enjoy is consternation greatly, when he saw where he was nd heard what he heard. This was a wild and terrible nthem, proceeding from the large rude hall in which he ad been formerly. The song seemed a battle strain, nding with a coronach for the dead. When it was nded, the youth whispered him to walk deliberately in, nd use his own discretion until he went and apprized is young mistress of his arrival. The mention of her ame thrilled him to the heart, and without thinking of ught else, he walked boldly and slowly into the hall mid the astonished group. They were all females, some ld and some young; but there was one powerful old ragon among them, whom Peter set down in his mind t once as a witch. One wild exclamation in Gaelic followed another, but these our hero did not fully comprehend, neither did they his salutations; but it was manifest that their astonishment was extreme. The superstition of that age was such as cannot now be comprehended. People lived and breathed in a world of spirits, witches, warlocks, and necromancers of all descriptions, so that it was amazing how they escaped a day with life and reason. Peter believed in them all; and as for the Grants of the glen, they had from the beginning set him down as a demi-devil—a sort of changeling from the spiritual to the human nature; and there was a prophecy among them which that same old hag continued oft to repeat. It was in Gaelic, but bore that "when Peter, the great son of Satan, should fall, their house should fall with him,"—thus regarding him the evil angel of their race. His wonderful escape from them formerly, his surprising feats of arms, nd most of all, his present appearance in the midst of em, as they were singing his death-song, impressed

them with the firm belief that he was indeed a superhuman being. They sent off one message after another for their young mistress, but she could not be found, and no one knew where she was. But in a short time Marsali herself stepped in, arrayed in the brilliant tartan of the clan, and really, in such a scene, appeared like the guardian divinity of the wilderness. There was such a combination of beauty, simplicity and elegance, both in her appearance and deportment, that Captain Aston, brave and resolute as he was, instantly felt that he was only a secondary and subordinate person there.

The guileful creature instantly kneeled before him, and prayed him—in Gaelic, that all the women might thoroughly understand her—that for her sake he would restrain his soldiers, by whom they were surrounded, from ravaging and destroying a parcel of poor helpless women who had been left without a guard.

"Madam, you know that I do not understand you," said he. "But you also know that I cannot refuse anything to you, if you will speak in a language with which I am acquainted."

She then thanked him again in Gaelic for his boundless kindness and generosity in thus always repaying them good for evil. And the women hearing this, conceiving of course that their adored mistress had gained a great victory, and saved all their lives, danced for joy around them, and blessed them both in a verse of sacred song.

Marsali led her lover into her own chamber, and addressed him in the language to which he was accustomed; and that with a frankness and affection which greatly endeared the maiden to his fond heart, unpractised as it was to any of the blandishments of love or flattery. He gazed and gazed at her, his eyes beaming with delight, and then said, "I am afraid of you, Marsali. And well I may, for I find that I am your captive—that you can make me do what you please; and aware as I am of that, where is my security for not doing every day something is wrong."

noble sir, can you not trust my generosity and
. Let me clasp your knees, and kiss them, for
merited kindness in rescuing my infatuated father
instant and ignominious death."
l where is my recompense, Marsali? When I
to have secured him as my friend and companion
for ever, you see how I am rewarded. Parent
yours, Nicol Grant has the nature of a demon."
not so, noble sir, but listen to me. It grieves my
find that my father, in place of being won by
idness, is more inveterate against you than ever.
that he is not only conquered in warrior prowess
nerosity, and feels every moment of his life as if he
thing beneath your foot. His yearning for ven-
s altogether insupportable; and I have now no
ource but to endeavour your separation for ever;
as to effect this that I sent for you from the
Glen-Gairn."
ss me! I never till this moment remembered to
wherefore you sent for me so hastily, and forced
ave my men in some danger."
nt, in the first place, to warn you of your danger,
your life, which I need not say I feel now to be
to me. But, for shame! how could you shoot
enger?"
rascal came without our pass-word, and what
do? He had not even the sense to answer our
e by calling out a 'friend.' But I was little
r the accident, for such a poor whining elf I
held. I could hardly refrain from kicking him:
do you think? he actually cried like a girl for
a on the shoulder."
r fellow! he's a very kind hearted, faithful, and
oy."
a pretty boy! an ugly keystrel! a chit! The
oking howlet, that I ever saw in my life, ah—a
" Here our bold Captain's volley of obloquy
he poor boy was suddenly cut short, while the
self was to be seen standing gaping like one

seized with a paralytic affection. For the lovely, the accomplished and engaging Marsali Grant had thrown back her silken tartan, and there was the identical wound on a shoulder as white as the snows on Ben-Aven, which our hero had recklessly inflicted, and as carelessly dressed on the height of Glen-Gairn.

Peter's mouth turned into the shape of a cross-bow—he looked over his right shoulder, but seeing nothing there worth looking at, his eyes reverted again to the wound on the lovely shoulder, at which the victorious damsel stood pointing. The round tears stood in our hero's large blue eyes, which seemed dilated above measure; and so, to prevent himself from crying outright, even louder than the maiden had done herself, he turned his face over his left shoulder, and began a-laughing, while at the same time his face went awry and the tears ran down in streams.

"So you never saw a shabbier keystrel or a worse-looking boy, did you not?" said she, most provokingly.

"Dear, dear Marsali, you are too hard upon me; Heaven knows I wish the wound had been mine. And yet it is nothing to one you have given me, I—I—fear—I love you, Marsali."

"A bold confession! But forgive me for laughing at it. It is however given in good time, for I have a most serious request to make of you, and one that nearly concerns both our happiness and our lives. Did I not hear you say lately, noble Aston, that you could not refuse me any thing?"

"Perhaps you did; and if I said so, what then?"

"Alas! the time is hard at hand, when your sword and my father's must both be drawn in this ruinous war, which is a more serious affair than broils about forest land, which God ordained should be free. This country is now destined to be the seat of bloody and destructive war; and no tribe, nor clan, nor family is to be suffered to remain neutral, without being subjected to plunder, fire, and sword. Both parties have issued summonses and threats, and to the one or the other we must cling.

know the part that the Grants will take, and my father and his followers will be the foremost men. Should you and the men of Mar take the same side, as is reported, think what the issue will be. Either you or my father will never come home again, nor can you even subsist together in life for a single day. He is altogether irreconcileable, and nothing but your blood will satisfy him. He has sworn an hundred times to wash his hands in it, and in the event of either of you falling by the other's hand, *what is* to become of me?"

"But, dearest Marsali, what can I do to prevent this? I will be friends with your father for your sake alone; and I will be a shield to him in the day of battle, provided he will be friends with me; but if I am attacked unfairly, or by ruffian ferocity, what can I do but defend myself?"

"There is only one expedient in nature to save one or both of your lives, and mine beside; and that is, for you either to keep personally out of this war, or lead your troops to some other district. It was principally for this that I brought you here, to plead with you in a maiden's habit; and as a maiden should do, move your heart to the one of these alternatives."

"What you ask, Marsali, is out of my power. My orders are, to join the king's troops if forced to the field; and where else can I go, or find a leader save the gallant Montrose."

"Then it is all over with poor Marsali, and the sybil's prediction must be fulfilled. Our happiness is over, and our days numbered."

"What *would* you have me to do, dearest Marsali?"

"Either to keep from the war personally, or take the opposite side to my father. In the latter case I have only the chances of war to dread; but in the same army you cannot subsist without bloodshed and ruin to all concerned. But, dear Aston, cannot you live in the forest with me?"

"*If I stay* another moment, I am a lost and ruined man," *cried Peter*, and bounded away to the hill like a

wild deer. The maid followed by the light of the moon, and contrived to keep sight of him: and when at length he sat down upon a stone, and began to think and repeat to himself, that he had used this matchless girl very ill, he never wist till her own sweet voice said close behind him, "Well stay, and take me with you, Aston, and be counselled by me, else you will repent it at your last gasp, when there is no redress to be found."

"Spare my honour, for mercy's sake!" cried Aston "not to-night, my dear Marsali, not to-night; for a fitter time will soon come. I am engaged, and must stick to my engagement. I have nearly forfeited my credit with my lord's men already; and if it were not that they believe your father is locked up in the dungeon of the castle to die of hunger, I could not call out Mar's vassals. Therefore not to-night, for heaven's sake not to-night."

Marsali sat down, and wiped her eyes, and cried, "I now know that I shall lose both my kind father and my noble and generous lover. But, what could a maid do more? Heaven prevent them from meeting in deadly feud." Marsali went home with a heart overpowered with the deepest affliction, and a settled presentiment that a terrible judgment hung over her house and her lover.

Never was there a man so much astonished as Nicol Grant was, on learning what had happened in his absence, and comparing that with what he had himself seen. He had surrounded Aston's bothy at the foot of the rock so that a fox could not have made his escape. He had seen the fire burning, and the guardians of the forest passing and repassing in the light. He had rushed in, to surprise the man he accounted his greatest opponent on earth. The fire was still blazing. The venison steaks were still warm upon the stone table, but human being there were none to be found. Nicol's hair stood on end and his looks were so troubled that all his followers partook of the infection, for they imagined they were opposed to men who were in conjunction with the evil one and who could convey themselves through the air, or

wels of the solid rock, as suited their convenience. But hen Grant came home, and learned from the females pertaining to the clan, that at the very time when he is surrounding Aston and his Brae-Mar men in their thy, Aston and his men were surrounding the encamp-nt of the Grants, and that if it had not been for the ercessions of Marsali, they would all have been ra-ged, slaughtered, and plundered,—why Nicol Grant ew not what to think. He tried to frame some pro-ble solution of the thing, but he found it impracti-ole.

But the trump of war was now sounded in the dis-cted valleys, and by degrees reached the most bewil-red of the Grampian Glens, where it was hailed with by men who could lose nothing but their lives,—which re every day laid in peril, and the loss of them natur-y the less dreaded,—while a foray, upon the lowlands their rival clans, was their highest delight. And while e trivial events above detailed were going on, the war ged in the western highlands. The intrepid Marquess Montrose had turned on the braes of Lochaber, like ion caught in the toils, and beat the Campbells to pieces the battle of Inverlochy, and forthwith the conqueror rived in the eastern districts, where two powerful ar-es of the reformers were sent against him. Every clan is then obliged to join the one side or the other, fur-er temporising being impracticable. The Laird of ant, a very powerful chief, was the first to declare for e royal cause. He sent a brave array, under the com-and of Ballindaloch, his brother, consisting of 500 men, hile the Strath-Avon men were led by our redoubted rester and free-booter, Nicol Grant. While Captain eter Aston, having his lord's private orders, raised the rces of the Dee and the Don for his royal master.

It was on the 28th of April, that Nicol Grant joined e royal army with no fewer than 300 men, all robust nd wild katherans. He was received by his Colonel, *allindaloch, with high* approbation, and placed next in *mand to himself.* Nicol was a proud man that day,

on seeing so many of his own name and clan together in arms, and forming the wing of the royal army that lay next to their own country. Forthwith, Nicol thought not of advantages over the king's enemies, but, with that fiendish malignity of which he possessed a portion above all men, he immediately began to concert plans how he might revenge old jealousies, now that he saw the Grants in such force as appeared to him supreme.

Accordingly, with speech full of malevolence, he represented to his colonel, how that the Earl of Mar's people were rising in great force to join the opposing army, and that it would be of the greatest consequence were he and his men permitted to crush the insurrection in the bud, before their array gathered fairly to a head. Ballindaloch believing this, hasted to Montrose, and laid the intelligence before him: Montrose was hard of belief, knowing the firm loyalty of the Earl of Mar, and charged Ballindaloch to beware how he proceeded rashly in the matter; but, at all events, to prevent the men of Mar from joining the covenanters.

This piece of treachery in Nicol Grant had the effect of bringing about great events, for the Grants moving southward to watch the movements of the Mar men, weakened the main body of the king's army, and hasted on the great battle of Auldearn. But, in the mean time, Nicol Grant was despatched with his regiment to the south, to waylay the men of Mar, and bring them to an explanation one way or another. This was the very commission Nicol Grant wanted, for he knew every pass and ford of that country, and now was his time for executing that vengeance which gnawed his heart. He had likewise orders to watch the motions of General Baillie, but, to that part of his commission, he determined on paying only a secondary regard.

Now, it so happened, that at the muster of the Earl of Mar's clans at Kildrummie, the men of Cluny and Glen-Shee did not appear, but Aston finding 300 gentlemen cavalry assembled, he left John Steward, of Kildrummie, to gather in and bring up the foot, and he him

elf rode off with the cavalry to join the royal standard, ast the expected battle should be fought ere he got forard with the whole.

Our young hero's heart was never so uplifted before, s when viewing this gallant array led on by himself. He hought of what mighty exploits he would perform for is king and country, but he could never help mingling hese thoughts with others of what would become of the ovely and accomplished Marsali Grant during the war. f she would accompany the old deer-stalker to the camp, r retire to some place of safety. He wished he had nown, for he found he could *not* get her out of his nind.

Such were some of the brave Captain Aston's cogitaions, when lo, at the fall of evening, as he was fording a iver at the head of his men, which I think, from the desription, must have been at the ford of the Don above Kirkton, he was suddenly attacked by a force of great power, which, from its array, appeared to be of the Clan-Grant. But certain that they had joined the royal party, e deemed them labouring under some mistake, and for a while, he and his troops only stood on the defensive, alling out what they wanted, and likewise that he was for the king and Montrose. It availed nothing, down they came with fury on his first division, while the rest of his troops were entangled in the river, and ere he had given orders for an attack, his front rank, which had gained the firm ground, began to waver. He was as yet but little acquainted with the practical science of war, measuring merely the strength of his army with his own, and, at length, waving his sword over his head, he called out "On them, brethren! follow me."

He was at the head of his column on the left when he gave this order for the charge, and instantly thereon he spurred his horse against the right of the Grants, the place where he knew their leader would be. He was followed by a few resolute fellows, who, at the first, made an opening in the front ranks of the Grants, but several of them were cut down, and the captain himself nearly

inclosed. Terrible were the blows he dealt, but though they made the Grants recoil, it was only to return with redoubled fury; and just while in this dilemma, their leader rushed forward on him, and closed with him, crying at the same time in Gaelic, as if bursting with rage, "Perdition on thy soul! I have thee now."

With these words, he struck at Aston with the fury of a maniac. The latter warded the first blow, but the second, which was a back stroke, wounded his horse on the head, and at the same time, cut the head-band of his bridle. Never was there a warrior who did his opponent a greater service, for the rest plunged onward, and our young hero would have been cut in pieces, for he entertained no thought of a retreat, but his horse disliking the claymores of the Grants exceedingly, and feeling himself under no further control from the bridle, turned and scoured after his associates swifter than the wind, outrunning the most intense flyers, and thus bearing his rider from instant death.

In less than ten minutes, the handful of the Mar cavalry that had reached the firm ground were broken and chased by their enemies to the eastward, while those still entangled in the river were glad to retreat to the other side.

Captain Aston's heart was absolutely like to burst with vexation at being thus baffled and broken by the old infernal deer-stalker, whom he had so lately and so generously rescued from death,—for too well he knew his voice and his bearing,—and in his heart cursing him as the most implacable barbarian, wished that he had let the men hang him as they intended, and then he should have been guiltless of his blood.

The Grants being on foot, there was no danger of a hasty pursuit. Still the captain continued to scour on, followed by his front division alone, consisting of about 120 men. He knew not what had become of all the *rest*; if Nicol Grant had slain them all in the coils of the *Don*, or chased them back again to Brae-Mar. How came he thus to be flying from the face of an enemy of

m he had no fear, and whom he still wished to fight?
he confusion of his reminiscences, he did not perceive
rly the reason of this, which the reader will easily do.
horse wanted the bridle, as the reins only hung
he martingal, and our hero wasted his strength in
, pulling in his wounded and furious steed by the
ılders.

, spruce cavalier of his troop, who had all the way
; close by his side, now ventured to address him,
ng him sharply, whither he intended to lead them in
ı abundant and unnecessary haste?

It is my horse who is in such a persevering haste,
not I," said Aston. "He is wounded, and so much
ghted that he is beyond control. I may as well try
ırn the hill of Loch-na-gaur. No, no! here we go!
ı on, boy!"

Captain, this is sheer madness!" said the youth.
you cannot command your horse, throw yourself from
ɔack and call a muster."

I never thought of the expedient before. Thank
, young sir," said the captain, flinging himself from
ıorse, and then, coming to close gripes with him, com-
ded him by force, when it appeared the animal wanted
bits, was wounded in the head, and had one of his
cut off. A council of war was then called, and it
resolved that they should try to unite their force in
morning by break of day, return in a body, and cut
he Grants into small pieces!

rom this laudable resolution there was no dissentient
e, till the stripling before mentioned stood up at
captain's hand, and said—"Brother cavaliers, I, for
must dissent from this mad resolve, for several
ons; and the first is, the certainty of losing our cap-
, the first man on the field. It is quite manifest, that
ınderstands no mode of attack beyond what he can
vith the might of his own arm, and no mode of re-
t save the old one of who to be foremost."

What do you say, sir? what is your name? and
? *son are you?*" said the captain, fiercely.

"It is not every man, Captain, that can tell whose sc he is," retorted the youth, with a sly bow, which rais the titter so much against the captain that he only b his lip and waited in silence what the stripling had farth to say. "I am quite serious, Captain, for I percei that in any private broil your bold temerity would l the ruin of your followers. My most serious and cand advice then is, that you lead us straight to the roy army, and then fighting at our head, in the regular rank I know not on whom we would turn our backs. I a the more serious in this advice, that I am certain v were attacked through mistake. These men have be despatched to watch the motions of General Baillie, a prevent the junction of his army with that of Sir Jol Urry. And as the forme- general's army consists most of cavalry, there cannot be a doubt but that the Gran mistook us for his advanced guard; for how could th expect a regiment of horse from Brae-Mar? Let us th assemble our men, haste on to the main army, and r present the case to the Lord Lieutenant, who we a sure will do us justice, either on friends or enemie This, in my estimation, will be behaving like true a loyal soldiers, while in the other case, it would be actir like savage banditti, to avenge supposed wrongs on frien who believed they were doing their duty."

"Young gentleman, your wisdom is so far above yo years, that I request to know your name and lineage said the Captain.

"My name is Colin," said the youth; "I am the sc of a gentleman of your acquaintance, and newly returne from school; but my surname, I shall for the presei keep, lest I behave ill in the wars. Let it suffice the that I am Colin, a young gentleman volunteer to the ban ner of the Earl of Mar. I came with the intent of fo lowing Captain John Stewart, whom you have left be hind, but since it has been my fate to fall under th command of another, I shall do my duty, either in coun cil or field. Captain, you shall never find me dea you."

ıdmire your sagacity, young Sir," said Aston; know more than you do, and I know that you ıng. However, as my brethren judge your ade best, I am willing to follow it. And hence- attach you to me as my page, for a sword you rcely wield yet."

ı's proposal was immediately applauded and l. A whistle from the other side of the river ced the vicinity of their associates, who joined ; day-break at a place called Black-meadow ford, five men, and thus they advanced straight on to ıy, then lying close to the Moray firth.

trose received them with the greatest kindness ability, but his staff could scarcely refrain from r at the bluntness of our hero, when he made his nt against the Grants, and told how he had been ɔy them, and had lost sundry brave men. The ss looked thoughtful and displeased, and sending indaloch, requested an explanation. That worthy ıan could give him none, for he saw that he had ped from a motive of private revenge. Montrose perceived the same, and after some severe general on the way in which the royal army had been ɛd by private feuds, he added, " Colonel Grant, eutenant must be punished." And forthwith 'as an express sent off to order Nicol Grant's from the passes of the mountains.

the 4th of May, 1645, the famous battle of n was fought. And here I judge it requisite to le more particular on the events relating to this han perhaps the thread of my narrative requires, I am in possession of some information relating t possessed by any other person; it was originally om the lips of a gentleman who had a subordinate d in the royal army, and may be implicitly re-

And, moreover, it proves to a certainty the *city of this* tale.

is period, then, Sir John Urry, with a well-ap- *rmy of* seven powerful regiments of the Reform-

ers, had been approaching nigher and nigher to Mc
for some days. While general Baillie also appro
from the south with an army equal in magnitud
superior in appointment to either of the other tw
intent was to hem in the royal army between them
they supposed it would fall an easy prey. The
Marquess had resolved to fight each of these
singly. Still he was quite unprepared, for his clar
scattered all abroad. But it so happened that I
of Kennet-Haugh, having had a sharp difference w
laird of Haliburton, and not being able to obtain s
dress owing to that hero's great credit with the G
deserted on the following night to the Whigs. H
represented to Sir John Urry that if he wished t
immortal renown, that this was the time to crush fi
the redoubted Marquess of Montrose. "His st
is reduced to nothing, and certain victory awaiting
said he. "The Grants are at a distance on a
errand. The Stewarts and Murrays of Athol ar
home to protect their own country from pillage.
M'Leans are still as far off as Glen-Orchy, and in
days the force of Montrose will be doubled by
western clans, that are all on their way to his cam
present he has nothing to depend on but the reg
of Colkitto and Muidart, for as for the men of
Bogie they cannot fight at all."

This was Murray's speech, as afterwards rehea
the council by Sir John, and with such words as
he stirred up that general, a vain and precipitate
forthwith to push on and complete the overthrow a
of the terrible Montrose. And truly the circum
of his army made the opportunity too favourable a
be overlooked. Indeed had it not been for the s
and presence of mind of one Mr Neil Gordon, wh
with all his speed and apprised Montrose, Urry
have taken him completely by surprise. He put h
tle in array with all expedition, took the command
right wing himself, and assigned the left to a br
irresistible hero, M'Donald of Colkitto. The c

nded by John of Muidart, captain of the Clan-ra-
nd the cavalry by Lord Gordon; so says my au-
, for the truth of which I can vouch.
this hurried array was fairly completed, the army
Reformers appeared in columns hasting on to the
But this Montrose would not risk, for he never
d his clans to wait an attack, but caused them al-
o rush on and break or disorder the enemy's ranks
first onset; and this mode he never had reason to
. No man that ever led the clans to battle knew
ature and capabilities so well as he did. Captain
and his regiment were of course placed under the
nd of Lord Gordon, and fought on his right hand,
ie men of Lewis and Kintail were opposed to

was a hard fought and bloody battle, and many
slain and wounded on both sides; for the brave
ald having a mixture of Irish soldiers, with both
nders and Highlanders in his division, they fought
s, disdaining to support one another, so that his
was driven back and very nigh broken to pieces.
then that the Lord Gordon and his cavalry were
ut to it; their left wing being left exposed, and
'Kenzies hotly engaged with them in front, mixing
iem, and holding them in such dreadful play, that
period the issue of the battle was not only doubt-
; very nigh hopeless on the part of the Marquess,
army of the Reformers was mixed with small bodies
iers which galled the cavalry exceedingly.
: path by which M'Donald was compelled to retreat,
narrow, rugged one, between a cattle-fold and a
:ocky ascent, part of the inclosure being formed by
ed, impassable ravine. From the side of this burn
was a little green hollow, which at the top could
e ascended by two or three at a time. On reach-
s hollow, the laird of Lawins with great spirit and
ent stopped his regiment in the pursuit, and
d his men to run up that hollow and attack the
the Gordons and the men of Mar.

Montrose galloped to an eminence and called to the Earl of Antrim to assist M'Donald, but still this manœuvre by the laird of Lawins was concealed from his sight, which if it had even but partially succeeded, at that doubtful and dangerous period of the battle, it would have completed the ruin of the royal army. Captain Aston was the very first man who perceived it, and pointed out the danger to the Lord Gordon. The combat with the M'Kenzies being then at the very hottest, Lord Gordon would not stop it, but swearing a great oath that all was ruined if yon dogs were suffered to rally on the height, he wheeled his charger about, and without giving any orders to follow, galloped full speed to the verge of the precipice, where Lawin's men were beginning to appear. Aston and his page Colin followed close to him, and a few others by chance noticed and flew to the assistance of their brave young lord. He was indeed a perfect hero, so careering full drive upon the few who had gained a footing on the height, asked what they were seeking there; but without waiting for a reply, he struck the lieutenant that led them in the throat with his spear with such force, that the point of the weapon went out at the back of his shoulder. He was a gentleman of gigantic size, and on receiving the wound he made such a tremendous spring over the precipice, bolting headlong down among his followers, that he overthrew many more, and greatly marred the ascent at that critical moment. Captain Aston seconded his leader's efforts with equal if not superior might, and the page, though he never drew his sword, shot two of the enemy dead with his pistols.

Montrose, who had the eye of the eagle, beheld this gallant action, and asked at Alexander Og, who stood next him, if ever an army could be defeated which contained such men? And Alexander answered, "With fair play, my lord, it never will." M'Donald also perceived the dismay wrought among his enemies, principally by the might of two individuals, and he said to the gentlemen around him who had taken shelter in the fold

at, shall we stand here and see Lord Gordon win the
with his own hand?" He instantly led his motley
back to the combat, on which Lawin's regiment
orced to retreat in its turn. Montrose at the same
causing his wing to close with the enemy, in half an
after the rout became general; and every leader ac-
ledged that the gallant and desperate defence made
ord Gordon and Captain Peter Aston, had turned
rtune of the day. It was the hinge, or rather pivot
ich the fate of the battle turned;—on such small
nts often hang the fates of kingdoms and armies.
authority says, that Sir John Urry's plan was a
one, and boldly executed. He brought the whole
gth of his array to bear upon Montrose's left wing,
ler to turn the flank of the strong centre division.
ad gained his point so far; and if that regiment had
gained a footing on the height in the rear of the
and the Clan-ranalds, it is quite evident that ruin
Royalists was inevitable,—which two determined
s alone prevented. While their regiments were
truggling with enemies behind and enemies before,
heard a great shout; and on looking round, they
d the Kintail men scouring up the rising ground,
o many frighted kyloes galloping before their pur-

Seaforth tried with all his power to rally them,
vain, and immediately after he perceived his Lewis
ent coming full speed in the same direction. He
lost all patience, and galloped in amongst them,
ening to cut down every man who would not turn
ace the enemy; but his efforts were fruitless, for
ordons and Mar horsemen were hacking them down
d. The Lord Gordon espied his adversary, and
up to him, accosting him thus: "Traitor, thou hast
yed the cause which thou hadst sworn to defend.
thou not see the justice of God pursuing thee?"
rt thou the justice of God, my Lord," said Sea-
? "If so, it shall pursue me no farther." On say-
hich he rode at young Huntly with his spear. The
met his career with equal promptitude, and the

struggle was very sharp between them for three minutes' space. At that instant three brethren, gentlemen of Lewis's, of the name of M'Lellan, came to their lord's rescue; and time was it, for Lord Gordon had both him and his horse rolling in the mud. The M'Lellans, however, defended their lord gallantly, got him again on horseback, and fled with him. Aston was too late for this scuffle, but he pursued after Lord Seaforth as far as a place called Ardrier, on the road to Inverness, and got so nigh to him at the bridge of the Nairn, that he struck at him and wounded his horse, and it was with the greatest difficulty his lordship escaped. Captain Aston, however, returned with many gallant prisoners.

Such was the issue of this hard-fought battle, and on these particulars the reader may rely as authentic. It was the absence of the Grants that brought it on, and a few heroic individuals that turned the fate of the day when it was on the eve of being lost. There was a happy and joyful meeting among those heroes. Two of the M'Donalds were knighted in the field, and Captain Aston was raised to the rank of Colonel, besides being presented with a gold-mounted sword from the noble Marquis's own hand, and publicly thanked in his majesty's name.

Nicol Grant, to whom an express had been sent by his colonel, arrived in the camp the day after the battle and was instantly called to account before the general A very bungling account he attempted at first to make of it; but on back questioning with regard to other proofs, his proud and unbridled spirit rose, and he owned his hatred of the leader, and his purpose of yet being revenged on him. Montrose pronounced such a fellow incapable of any more serving his majesty, and caused his sword to be broken over his right arm, and himself cashiered and banished the camp, with orders no more to approach it on pain of being shot.

It now seemed as if every thing in nature combined to agonize the heart of Nicol Grant, but this was the unkindest thrust of all; his abhorred rival thus advanced, and himself publicly disgraced and debased for ever. His

st again burned with untameable vengeance, and once
e he kneeled on the sward, and with clenched teeth
hands swore eternal vengeance on the abhorred
ch that was born for his debasement. He retired
concealment, he and his friend John of Lurg, who
:hed himself to all his fortunes, and watched for an
ɔrtunity of assassinating Colonel Aston. No such
ɔrtunity offering, and the army at length moving
hward loaden with spoil, Montrose crossed the Spey
Banffshire, and set up his head quarters at the house
irken-bog, while the rest of his army were cantoned
he towns and villages around him. Colonel Aston
. his Brae-Mar cavalry were despatched up to Glen-
lich for the sake of the best forage; and here he en-
ped in a handsome tent taken from the Whigs, with
soldiers around him. His page, Colin, never quitted
. He would sometimes take a nap in his master's
by day, but he watched every night along with the
ol, and was beloved by every one for his kindness
affability ; but whenever he saw any straggling high-
er hovering about or entering the camp, he was the
to make up to them, enquire their business, and
ı them off.

o one evening late he perceived the tall rugged form
ohn of Lurg approaching Colonel Aston's tent, and
ght the stripling made up to him, and withstood him.
'hat do you want, sir?" said he, "and whom seek
here?"

Och-hon and hersel just pe wanting a von singil worts
ı te captain."

'he youth answered in Gaelic, "Know you so little
ıe regulations of your sovereign's army, sir, and of
orders issued by our general, as to make such a de-
d?—a demand the complying with which would cost
my life. Return to the outpost instantly, before I
ıe you to be arrested; tell your name and commission
im; *from him I will* transmit it to our Colonel; but
our life dare not to come within the outposts till the
ige be returned."

"On my troth," said the rough highlander, in same language, "you are, for a stripling, ane stricl ciplinarian! Are you of a gentleman, boy?"

"I am, sir; and he who calls me less shall not with impunity," presenting a horse-pistol at him. ' tire instantly. Make good your retreat beyond our posts, else here goes. But while I remember to ask you have life to answer, how did you get within the

"Och-hon, just te pest way she coult. Teal m in te poy, fwat a weazel of termagant ting she pe! pe tell you fwat young man: since you should shentlemans, she would rather pe telling her messa you tan te post. Will you then, as a mhan of ho pear Mr Nicol Graunt's challenge and defiances to captain, or colonel as you pe plaised to call him, an him tat he and mine own self, Jhon Craunt, of Lurg fight him to-mhorrow, and te pest mhan in all you my; and if he 'll be so coot as name his hour and Fwat do you start at agunach? pe you afrait of p Hoo! put tere mhost pe ploot, and heart's ploo Teliver tis mhessage, poy, as may pe a shentlemans.

"And dare you try, sir, to make me the bear treason, to raise new feuds among the clans, whicl lord-lieutenant has been at such pains to put down can tell you your head is in forfeit; for the gene well aware of this treason, which was avowed to his But that I am a highlander myself, and related t Grants, I would have you beheaded by to-morrow's rising. But I will not disclose this: only go instan your den in Glen-Bilg, else if our scouts find you to row, you and all concerned in this vile plot are men. Sentinels! attend here!" shouted he with a voice.

"Och-hon! te creat big teil is in tis cursed poy! your pay-hay for a mhoment, my tear, till she hex Och! Cot's creat pig tams be upon her,—here com *Mhar tragoons.*"

"*John* Farquharson, you are the captain of the *for the* night," cried the page. "Take this sur

fellow and convey him without the limits of our camp, and if ever any of you see him again, shoot him—or any of these malevolent deer-stalkers of the forest."

"That we shall, Colin," said the guard, "with better will than ever we shot a stag." Lurg held his peace, and was obliged to submit. They took him to the outpost on the banks of the Fiddich, gave him the bastinado, and pushed him into the river.

"She haif purnt her tongue sipping oder people's khail," said Lurg; "put she shall purn te saul, and te pody, and te heart's ploot of te captain tat ordered tis."

Colin never told his colonel a word about this challenge, and therefore the latter lived in perfect security. But on the second day or the third after this, he got a note from Montrose, requesting him, as his was the outermost station, to send out messengers, and keep a good watch for the return of the Athol men and the M'Leans, who he knew were on their way to join the camp, and he was afraid they might be waylaid by some of the Whigs. Colonel Aston, certain that the clans would return by the forest paths, placed wardens with bugles on every height from the sources of the Tilt to Belrinnes, who were to warn him of their approach. The bugles had never yet sounded; and one day Colonel Aston said to two gentlemen with whom he was walking, "What would you think of a walk to the top of Belrinnes this fine day, to get the news from our warder and see the hills of the Dee?" The names of these two gentlemen were John Finlayson and Alexander Duff. They acquiesced at once, and Colin, who never quitted his master, accompanied them. They reached the top of the hill about noon. The warder had *thought* he had heard a bugle from the south-west that morning, but he had heard no more; but he was assured the clans were coming. Nevertheless, the two gentlemen noted that their colonel's eyes were always fixed in another direction. "*Why do you strain your eyes so much in that direction, sir?*" said Duff.

"*O! I am just looking toward my own beloved hills*

of the Dee," said he. "But tell me, for you sl know that country, is yon Loch-Bilg that we see?"

"Oh, I cannot think it, sir," said Duff. "It i far to the south; Loch-Bilg should be westerly."

"Begging your pardon, sir," said Colin Ray, as called him, "yon is Loch-Bilg. Look you, yonde small part of Ben-M'Drei westernmost, the king o Grampians. Then yon next is Benni-Bourd, anc opposite us is Ben-Aven, so yon must be a glimp the waters of Loch-Bilg."

"You are quite right, boy," said Colonel Astor know them all as well now as I do the fingers o right hand. And yon is Glen-Bilg. How I shoul to be yonder to-night."

"And I wish I were with you," said the boy.

Colonel Aston was astounded at the soft and s tone in which these few words were said. He t and looked with such intenseness on the boy, his associates wondered. What he thought, or wl felt, at that moment, is a secret, and ever must r so. He spoke little more all that day, but seemed ped up in some confused and doubtful hallucina They lingered on the top of the hill, for the days long, it being then May, and the weather deli Towards evening they descended to their post o banks of the Fiddich, but many a look Colonel took of his page, with the long matted black hair ha about his ears, but for what reason was not known. continued still silent and thoughtful. At length th accosting him, said, "Sir, had we not better kee open country down the ridge of Ard-Nethy, and n by the pass to-night?"

"I care not though we do, Colin," said the nel.

"It is more than two miles about," said Duff.

"Nay, it is half a dozen," said Finlayson. " *sense*! the boy is afraid of spirits in the pass."

"Yes, sir, I am," said Colin; "I have an e *can discern* spirits where yours cannot. I beg

nel, to humour me in this, and do not go by
o-night."
. all my heart, Colin, I will go a few miles about
r your superstitious fears. With all my heart,

her gentlemen laughed aloud at this, and swore
ld go by the nearest path, though all the devils
re there; so the Colonel too was obliged to
join them, and Colin followed behind, weeping.
roceeded through the pass that brought them
ley of Fiddich, Colin touched his master's arm,
ed out to him three men who were whispering
and seemed to be waylaying them. "You
ıt take my way to the camp, sir," said the
bing, "do you see who are yonder?" As-
them too well. The party consisted of Nicol
hn of Lurg, and one Charles Grant, younger,
vay, as determined a deer-stalker as any of the
. "I could not have believed," said Aston,
; so ungenerous and malevolent in human nature
Gentlemen, it would appear that we will be
fight our way here."
uch the better," said Duff. "They are only
hree, or rather three to four; for this brave boy
down one in a pinch. Who can they be, for
ıws are not in the least like covenanters? Ka-
suppose—let us have at them."
your swords," said the Colonel; "but if they
allenge us, take no note of them." The gen-
l so; but though men of high spirit and courage,
ıever been accustomed to war or danger. The
v their swords, and marched boldly on. The
nts drew up in the pass before them. "Slave!
ıoltroon!" roared Nicol Grant. "I sent you
nge and defiance, from which you skulked. I
now! Stand to your defences."
ungrateful charlatan," exclaimed Colonel Aston;
r that you are no better than a child under my
you know from experience, that I will not

harm your life: therefore, you take the coward's part, and dare me in safety. Do your worst, I defy you; but as for these gentlemen, who are of so much value in the king's service, let them and your two friends merely stand as judges of the combat."

"I will either fight or kill one or both of them," said John of Lurg.

"Three to three, if you dare, for the blood and the souls that are within you!" said young Aikenway.

The two gentlemen of the Garioch, Duff and Finlayson, advanced boldly, although little used to wield their swords, so that the three veteran Grants had a decided though unacknowledged advantage.

The combat began with the most deadly intent on the one side at least, and at the second turn, Duff received a wound from a back stroke aslant the breast, from the point of Lurg's sword, which brought him down. Finlayson fought most courageously, but finding himself unequal to Charles Grant, of Aikenway, with the claymore he closed with him at the risk of his life. After a deadly struggle, they both went down wounded, but they still held firm by each other with the most determined grasp. They tried again and again who to rise first, but Finlayson was the most powerful man, and after a long and hard struggle, he gave Charles Grant such a blow with the hilt of his sword that it stunned him, but yet for all that he could do, he could not get out of his grasp. They rolled over and over each other till they tumbled over the bank into the river, when Finlayson fell uppermost, and held his opponent down till he fairly drowned him, which he very quickly effected, for he was wounded and out of breath; but to make sure he run him through the heart, and then let him float his way; for all that, he continued for some time to splash feebly with his arms,

e attempts to rise, although the whole river ran
with his blood, so tenacious is a highlander of life.
h he came upon an abrupt rock, which stopped
, and there he lay moving backwards and forwards
:n the torrent, a ghastly bleeding corpse.

ough the description of this deadly struggle occu-
onsiderable space, it was nevertheless very short,
en John Finlayson beheld his colonel fighting with
e attempted to rise and haste to the rescue, but
orrow he found that he could not, for his limb
n dislocated, either in the struggle or the fall from
k, and there he was obliged to lie reclining on
y rocks, and witness the unequal contest. He
ng after to give an account of this, and often de-
hat such a gallant and desperate defence never
de by man. Nicol Grant and Lurg were both
m, and both thirsting for his blood, yet such was
ngth and agility, that he kept them both at play
space of ten minutes without receiving a single
while Grant, from his furious impetuosity, was
d twice. The Colonel always fought retreating,
g first to the one side and then to the other,
hey durst not for a moment separate, for they
that, single-handed, they were nothing to him.
gth they drove him to the point of the valley,
ledge of rock met the precipitate bank of the
nd then he had nothing for it but to fight it out
the two swords with his back to the rock; and
deed, they reached him several wounds, though
them deadly.

e heat of this last mortal combat, their ears were
ce astounded by a loud shriek of horror which
om the top of the rock immediately above them,
he page Colin and two countrymen that instant
d, and the former darted from the precipice
than a shooting star, and rushed between the
of the combatants, spreading out his arms, scream-
staring in maniac wise, at the same time uttering
which neither of the parties comprehended, tak-
m for the words of raving and madness. Aston
over *covered with* blood, but still fighting like a
en this interruption took place; Nicol Grant, too,
ding and sorely exhausted, but the furious Lurg,
g the two countrymen hasting round the rock,

rushed in upon the gallant youth, and closed with hi and the struggle for about half a minute was very ha but then Aston made his opponent's sword twirl into river, and clove his left shoulder to the chest. "Ta that, cowardly ruffian, for your unfair and unmanly c duct!" cried he; and John of Lurg tumbled headlc into the river, where he lay grovelling with his head do and his feet up.

During this last struggle, Nicol Grant, seeing that last stake for executing his hideous purpose of reve was on the eve of being lost for ever, made a fierce ef to reach Colonel Aston's side; but the youth Colin sei his arm, struggled with, and prevented him, crying o "O, for the love of Christ! for your own soul's sa and for the sake of your only child, forbear! forbe desist!"

But in the mania of rage he would not listen. threw down the youth, uttered a bitter curse upon hi ran him through the body, and flew now to the uneq combat. "Old ruffian," exclaimed Aston, "I have vow to spare your life, and *have* spared it ere now, but a such a deed as this——" Aston heaved his heavy swo his teeth were clenched, the blood dropped from his e brows, and the furious gleams of rage glanced from tween the drops of blood. That lifted stroke had cl the old barbarian to the heart, had not these chill words ascended in a shriek, "Spare! O spare my father."

Both their swords dropped at the same moment, a they turned their eyes on the prostrate and bleed youth from whom the words proceeded. They ga and remained mute till they again heard these kill words, uttered in a sweet but feeble voice, "I am M sali. I have overcome much to save both your liv and have effected it. Yes! thanks be to God! I h *effected* it now, but have lost my own! O! my p *wretched* old father! What is to become of you?"

Colonel Aston could not utter a word. His b *face* was in an instant all suffused with tears, and b

he first time, recollected his thrilling suspicions re-
ng her identity on the top of the hill of Belrinnes.
ifted her in his arms and carried her softly to the side
e river, and gave her a drink out of the hilt of his
d. Her blue bonnet with its plumes dropped into
iver, and down flowed the lovely chesnut locks of
ali. She drank plentifully, said she was better, and
ed to be laid down at her ease upon the sward. Her
complied, and then, at her request, opened her vest
examined her wound. Never was there seen so
us a sight! So fair a bosom striped with its own
's blood, and that blood shed by the reckless hand
father! Homely phrase cannot describe a sight so
ng, and all who beheld it were in agonies. The two
trymen, whom she had brought to separate the com-
ıts, could comprehend nothing, but stood and gazed
ıte astonishment.

d Nicol Grant only saw matters darkly, as through
ss, but he saw them in a distorted and exaggerated
He sat upon a stone, throbbing deeply and aw-
and sometimes growling out a curse in his rude
e tongue, and muttering in his breast something
sorcery. At last, as the scene between the lovers
more and more affecting his passion grew to a sort
adness, and had the two armed countrymen not
ed his intent and restrained him, he would have
lated the brave youth without once warning him.

or Marsali continued to assure her lover that she
etting a little better, and would soon be quite well;
las! the blanched roses on her cheek, the pallid lip,
he languid eye, spoke a different language, while the
ent falling tear proclaimed the heart's consciousness
proaching dissolution. Perceiving the dark looks of
ıther, she intreated him to come near her and give
is hand, but through grief and rage he shook like
pen, and only answered her by thrusting his hand in
osom.

What! my dear father," said she feebly, " will you
me nigh me that we may exchange forgiveness?

And surely you will give me a farewell kiss, and not suffer your poor murdered Marsali to leave this world without your blessing?"

The old barbarian uttered something between a neigh and a groan, hung down his head, and wept bitterly; yea, till the howls of sorrow that he uttered became absolutely heart-rending.

"God of mercy and forgiveness, pity my poor distracted parent, and preserve his reason," cried Marsali, lifting her eyes and her hands to heaven.

Her father then made an attempt to come to her, but felt himself incapable, for he could only bend his looks on the man he hated,—the curse of him and of his race, —and those looks expressed in language the most intense, how impossible it was for those two to accord, even in an act of pity and commiseration; so he retreated again to his stone, and sat groaning.

But this scene of sorrow was fast wearing to a close. Marsali lifted up her eyes painfully to her lover's. "The thing that I dreaded has come at last, hard as I have striven to prevent it," said she; "O, Aston! are you not sorry to part with me so soon?'

"Talk of living or dying as you please, beloved Marsali," said he; "but never talk of parting with you, for where thou goest I will go; for I find the world that wants thee would be to me a world of defeat and darkness, and that which has thee, a world of victory and light. Till this hour, I never dreamed what the affection of woman was capable of enduring, but having found one dear instance, I shall never look for another below the sun. O, I should like to have my arms around thee, Marsali, even in death, and in the grave to sleep with thee in some remote corner of the wilderness."

While he yet spoke, the dying maid embraced his neck, and again sunk back on the green; and he heard these *heart-piercing* words syllabled in a soft whisper—"Farewell!—Kiss me!" It was a last effort; Marsali closed *her eyes* like one going to sleep, and breathed her last.

Old Grant's irremediable loss now burst full on him

and was expressed in the most passionate sublimity. "O! is she gone?—is she gone?" cried he. "Is my darling, my orphan, Marsali, gone, and left me for ever? No, it cannot be, for she was my all!—My hawk and my hound!—my bow and my arrow—my hands and my feet! The sight of my eyes, and the life of my soul! and without whom I am nothing! God of justice! where are thy bolts of vengeance that thou dost not launch them at a guilty father's head?"

But unable to endure the sight of his abhorred enemy kissing the lips of his dead child and weeping over her, the old man fled from the scene with rapid but faltering steps, and roaring and howling, he sought the thickest part of the forest and vanished.

John Finlayson then called to the two countrymen, who lifted him from his rocky bed and laid him on the green, until the arrival of the camp litters. He lived to an old age, but was lame till the day of his death.

The body of Marsali was at Colonel Aston's request carried into his own tent, where he watched it day and night, weeping over it, and refusing all sustenance. On the morning of the third day, he was found bleeding to death on the floor of his tent and the body removed. The only words that he spoke after his attendants entered were—"They have taken *her* away."

An express was sent to the Marquis, who was soon at the spot. A body of the Grants, who were the patrol for the first watch of the night, were missing. Montrose ordered a hasty pursuit, but as well might he have tried to trace the fox without the hounds as to trace a party of a clan when the rest are true. The men escaped, but no one doubted that at the last Nicol Grant had got his vengeance sated, and had murdered the brave Colonel Aston. A horrible, bearded, naked maniac, for some time after that, haunted the forest of Glen-Avon:—it was Nicol Grant, whose bones were at last found on the heath.

Colonel Aston died before noon on the day he was *found wounded,* deeply lamented by all who knew him, *nd by none more* than his noble General.

GORDON THE GIPSEY.

It has been tritely, because truly said, that the boldest efforts of human imagination cannot exceed the romance of real life. The best written tale is not that which most resembles the ordinary chain of events and characters, but that which, by selecting and combining them, conceals those inconsistencies and deficiencies that leave, in real life, our sense of sight unsatisfied. An author delights his reader when he exhibits incidents distinctly and naturally according with moral justice; his portraits delight us when they resemble our fellow-creatures without too accurately tracing their moles and blemishes. This elegant delight is the breathing of a purer spirit within us, that asserts its claim to a nobler and more perfect state; yet another, though an austerer kind of pleasure arises, when we consider how much of the divinity appears even in man's most erring state, and how much of "goodliness in evil."

In one of those drear midnights that were so awful to travellers in the highlands soon after 1745, a man wrapped in a large coarse plaid, strode from a stone ridge on the border of Loch Lomond into a boat which he had drawn from its covert. He rowed resolutely, and alone, looking carefully to the right and left, till he suffered the tide to bear his little bark into a gorge or gulf, so narrow, deep, and dark, that no escape but death seemed to await him. Precipices, rugged with dwarf shrubs and broke granite, rose more than a hundred feet on each si

sundered only by the stream, which a thirsty season had reduced to a sluggish and shallow pool. Then poising himself erect on his staff, the boatman drew three times the end of a strong chain which hung among the underwood. In a few minutes a basket decended from the pinnacle of the cliff, and having moored his boat, he placed himself in the wicker carriage, and was safely drawn into a crevice high in the wall of rock, where he disappeared.

The boat was moored, but the adventurer had not observed that it contained another passenger. Underneath a plank laid artfully along its bottom, and shrouded in a plaid of the darkest grain, another man had been lurking more than an hour before the owner of the boat entered it, and remained hidden by the darkness of the night. His purpose was answered. He had now discovered what he had sacrificed many perilous nights to obtain, a knowledge of the mode by which the owner of Drummond's Keep gained access to his impregnable fortress unsuspected. He instantly unmoored the boat, and rowed slowly back across the loch to an island near the centre. He rested on his oars, and looked down on its transparent water.—"It is there still," he said to himself: and drawing close among the rocks, leaped on dry land. A dog of the true shepherd's breed sat waiting under the bushes, and ran before him till they descended together under an archway of stones and withered branches. "Watch the boat!" said the highlander to his faithful guide, who sprang immediately away to obey him. Meanwhile his master lifted up one of the grey stones, took a bundle from underneath it, and equipped himself in such a suit as a trooper of Cameron's regiment usually wore, looked at the edge of his dirk, and returned to his boat.

That island had once belonged to the heritage of the Gordons, whose ancient family, urged by old prejudices and hereditary courage, had been foremost in the ill-managed rebellion of 1715. One of the clan of Argyle then watched a favourable opportunity to betray the laird's

secret movements, and was commissioned to arrest him. Under pretence of friendship he gained entrance to his stronghold in the isle, and concealed a posse of the king's soldiers at Gordon's door. The unfortunate laird leaped from his window into the lake, and his false friend seeing his desperate efforts threw him a rope, as if in kindness, to support him, while a boat came near. "That rope was meant for my neck," said Gordon, "and I leave it for a traitor's." With these bitter words he sank. Cameron saw him, and the pangs of remorse came into his heart. He leaped himself into a boat, put an oar towards his drowning friend with real oaths of fidelity, but Gordon pushed it from him, and abandoned himself to death. The waters of the lake are singularly transparent near that isle, and Cameron beheld his victim gradually sinking, till he seemed to lie among the broad weeds under the waters. Once, only once, he saw, or thought he saw, him lift his hand as if to reach his, and that dying hand never left his remembrance. Cameron received the lands of the Gordon as a recompence for his political services, and with them the tower called Drummond's Keep, then standing on the edge of a hideous defile, formed by two walls of rock beside the lake. But from that day he had never been seen to cross the loch, except in darkness, or to go abroad without armed men. He had been informed that Gordon's only son, made desperate by the ruin of his father and the Stuart cause, had become the leader of a gipsey gang,* the most numerous and savage of the many that haunted Scotland. He was not deceived. Andrew Gordon, with a body of most athletic composition, a spirit sharpened by injuries, and the vigorous

* The Lochgellie and Linlithgow gipsies were very distinguished towards the middle of the last century, and had desperate fights at Raploch, near Stirling, and in the shire of Mearns. Lizzy Brown and Ann M'Donald were the leading Amazonians of these tribes, and their authority and skill in training boys to thievery were audaciously systematic. As the poor of Scotland derive their maintenance from usage rather than law, and chiefly *from funds* collected at the church door, or small assessments on heritors (*never exceeding* two pence in the pound), a set of vagrants still depend *on voluntary* aid, and are suffered to obtain it by going from house to house *in families or groups*, with a little of the costume, and a great deal of the *cant and* thievery of ancient gipsies.

us created by necessity, had assumed dominion over hundred ruffians, whose exploits in driving off cattle, ng drover's purses, and removing the goods brought irs or markets, were performed with all the audacious larity of privileged and disciplined thieves. Cameron the chosen and constant object of their vengeance. keep or tower was of the true Scottish fabric, divided three chambers; the highest of which was the dor- ry, the second or middle served as a general refec- , and the lowest contained his cattle, which required lodgment at night, or very few would have been d next morning, His enemy frequented the fairs on north side of Forth, well mounted, paying at inns and es like a gentleman, and attended by bands of gillies oung pupils, whose green coats, cudgels, and knives, e sufficiently feared by the visitors of Queensferry Dumfermline. The gipsey chieftain had also a grim of the true black-faced breed, famous for collecting driving off sheep, and therefore distinguished by his name. In the darkest cleughs or ravines, or in the iest snow, this faithful animal had never been known bandon the stolen flock intrusted to his care, or to fail acing a fugitive. But as sight and strength failed , the four-footed chieftain was deposed, imprisoned in re loft, and finally sentenced to be drowned. From trifling incident arose the most material crisis of his on's fate.

letween the years of 1715 and 1745, many changes irred in Captain Gordon and his enemy. The Laird Drummond Keep had lost his only son in the battle Preston Pans, and was now lingering in a desolate old , mistrusted by the government, and abhorred by the lued Jacobites. Gordon's banded marauders had roked the laws too far, and some sanguinary battles ng themselves threatened the downfal of his own er. It *was only a few* nights after a desperate affray *the Linlithgow gipseys*, that the event occurred which *s my narrative.* He had been long lying in ambush *l access to his* enemy's stronghold, intending to

terminate his vagrant career by an exploit which satisfy his avarice and his revenge. Equipped, as said, in a Cameronian trooper's garb, he returned foot of the cliff from whence he had seen the bask cending to convey Gavin Cameron; and climbing rough face with the activity required by mountai fare, he hung among furze and broken rocks like cat, till he found the crevice through which the had seemed to issue. It was artfully concealed b of heather; but creeping on his hands and kne forced his way into the interior. There the deepes ness confounded him, till he laid his hand on a which he rightly guessed to be the same he ha hanging on the side of the lake when Cameron l One end was coiled up, but he readily conclude the end must have some communication with the and he followed its course till he found it inserted i seemed a subterraneous wall. A crevice behi pully admitted a gleam of light, and striving to rais self sufficiently to gain a view through it, he lean forcibly on the chain, which sounded a bell. Its pected sound would have startled an adventurer le ing, but Gordon had prepared his stratagem, an seen, through the loophole in the wall, that no po enemy was to be dreaded. Gavin Cameron was alone in the chamber within, with his eyes fixed wood-ashes in his immense hearth. At the hollow of the bell he cast them fearfully round, but ma attempt to rise, though he stretched his hand tow staff which lay near him. Gordon saw the trer palsy and dismay in his limbs, and putting his lips crevice, repeated, "father!" in a low and suppli tone. That word made Gavin shudder; but when don added, "Father! father! save me!" he spra the wall, drew back the iron bolts of a narrow do *visible to* any eye but his own, and gave admiss *the muffled* man, who leaped eagerly in. Thirty *had passed* since Gavin Cameron had seen his *Gordon well* knew how many rumours had bee

at the younger Cameron had not really perished, though e ruin of the Chevalier's cause rendered his concealment ecessary. Gavin's hopes and love had been all revived r these rumours, and the sudden apparition, the voice, e appeal for mercy, had full effect on the bereaved ther's imagination. The voice, eyes, and figure of Gor-on, resembled his son; all else might and must be anged by thirty years. He wept like an infant on his oulder, grasped his hand a hundred times, and forgot blame him for the rash disloyalty he had shown to his ther's cause. His pretended son told him a few strange vents which had befallen him during his long banishment nce 1715, and was spared the toil of inventing many, r the fond delight of the old man, weeping and rejoicing ver his prodigal restored. He only asked by what ppy chance he had discovered his secret entrance, and hether any present danger threatened him. Gordon swered the first question with the mere truth, and ded, almost truly, that he feared nothing but the emis-ries of the government, from whom he could not be bet-r concealed than in Drummond Keep. Old Cameron reed with joyful eagerness, but presently said, "Allan y boy, we must trust Annet; she's too near kin to betray e, and ye were to have been her spouse." Then he ex-lained that his niece was the only person in his household quainted with the basket and the bell; that by her help e could provide a mattress and provisions for his son, but ithout it, would be forced to hazard the most dangerous conveniences. Gordon had not foreseen this proposal, nd it darkened his countenance; but in another instant his nagination seized on a rich surfeit of revenge. He was mmanded to return into the cavern passage, while his ominal father prepared his kinswoman for her new guest; nd he listened greedily to catch the answers Annet gave her deceived uncle's tale. He heard the hurry of her eps, preparing, as he supposed, a larger supper for the ld laird's *table, with the* simplicity and hospitality of a *ghland maiden. He* was not mistaken. When the *mocks, and grouse,* and claret, were arranged, Cam-

eron presented his restored son to the mistress of the feast. Gordon was pale and dumb as he looked upon her Accustomed to the wild haggard forms that accompanied his banditti in half female attire, ruling their miserable offspring with iron hands, and the voices of giants, his diseased fancy had fed itself on an idea of something beautiful, but only in bloom and youth. He expected and hoped to see a child full of playful folly, fit for him to steal away and hide in his den as a sport for his secret leisure; but a creature so fair, calm, and saintly, he had long since forgotten how to imagine. She came before him like a dream of some lovely picture remembered in his youth, and with her came some remembrance of his former self. The good old laird, forgetting that his niece had been but a child, and his son a stripling, when they parted, indulged the joy of his heart by asking Annet a thousand times, whether she could have remembered her betrothed husband, and urging his son, since he was still unmarried, to pledge his promised bride. Gordon was silent from a feeling so new, that he could not comprehend his own purposes; and Annet from fear, when she observed the darkness and the fire that came by turns into her kinsman's face. But there was yet another peril to encounter. Cameron's large hearth was attended by a dog, which roused itself when supper appeared, and Gordon instantly recognized his banished favourite. Black Chieftain fixed his eyes on his former master, and with a growl that delighted him more than any caresses would have done, remained sulkily by the fire. On the other side of the ingle, under the shelter of the huge chimney-arch, sat a thing hardly human, but entitled, from extreme old age, to the protection of the owner. This was a woman bent entirely double, with no apparent sense of sight or hearing, though her eyes were fixed on the spindle she was twirling; and sometimes when the laird raised his voice, she put her lean hand on the curch or hood that covered her ears. "Do you not remember poor old Marian Moome?"*

* Nurse or foster-mother.

aid Annet, and the laird led his supposed son towards he superannuated crone, though without expecting any mark of recognition. Whether she had noticed any thing that had passed, could not be judged from her laugh; and she had almost ceased to speak. Therefore, as if only dumb domestic animals had been sitting by his hearth, Cameron pursued his arrangements for his son's safety, advising him to sleep composedly in the wooden panelled bed that formed a closet of this chamber, without regarding the half living skeleton, who never left the corner of the ingle. He gave him his blessing, and departed, taking with him his niece and the key of this dreary room, promising to return and watch by his side. He came back in a few moments, and while the impostor couched himself on his mattrass, took his station again by the fire, and fell asleep, overcome with joy and fatigue.

The embers went out by degrees, while the highland Jachimo lay meditating how he should prosper by his stratagem's success. Plunder and bloodshed had formed no part of a scheme which included far deeper craft and finer revenge. He knew his life was forfeit, and his person traced by officers of justice; and he hoped, by representing himself as the son of Cameron, to secure all the benefits of his influence, and the sanctuary of his roof; and if both should fail to save him from justice, the disgrace of his infamous life and death would fall on the family of his father's murderer. So from his earliest youth he had considered Cameron: and the hand of that drowned father uplifted in vain for help, was always present to his imagination. Once, during this night, he had thought of robbing Cameron of his money and jewels by force, and carrying off his niece, as a hostage for his safety. But this part of his purpose had been deadened by a new and strange sense of holiness in beauty, which had made his nature human again. Yet he thought of himself with bitterness and ire, when he compared her sweet society, *her uncle's* kindness, and the comforts of a *domestic hearth, with the* herd which he now resembled; *and this self-hatred stung* him to rise and depart without

molesting them. He was prevented by the motion of a shadow on the opposite wall, and in an instant the dog who had so sullenly shunned his notice, leaped from beneath his bed, and seized the throat of the hag as she crept near it. She had taken her sleeping master's dirk, and would have used it like a faithful highland servant, if Black Chieftain's fangs had not interposed to rescue Gordon. The broad copper broach which fastened her plaid, saved her from suffocation, and clapping her hands, she yelled, "a Gordon! a Gordon!" till the roof rung.

Gavin Cameron awoke, and ran to his supposed son's aid, but the mischief was done. The doors of the huge chamber were broken open, and a troop of men in the king's uniform, and two messengers with official staves, burst in together. These people had been sent by the Lord Provost in quest of the gipsey chieftain, with authority to demand quarters in Drummond's Tower, near which they knew he had hiding-places. Gordon saw he had plunged into the very nest of his enemies, but his daring courage supported him. He refused to answer to the name of Gordon, and persisted in calling himself Cameron's son. He was carried before the High Court of Justiciary, and the importance of the indictment fixed the most eager attention on his trial. Considering the celebrity, the length, and the publicity of the gipsey chief's career, it was thought his person would have been instantly identified; but the craft he had used in tinging his hair, complexion and eyebrows, and altering his whole appearance to resemble Cameron's son, baffled the many who appeared as his accusers. So much had Gordon attached his colleagues, or so strong was the Spartan spirit of fidelity and obedience amongst them, that not one appeared to testify against him. Gavin Cameron and his niece were cited to give their evidence on oath; and the miserable father, whatever doubts might secretly arise in his mind, dared not hazard a denial which might sacrifice his own son's life. He answered in an agony which his grey hairs made venerable, that he believed the accused to be his son, but left it to himself to prove who

he had no means of manifesting. Annet was called next to confirm her uncle's account of her cousin's mysterious arrival; but when the accused turned his eyes upon her, she fainted, and could not be recalled to speech. This swoon was deemed the most affecting evidence of his identity; and, finally, the dog was brought into court. Several witnesses recognized him as the prime forager of the Gordon gipseys; but Cameron's steward, who swore that he saved him by chance from drowning in the loch, also proved, that the animal never showed the smallest sagacity in herding sheep, and had been kept by his master's fireside as a mere household guard, distinguished by his ludicrous attention to music. When shown at the bar, the crafty and conscious brute seemed wholly unacquainted with the prisoner, and his surly silence was received as evidence by the crowd. The Lord High Commissioner summed up the whole, and the chancellor of the jury declared, that a majority almost amounting to unanimity, acquitted the accused. Gordon, under the name of Cameron, was led from the bar with acclamations; but at the threshold of the session's court, another pursuivant awaited him with an arrest for high treason, as an adherent to the Pretender in arms. The enraged crowd would have rescued him by force, and made outcries which he silenced with a haughty air of command, desiring to be led back to his judges. He insisted in such cool and firm language, and his countenance had in it such a rare authority, that after some dispute about the breach of official order, he was admitted into a room where two or three of the chief lords of session, and the chancellor of the jury, were assembled. Though still fettered both on hands and feet, he stood before them in an attitude of singular grace, and made this speech as it appears in the language of the record.

"The people abroad would befriend me, because they love the cause they think I have served; and my judges, *I take leave to think*, would pity me, if they saw an old *man and a tender woman* pleading again for my life. But *I will profit in nothing* by my judges' pity, nor the peo-

ple's love for a Cameron. I have triumphed enough to-day, since I have baffled both my accusers and my jury. I am Gordon, chief of the wandering tribes; but since you have acquitted me on "soul and conscience," you cannot try me again; and, since I am not Cameron, you cannot try me for Cameron's treasons. I have had my revenge of my father's enemy, and I might have had more. He once felt the *dead grip** of a Gordon, and he should have felt it again if he had not called me his son, and blessed me as my father once did. If you had sent me to the Grass-market, I would have been hanged as a Cameron, for it is better for one of that name than mine to die the death of a dog; but, since you have set me free, I will live free as a Gordon."

This extraordinary appeal astonished and confounded his hearers. They were ashamed of their mistaken judgment, and dismayed at the dilemma. They could neither prove him to be a Cameron or a Gordon, except by his own avowal, which might be false either in the first or second cause; and after some consultation with the secretary of state, it was agreed to transport him privately to France. But on his road to a seaport, his escort was attacked by a troop of wild men and women, who fought with the fury of Arabs till they had rescued their leader, whose name remained celebrated till within the last sixty years as the most formidable of the gipsey tribe.

* The grasp of a drowning man.

.T PRINGLE O' THE YAIR.

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ursday evening, the 11th of September, 1645, Pringle, an old soldier, came to the farm-house ıshape, then possessed by Robert Hogg, and tap- the window, he called out, " Are ye waukin, "

, I think hardly," said Robin. " But ance I hae ny een an considered a wee bit, I'll tell ye whe- ı waking or no. But wha is it that's so kind as ?"

auld friend, Robin, an' ane that never comes a new face. But, O Robin, bestir yoursel, for it's ın time. Your kye are a' gane an' a good part o' eep stock, an your son Will's on in the bed where to lie, an' a' is in outer confusion."

il's i' the body. Did ever any mortal hear sic a that? Wha are ye ava?"

me, Robin, it's me."

, I dare say it is, I hae little doubt o' that; but ı is, that's another question. I shall soon see, r."

ıis time Robin was hurrying on his clothes, and the door, there he found Wat Pringle leaning on dow sill;—he asked him what was the matter.

Robin, Robin! ye hae been lying snorkin' an *here, little thinkin'* o' the judgment that's come

That bloody monster Montrose, for whom we

were a' obliged to gang into mourning for, an' fast day. That man wha has murdered more hunder thousand good Protestant Christians, is his great army o' Irish an' highland papists, an' laid down their leaguer at the head o' Phillip-hau down aneith ye, an' the hale country is to be stoop an' roop; an' as your's is ane o' the neare they hae begun wi' you. Your kyes a' gane, f them an' challenged them; and the reavers spe the beasts were mine, an' I said they were not were honest Robin Hogg's, a man that could unco to lose them. 'Well, let him come to head to-morrow,' said one, 'and he shall be paid for b and the sheep in good hard gold.'

"'In good hard steel you mean, I suppose, 'as that is the way Montrose generally pays his

"'And the best way too for a set of whini covenanters,' said he.

"'We are obliged to you for your kind and intentions, captain,' says I. 'There is no d that men must have meat, if it is to be got in t try. But I can tell you, that you will not find friend in all this country except Lord Traquai the man for you. But surrounded as he is wi' t nanters, he has very little power; therefore th ye set off to the borders o' the popish an' prela tries, it will be the better for ye.'

"'Perhaps you are not far in the wrong, said he; 'I suspect every man in this country bel and a traitor.'

"'You do not know where you are, or wha doing,' said I; for I wanted to detain him, alwa ing your son Will would come to the rescue have only fought with the Fife baillies and thei litia, an' the northern lowlanders, wha never c ony. But, Billy, ye never fought the true bord *never* crossed arms wi' the Scotts, the Prin *Kers*, and the Elliots, an' a hunder mae sma *clans*. Dear man! ye see that I'm nothing

wn soldier; but I'm a Pringle, and afore the
ɔon, I could bring as mony men at my back as
your great papish army a' to ribbons.'
I said, old Pringle!' said he; 'and the sooner
your army of borderers the better. I shall be
y to meet with you.'
now you know my name is auld Wat Pringle,'
n we meet again, wha am I to speer for?'
ain Nisbet,' said he, 'or Sir Philip Nisbet, any
u please. Good b'ye, old Pringle.' And now
ɜ in vain to pursue the kye, for they're in the
' slaughtered by this time; it was on the top
ıugh-Cants that I met wi' them, an' the sod-
ıst deeing for sheer hunger. But, O man, I
heep might be rescued by a good dog. Where
ld is your son Will?"
er the hizzies, I dare say. But if he kend
ɔeen ony battling asteer, the lasses might hae
lanes for him the night. But I'll gang an'
ny kye, an gie in my claim, for there will be
than mine to gie in the night. Foul fa' the
papish lowns, for I thought they had gane up
."
ɜ a' thought, Robin; but true it is that there
ndit this afternoon, and the mist has been sae
that the Selkirk folks never kend o' them till
s came to the cross. But it seems that he is
:creet man, that Montrose, for he wadna' let
diers, his Irish, an highlanders, come into Sel-
for fear o' plundering the hale town, but sent
by Hearthope-Burn, an' through at the fit o'
r; an' there they lie in three divisions, wi'
to the plain, an' their backs to the river an'
sae that whaever attacks them, maun attack
:o face. Their general an' his horsemen, who
o be a kind o' gentlemen, are lying in Selkirk."
gue on them! they are the blackest sight
ɪto the forest. Ye never brought a piece of
ɜ' *your days* as this, Wat Pringle. I wad-

nae wonder that they lay in that strong place until they eat up every cow and sheep in Ettrick Forest, an' then what's to become o' us a.' Wae be to them for a set o' greedly hallions. I wish they were a' o'er the Cairn o' Mount again."

"But Robin Hogg, an' ye can keep a secret, I can tell you ane o' the maist extraordinary that you ever heard a' the days o' your life, but mind it is atween you an' me, and ye're no to let it o'er the tap o' your tongue afore the morn at twal o'clock."

"O, that's naething! I'll keep it a month if it's of any consequence."

"Weel ye see as I was coming doiting up aneath Galashiels this afternoon, among the mist which was sae dark that I could hardly see my finger afore me,—it was sae dark that I was just thinking to mysel it was rather judgment-like awsome, and that Providence had some great end to accomplish, for it was really like the Egyptian darkness, 'darkness which might be felt.' An' as I was gaun hingin down my head, an' thinkin what convulsion was next to break out in this terrible time o' bloodshed an' slaughter,—God be my witness if I didna hear a roar and a sound coming along the ground, that gart a' the hairs on my head creep, for I thought it was a earthquake, an' I fand the very yird dinnling aneath my feet, an' what should I meet on the instant but a body o' cavalry coming at full trot, an' a' mountit in glittering armour, an' wi' the darkness o' the mist the horses an' men lookit twice as big an' tall as they were. I never saw a grander like sight a' my life. 'Halt!' cried the captain of the vanguard. 'Hilloa! old man, come hither! Are you a scout or watcher here?'

"'No, I am neither,' said I.

"'Be sure of what you say,' returned he, 'for we have cut down every man whom we have met in this darkness, and, with our general's permission, I must do *the same* with you.'

"'*Hout*, man!' says I again, 'ye'll surely not cut down *an auld broken* soldier gaun seekin' his bread?"

Then if you would save your life, tell me instantly
: Montrose and his army are lying?'
But I maun first ken whether I'm speaking to
s or foes,' said I, 'for I suspect that you are Mon-
s men, an' if you be, you will find yoursels nae
welcome guests in this country; an' I hae been ower
ı soldier to set my life at a bawbee, when I thought
)untry or religion was in danger.'
So you have been a soldier then?'
That I hae to my loss! I was in the Scottish army
e time it was in England, and for a' the blood that
hed we might as weel hae staid at hame.'
And are you a native of this district?'
Yes, I am. I am standing within a mile of the
where I was born and bred.'
Oho! then you may be a valuable acquaintance.
r me to conduct you to our general.'
The regiments passed us, and I might be deceived
e mist, but I think there might be about ten thou-
of them, the finest soldiers and horses I ever saw.
;eneral was riding with some gentlemen in front of
st division, and whenever I saw him I knew well
trepid and stern face of Sir David Lesly. I made
ier's obeisance, and a proud man I was when he
nised me, and named me at the very first. He then
ne aside, and asked if I could tell him in what direc-
Montrose was lying?
He's lying within three Scot's miles o' you, general,'
. 'I can speak out freely now for I ken I'm among
s. But strange to say you have turned your back
m, and have gone clean by him.'
I know that,' said he; 'but I have taken this path
)id and cheat the Earl of Traquair's outposts, whose
e it is, I understand, to watch every road leading
ds the army; but of course would never think of
ing those that led by it.' He then took out a
ı *of a plan which* he had made himself from some
ation he had got about Lothian, and asked me a
d questions, all of which I answered to the point,

and at last said, 'Well, Pringle, you must meet me the Lindean church to-morrow before the break of da for I have not a man in my army acquainted with t passes of the country, and your punctual attendance m be of more benefit to the peace and reformed religion Scotland than you can comprehend.'

"'I'll come, General Leslie, I'll come,' said I, 'God spare me life and health; an' I'll put you on a pl too by which you army o' outlandish papishes w never be a morsel to you. We has stood some ha stoures thegither afore now, general, an' we'll try a other yet. In the meantime, I maun gang ower t night, an' see exactly how they're lying.' An' here am, see that ye see, Robin, there will be sic a day that haugh-head the morn as never was in Ettrick for sin' the warld stood up. Ath mercy on us, what bloody bouks will be lying hereabouts or the morn e'en!"

"Wat Pringle, ye gar my heart grue, to think abo brethren mangling an' butchering ane another in this qu an' peaceable wilderness! I wonder where that great blo tering blockhead, my son Will, can be. Sorra that had a woman buckled on his back, for he canna bi frae them either night or day. If he kenn'd Gene Leslie were here, he wad be at him before twal o'clock night. He rode a' the way to Carlisle to get a smash the papishes, and a' that he got was a bloody snout. H the greatest ram stam general that I ever saw, for d hast he's feared for under the sun. Hillo! here comes, like the son of Nimshi. Whaten a gate o' ri ing's that, ye fool?"

"Oh, father, is this you? Are you an' auld W gaun down to join Montrose's army? 'Twa braw sodge ye'll make."

"Better than ony headlong gowk like you. But I' gaun on a mair melancholy subject; they have, it seem driven a' our kye to the camp."

"Ay, an' cuttit them a' into collops lang syne. I lowed an' agreed wi' them about the price, an' saw

bonny beasts knocked down, and a great part o' them eaten afore the life was weel out o' them."

"Deil be i' their greedy gams! We're ruined, son Will! we're ruined! What will Harden say to us? Ye said ye had made a price wi' them: did ye get any o' their siller?"

"D'ye think I was to come away wanting it? I wad hae foughten every mother's son o' them afore I had letten them take my auld father's kye for nothing. But indeed they never offered—only they were perishing o' hunger, an' coudna be put aff."

"Come, now, tell us a' about the army, Will;" said Pringle? "Are they weel clad and weel armed?"

"Oo ay, they're weel clad an' weel armed, but rather ill off for shoon. Ilka man has a sword an' a gun, a knapsack an' a durk."

"And have they ony cannons?"

"Ay, a kind o' lang sma' things; no like the Carlisle cannons though; and ye never saw ony thing sae capitally placed as they are. But nae thanks to them, for they were trenches made to their hand by some of the auld black Douglasses, an' they hae had naething ado but just to clear them out a bit. Sae they hae a half-moon on the hill on each side, an' three lines in the middle, with impervious woods an' the impassable linns of the Yarrow close at their backs, whether they loss the battle or win the battle, they are safe there."

"Dinna be ower sure, Willie, till ye see. But think ye they haenae gotten haud o' none o' your father's sheep?"

"O, man, I hae a capital story to tell you about that. Ye see when I was down at the lines argle-bargaining about my father's kye, I sees six highlanders gaun straight away for our hill, an' suspecting their intent, I was terribly in the fidgets, but the honest man, their commissary, handit me the siller, an' without counting it I rammed *it into my pouch, an' off* I gallops my whole might, *but afore I won Skeilshaugh* they had six or eight scores *my father's wedders* afore them, and just near the

Newark swire, I gae my hand ae wave, an' a sin
whistle wi' my mou' to my dog Ruffler, an' off he spr
like an arrow out of a bow, an' quickly did he reave
highlanders o' their drove; he brought them back
through them like corn through a riddle, springing o
their shoulders. I was like to dee wi' laughin' whe
saw the bodies rinnin' bufflin' through the heather in t
philabegs. They were sae enraged at the poor anir
that two or three o' them fired at him, but that put
far madder, for he thought they were shooting at ha
an' ran yauffin an' whiskin' an' huntin' till he set a'
sheep ower the hill, rinnin' like wild deers, an' the hun
highlanders had e'en to come back wi' their finger
their mouths. But the Scotts an' the Pringles are
rising with one consent to defend their country, an' th
will be an awfu' stramash soon."

"Maybe sooner than ye think, Willie Hogg," s
Pringle.

"For goodness' sake, haud your tongue," cried Rol
"an' dinna tell Will ought about yon, else he'll never
the morn at e'en; an' I canna do verra weel wantin h
gowk as he is. Come away hame, callant; our ho
may need your strong arm to defend it afore the mor

Will did as his father bade him, and Wat Pringle, w
was well known to every body thereabouts, went ove
the town of Selkirk to pick up what information he co
There he found the townsmen in the utmost conste
tion, but otherwise all was quiet, and not a soul see
to know of General Lesly's arrival in the vicinity. A
refreshing himself well, he sauntered away down to the
dean kirk before the break of day, and as soon as he w
over Brigland hill, his ears were saluted by an astou
ing swell of sacred music, which at that still and
hour of the morning had a most sublime effect. Les
whole army had joined in singing a psalm, and then
of their chaplains, of whom they had plenty, said a s
prayer.

Lesly was rejoiced when Wat Pringle was announ
and even welcomed him by shaking him by the

id instantly asked how they were to proceed. "I can
sily tell you that, General," said Wat, "they are lying
' their backs close to the wood on the linns o' Yarrow,
' they will fire frae behind their trunks in perfect safety,
' should ye break them up they will be in ae minute's
ie where nane o' your horse can follow them, sae that
maun bring them frae their position, an' then hae at
:m. Gie me the half o' your troops an' your best cap-
n at the head o' them, and I'll lead them by a private
' hidden road into the rear o' the Irish an' Highland-
i' army, while ride you straight on up the level haugh.
ien, as soon as you hear the sound of a bugle frae the
irehead-wood answer it with a trumpet, and rush on to
: battle. But by the time you have given one or two
:s sound a retreat, turn your backs and fly, and then
: will rush into their strong trenches, and then between
r two fires they are gone every mother's son of them."
Now I must tell the result in my own way and my
'n words, for though that luckless battle has often been
scribed it has never been truly so, and no man living
ows half so much about it as I do. My grandfather,
io was born in 1691, and whom I well remember, was
rsonally acquainted with several persons about Selkirk
io were eye-witnesses of the battle of Philliphaugh.
yw, though I cannot say that I ever heard him recount
: circumstances, yet his son William, my uncle, who died
ely at the age of ninety-six, has gone over them all to
: times innumerable, and pointed out the very indivi-
al spots where the chief events happened. It was at
e Lingly Burn where the armies separated, and from
ence old Wat Pringle, well mounted on a gallant steed,
l off two thousand troopers up Phillhope, over at the
ywlshiel's swire, and then by a narrow and difficult
th through the Harehead-wood. When they came
ose behind Montrose's left wing, every trooper tied his
rse to a bush and sounded the bugle, which was an-
rered by *Lesly's trumpets.* This was the first and only
ming which the troops of Montrose got of the approach
their powerful enemy. The men were astonished.

They had begun to pack up for a march, and had not a general officer with them, while Lesly's dragoons were coming up Philliphaugh upon them at full canter three lines deep. They however hurried into their lines, and the two wings into platoons, and kneeling behind their breast-works, received the first fire of the cavalry in perfect safety, which they returned right in their faces, and brought down a good number of both troopers and horses. Lesly's lines pretended to waver and reel, and at the second fire from the Highlanders, they wheeled and fled. Then the shouts from Montrose's lines made all the hills and woods ring, and flinging away their plaids and guns, they drew their swords and pursued down the haugh like madmen, laughing and shouting "Kilsythe for ever!" They heard indeed some screams from the baggage behind the lines, but in that moment of excitation regarded them not in the least. This was occasioned by Wat Pringle and his two thousand troopers on foot rushing into the enemy's trenches and opening a dreadful fire on their backs, while at the same time General Lesly wheeled about and attacked them in front. The fate of the day was then decided in a few minutes. The men thus inclosed between two deadly fires were confounded and dismayed, for the most of them had left their arms and ammunition behind them, and stood there half naked with their swords in their hands. Had they rushed into the impervious recesses of the Harehead-wood, they would not only have been freed from any possible pursuit, but they would have found two thousand gallant steeds standing tied all in a row, and they might all have escaped. But at that dreadful and fatal moment they espied their general coming galloping up the other side of the Ettrick at the head of three hundred cavalry, mostly gentlemen. This apparition broke up David Lesly's lines somewhat, and enabled a great body of the foot to escape from the sanguine field, but then they rushed to meet Montrose,—the very worst direction they could take; yet this movement saved his life, and the lives of many of his friends. The men in the trenches fled to

the wood for their horses. Lesly, with his left battalion, galloped to the Mill-ford to intercept Montrose, so that the field at that time was in considerable confusion. Montrose, seeing his infantry advancing at a rapid pace in close column, hovered on the other side of the river till they came nigh, and then rushing across, he attacked the enemy first with carabines, and then sword in hand. A desperate scuffle ensued here,—Montrose, by the assistance of his foot behind, forced his way through Lesly's army, with the loss of about a hundred of his brave little band, and soon reached the forest, where every man shifted for himself, the rallying point being Traquair. But here the remainder of the foot suffered severely before they could gain the wood.

One girl and a child were suffered to escape from Montrose's camp, by Lesly's party, owing to her youth and singular beauty, which made the whole corps, officers and men, unanimous in saving her. She retired into the Harehead-wood with the child in her arms, weeping bitterly. Old Wat Pringle kept his eye on the girl, and followed in the same direction shortly after. He found her sitting on a grey stone suckling the baby, always letting the tears drop upon his chubby cheek, and kissing them off again.

"I'm feared, poor woman, that ye'll find but cauld quarters here," said Wat. "If ye hae nae siller I'll gie ye some, for I'm no that scarce the night, an' as I hae nae muckle need o't I'll blithely share it wi' you."

"I thank you kindly, honest man," said she, "but I have some money, only there is such a rage against our people in this quarter, that neither woman nor child is a moment safe from outrage and murder. I'll go any where for safety to myself and my hapless baby. He is the only tie now that I have to life, and I cannot tell you the thousandth part of the anxiety I feel for him."

"Nae doubt, nae doubt; folks ain are aye dear to them, an' the mair helpless the dearer. I hae a bit cot o' my ain, and a daughter that leeves wi' me: gin I could get ye hame, I could answer for your safety. Think ye

the bairn wad let me carry him? see gin ye could pit him intil my pock."

"O mercy on us!"

"Na, but it's no sic an ill place as ye trow. I hae carried mony a valuable thing in there. But I'm no sayin I hae ever carried aught sae valuable as that callant. Poor iittle chield, if he be spared he'll maybe be somebody yet."

This bag of old Wat's was one something like a sportsman's bag of the largest dimensions, for he was a sort of general carrier to all the gentlemen in the neighbourhood, and a welcome guest in all the principal houses. So the young woman, smiling through tears at the conceit, placed her boy in old Wat's bag with his head out, and as she walked beside him, patted and spoke to him. He was quite delighted, and soon fell sound asleep; and in that way they crossed Phillhope, and reached Wat's cot before sunset, which seems to have been near where the mansion-house of Yair now stands. As they were going over the hill, Wat tried all that he could to find out who she was, but she parried every enquiry, till at length he said, "I'm very muckle interested in you, my bonny woman, an' sae will every ane be that sees you. Now, my name's auld Wat Pringle, what am I to ca' you?"

"O, you may call me either May, June, or July; which you please."

"Then I'll ca' you by the ane o' the three that's nearest us, I'll ca' ye July, an' suppose I pit an a to it, it winna spoil the name sair."

"I fear you know more of me than I wish you did. That is, indeed, my Christian name."

"I suspectit as muckle. I find out a great deal o' things gaun dodgin about the country. An' what do ye ca' yon thing i' your country that the fo'ks are working at up in the meadow?" She made no answer, but held down her head, while he continued, "O, never mind, never mind, ye're in a bad scrape an' a dangerous country for you, but ye're safe enough wi' auld Wat Pringl

He wadna gie up a dog to be hanged that lippened till him, let be a young lady an' her bairnie wha are innocent of a' the blood sae lately spilt."

"I shall never forget your disinterested kindness while I have life. Pray, is your wife not living, Walter?"

"Hem—hem!—Na, she's no leevin."

"Is it long since you lost her?"

"Hem—hem!—Why, lady, an' the truth maun be tauld, I never had her yet. But I hae a daughter that was laid to my charge when I was a young chap, an' I'm sure I wished her at Jericho an' the ends o' the earth, but there never was a father mair the better of a daughter. Fo'ks shoudna do ill that gude may come they say, yet I hae been muckle behaden to my Jenny, for she's a good kind-hearted body, an' that ye'll find."

Julia (for we shall now call her by her own name) accordingly found Jenny Pringle a neat coarsish-made girl, about thirty, her hair hanging in what Sir Walter Scott would have called elf-locks, but which old Will Laidlaw denominated pennyworths, all round her cheeks and neck, her face all of one dim greasy colour, but there was a mildness in her eye and smile that spoke the inherent kindness of the heart. She received Julia in perfect silence, merely setting the best seat for her, but with such a look of pity and benevolence as made a deep impression on the heart of the sufferer, more especially the anxiety she shewed about the child; for all sorts of human distress, and helpless infancy in particular, melt the female heart. Julia's great concern was how to get home to the north to her friends, but Wat advised her seriously to keep by her humble shelter until the times were somewhat settled, for without a passport from the conquerors there was no safety at that time of even journeying an hour, so irritated was the country against the royal party, whom they conceived to be all papists, spoilers, and murderers, and rejoiced in rooting them out. "But as the troops pass this place early to-morrow," continued Wat, "I'll try if the general will grant me a passport for you. I did him some good, an' though he paid me wi' a purse

o' goud, ae good turn deserves another. I fancy I maun ask it for dame Julia Hay?"

"Yes, you may; but I know you will not receive it. Indeed it is far from being safe to let him know I am here. But O, above all things, try to learn what is become of my husband and father."

Wat waited the next day at the ford, for there were no regular roads or bridges in this country at that period. The military road up Gala water, or Strath-Gall, as it was then called, crossed the water sixty-three times. When General Lesly saw his old friend, he reined his steed and asked what he wanted with him. Wat told him that he wanted a passport to Edinburgh for a young girl named Julia Hay, and her baby.

"What! lady Julia Hay?" said Lesly.

Wat answered that he supposed it was she. The general shook his head, and held up his hand. "Ah! Pringle, Pringle, she is a bird of a bad feather," cried he; "a blossom of a bad tree! Were it not for the sanctity of her asylum under your roof-tree, I should give her and her little papist brat a passport that would suit her deserts better than any other. Give my compliments to her, and tell her that we have both her father and husband in custody, and that they will both be executed in less than a fortnight. You will see her husband there riding manacled and bound to a dragoon. Do you think I would be guilty of such a dereliction from my duty as grant a safe conduct to such as she? I shall tell you, as a true covenanted Protestant soldier, what you should do. Just toss her and her bantling over that linn into Tweed." And then with a grim Satanic smile, he put spurs to his charger, and left the astonished old soldier standing like a statue in utter consternation; and when that division of the army had all passed, Wat was still standing in the same position looking over the linn.

"Ay, General Lesly! an' these are your tender mercies! *Od bless* us, an' we get sic orders frae a covenanted *Christian soldier*, what are we to expect frae a pagan, or *neegur, or a* papisher, the warst o' them a'? But th

vars seem to take away a' naturality frae among
d." Thus talking to himself, Wat went home on
ıd terms with General Lesly.
here he committed a great mistake. He did not
that Julia should learn the worst of his news, but
ɔitterness of his heart he told the whole to his
ɛr Jenny, that she might see in what predicament
ıpless lodger stood, and deprecate the awards of
ıeral. Now, owing to the smallness of the cottage
at's agitation, Julia heard some part of what he
ıd she would not let poor Jenny have any rest
ıe told her the whole; pretending, that the injuries
l suffered from the world had so seared every feel-
:he soul, that nothing could affect either her health
procedure through life. That she had laid her
t to suffer the worst that man could inflict, and
uld shew her country what a woman could bear
sake of those she loved. Alas! she did not esti-
·ight the power of that energy on which she relied,
ın she heard that her father and husband were both
ɔdy, and both to be executed in less than a fort-
ıer first motion was to hug her child to her bosom
convulsive grasp, and then sitting up in the bed
·owing up her hands wildly, she uttered a heart-
; shriek, and fell backward in a state of insensi-

· came Jenny Pringle's trial, and a hard one it was.
ild was both affrighted and hurt, and was scream-
lently; and there was the young and beautiful
lying in a swoon, apparently lifeless. But Jenny
desert her post; she carried the child to her fa-
ıd attended on the lady herself, who went out of
ıt into another during the whole day, and when
eased, she was not only in a burning fever, but a
te and painful delirium, staring wildly, waving her
nd uttering words of utter incoherence, but often
on sublimity. "Without the head!" she ex-
that very night. "Do the rebel ruffians think to
beloved husband into heaven without the head?

Ay, they would send him to the other place if they could! —but I see a sight which they cannot see. I see my beautiful, my brave, my beloved husband, in the walks o angels, and his sunny locks waving in the breeze o heaven. O sister, won't you wash my hands? See, they are all blood!—all blood! But no, no, don't wash my lips, for though I kissed the bloody head, I would no have it washed off, but to remain there for ever and ever Sister, is it not dreadful to have nothing left of a belove husband but his blood upon my lips? Yes, but I have, have! I have this boy, his own boy, his father's likenes and name. Bring me my boy, sister, but first wash my hands, wash them, wash them."

They brought her the child, but she could not ever see him, but stretched her arms in the contrary direction and though he cried to be at her, they durst not trus her with him. So Jenny was obliged to bring him up with the pan and the spoon, as she called it, and the lady lay raving like a maniac. She slept none, and never seemed in the least to know where she was: yet these kind-hearted simple people never abated one item of their attention, but sat by her night and day. When the child slept, Jenny rocked the cradle and waited on the mother, and when he waked, old Wat held him on his knee and attended to the sufferer. This they did alternately, but they never once left either the lady or the baby by themselves. It was indeed a heavy task; but the interest that the father and daughter took in the forlorn and deserted pair cannot be described. Never was there a mother's love for her child more intense than Jenny's was for the little nursling thus cast so singularly on her care. He was, moreover, a fine engaging boy. As for old Wat, he had got more money than he and Jenny both could count, for Montrose's military chest was then very rich, owing not only to the spoil of all the *great* battles he had won, but the contributions raised in *Edinburgh*, Glasgow, and all the principal towns in the *kingdom*. And though Wat declared that "he was *rippit* ane o' the dead men's pouches, yet the siller was

in on him that day like a shower o' hailstones." The officers and soldiers were quite aware that Wat's stratagem had secured them an easy victory, and every one gave him presents of less or more, and he conceived that it was all sent by heaven as a provision for the mother and child which had been predestined to come upon him for support; and he generously determined, as the steward of the Almighty, to devote his wealth solely to that purpose.

Meanwhile, lady Julia's distemper took a new and strange turn, for she began to sit up in the bed and speak distinctly and forcibly, and for a time Wat and Jenny listened to her with awe and astonishment, and said to one another that she was prophesying; but at length they heard that she was answering questions as before a judge with great fervour, till at length her malady drew to a crisis, and she prepared for submitting to the last sentence of the law. She made a regular confession as to a Catholic clergyman, and received an ideal absolution. She then made a speech as to a general audience, declaring that she gloried in the sentence pronounced against her, because that from her earliest remembrance she had made up her mind to lay down her life for her king and the holy Catholic church. She next, to their astonishment, asked to see her boy; and when they brought him, she weened she had parted with him only yesterday. She took him in her arms, embraced him, fondly kissed him, and once more shed a flood of tears over him, and those were the last as well as the first tears she had ever shed since the commencement of her woful delirium. Then blessing him in the names of the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, and some of the apostles, she returned him decently to Jenny, kneeled, and recommended her soul to the mercy of her Redeemer, and then laying her head decently over an ideal block, was beheaded, and after a few shivers expired.

Wat and his daughter were paralysed with astonishment, *but never* doubted that it was a temporary fainting *fit caused by some* extraordinary excitement, but as no

signals of reanimation were visible, Wat ran for the town surgeon, an able and celebrated man; but all attempts at resuscitation proved fruitless, the vital principle was gone, the heart had ceased to beat, and the face was swollen and discoloured, the blood having apparently rushed to the head, on the belief that it was cut off, and would find a vent by the veins of the neck. In this extraordinary manner died the lovely Julia Hay, connected with some of the most noble and ancient families in Scotland, and the youthful wife of a valiant warrior, no one knowing where she was, but all her friends believing that she had perished in the general massacre at Philliphaugh, as they could trace her there, but no further.

Wat having no charge at home now save little Francis Hay, determined on leaving him and his kind foster-mother, Jenny, together for a space, and travel to the north to learn what had become of his darling boy's father; so on reaching Edinburgh he began his enquiries, but could find nobody that either knew or cared any thing about the matter. The general answer that he got was, that nobody heeded or cared about the lives of men in these days, for the two adverse parties were slaughtering, hanging, and cutting off each other's heads every day. He then sought out the common executioner, but he was a greatly, drumbly, drunken stump, and could tell him nothing. He said he did not even know the names of one-half of the people he put down, but that he was very willing to give him a touch of his office for the matter of half a merk, for he had of late thrown off many a prettier man. They were fine going times, he said, but he sometimes got very little pay, and sometimes uncommonly good from gentlemen for hanging them or cutting off their heads. And then the savage sot laughed at the conceit. He said the soldiers were conducting a great number of prisoners through the town *one day, and* they selected four out of the number, *two Irish gentlemen* and two from Argyleshire, and brought *them to the* scaffold without judge or jury, and were *going to hang* them. "No, masters," says I, "the perqu

sites and emoluments of this board belong solely to me, and I cannot suffer a bungler to perform a work that requires experience and must be neatly done.' I said neatly done! and so it ought; and now, for a half-mutchkin of brandy, I'll show you how neatly I'll do it, either with the rope or maiden, if you dare trust me. Eh?—eh? What do you say to that?"

"Ye're a queer chap, man," said Wat; "but I hope never to come under your hands."

"You may come under worse hands though, friend. Many a good fellow has entertained the same hopes and been disappointed. Only half a merk. Nothing! Men's lives are cheaper than dung just now. I made only two silver merks out of all the four I was talking of; but when Montrose and his grand royalists come on, and then Argyle and his saints, oh! I shall have such fine going days! Well, I see you won't deal, so let's have the brandy at any rate; if you won't treat me I shall treat you, so that you shall not go back to the Border and say that Hangie's a bad fellow. He has seen better days, but brandy was his ruin. He was once condemned to be hung, and now he is what he is."

Wat ordered the brandy and paid for it, but took care to drink as little of it as possible, of which his associate did not much complain; and after they had finished, the executioner led him away a few doors across the Parliament-close, and bid him ask there for a Mr Carstairs, the clerk of the criminal court, who would give him what information he wanted; and by all means to return to him at the Blue Bell, and he would give him the history of a hangman.

Wat found Mr Carstairs,—a little old grey-headed man, with eyes like a ferret,—who answered to Wat's request that there were certain fees to be paid for every extract taken out of his journal, and until these were laid down he turned not up the alphabet. Wat asked what were the regular dues. "Joost thretty pennies, carle," said he, "an' I'll thank ye for the soom."

"Man, thretty pennies are unco mony pennies for ar

swering a ceevil an' necessary question, but I'll gi'e ye a siller merk."

"Aweel, aweel! Ye may try me wi' that i' the first place," said the clerk. Wat laid down the money, when the honest man returned him two-thirds of it. His thretty pennies came only to twopence-halfpenny, it being denominated in Scots money. He found there had been two Hays executed, a baronet and a young nobleman, but whether they were married or unmarried he could not tell, or any thing farther about them save that they had both lost their heads; of that he was certain. One of them had been on the roll for execution before, but was liberated by a party of his Catholic friends, but had lately suffered the last sentence of the law.

When the day of Sir Francis Hay's execution was stated he was struck dumb with amazement, for it turned out to be the very day and hour, and as near as could be calculated, the very instant when his poor devoted but distracted wife died by the same blow. I have heard and read of some things approximating to this, but never of a sympathetical feeling so decisive. Verily there "be many things in heaven and earth that are not dreamed of in man's philosophy."

Wat returned to the Blue Bell, but found his crony the hangman, too far gone to give him his history that night, which the other was rather curious to hear. The important story was begun many times, but like Corporal Trim's story of the King of Bohemia, it never got further. "Well, you see, my father was a baronet, Do you understand that?"

"Yes, I think I do."

"Because if you do not understand, it is needless for me to go on. A baronet, you see, is the head of the commons. Do you understand that? That is (*hick*) he *is in the rank* next to nobility."

"*Yes*, I think he is."

"*Well (hick,)* well---I-- think so—too. And my mo*ther was an* hon. right hon. though (hick). Do you un-

derstand that? Mind—take—that along with you (*hick*), else it is needless—for—me to proceed. I was the—third of five—devil of a boy—O, but I forgot to tell you that—my—father was a baronet—eh?—Would not like a tidd of the tow, would you? Ha—ha—ha!—would be grand sport!—Here's to General Lesly."

Wat was obliged to quit the son of the baronet, and the next morning he set out for the north, to see if there remained any chance for his dear little foster-son regaining his lands and honours. I am at fault here, for I do not know where the fine estate of Dalgetty lay. I think, perhaps, on the banks of the Don; for I know that Wat Pringle journeyed by Perth and through Strathmore. However, the first information he got concerning the object of his journey was from a pedlar of Aberdeen, whom he overtook at a place called Banchony-Fernan, or some such daft-like highland name; and this body, in his broad Scandinavian dialect, told Wat all that he desired to know. He confirmed the day and the hour that Sir Francis suffered, for he had been present at it; and on his reciting part of the loyal sufferer's last speech, judge of Wat's wonderment when he heard they were the very same words pronounced by Lady Julia before her marvellous execution. And on Wat inquiring who was the heir to the estate, the pedlar, whose name was Muir, or perhaps Mair, said, "Eh, mun! the kurk and the steete hiv tucken them all untee their ein hunds. The lund's fat they ca' quuster'd and nee buddy can ave it, siving he hiv tucken the kivinents. Now Frank wudna hiv tucken the kivinents if gi'en hum a' Mud-Mar; but whut dis he dee but reeses a rugement, and thucht tee kull the kivinent mun every saul o' thum; and he gurt several theesands of them slupp in thur beets and thur sheen tee. He murried a vury swut dar ying liddy, and she hid a seen; but when the kivinent men beguid to come reend hum, he sunt hur awa to a pleece they call the Beerder, to be suff out of the wee, and they nuver saw't eether agin."

"And then if that boy is leevin," said Wat, "will he no heir his father's estates an' titles?"

"Ney, ney min! ney jist noo. But thungs wunni lung continee thus gate. We're no to be all our days rooled and trimpled on bee a whun bleedy-mundit munisters; and then when thungs come all reend agin, the wee laddie will git his father's prupperty." Having got all from the pedlar which he went to the north to learn, he treated him well at the little change-house beside the kirk; and there he told the astonished vender of small wares, that the sole heir of that ancient and illustrious race was living in his house and under his protection, his mother likewise being dead.

"Eh! guid kinshens min, but that's a sungilar piece o' noos!" said Mair. "Then I cun be tulling you fat ye mebee dunna kene, that he has seme o' the bust bleed of a' Scotland in his vens, and as tumes cunna bude thus gate, that wee laddie will be a mun yet worth thousands a-year."

Wat then by the pedlar's advice went to the sheriff-clerk of Aberdeen, and made him take a register of the boy's birth, name, and lineage, that in case of any change of government the true heir might inherit the property. Wat then returned home, and found his daughter and darling child quite well; but in a very short time after that, to their unspeakable grief, the boy vanished. Wat ran over all the town and the country in the neighbourhood, but could hear nothing of the child, save that one woman who lived on the sandbed said that "she saw him gaun toddlin about the water-side, and a man, a stranger to her, ran an' liftit him an' gae him a cuff on the lug for gangin' sae near a muckle water;" and this was the last news that Wat and Jenny heard of their beloved child, the sole heir to an ancient and valuable estate, and it was conjectured that he had been drowned in the river, although his body was never found.

Wat was the more confirmed in this by an extraordinary incident which befel him. On coming up a sequestered loaning close by Hawick, in the twilight, he met with a lady without her head carrying a child at her breast, and frightened as he was he recognised the child

as Lady Julia's, not as he was when he was lost, but precisely as he was on that day his father and mother died; and that was the anniversary of the day. The appalling apparition was seen by other three men and a woman that same night; but it was too much for honest Wat Pringle; he took to his bed, from which he never arose again, although he lingered on for some months in a very deranged and unsettled state of mind.

This may seem a strange unnatural story, but what is stranger still, that apparition of a lady without her head pressing a baby to her breast, continued to walk annually on the same night and on the same lane for at least 150 years, and I think about forty of these within my own recollection. The thing was so well certified and believed, that no persons in all the quarter of the town in vicinity of the ghost's walk would cross their thresholds that night. At length a resolute fellow took it into his head to watch the ghost with a loaded gun, and he had very shortly taken his station when the ghost made its appearance. According to his own account, he challenged it, but it would neither stop nor answer; on which, being in a state of terrible trepidation, he fired and shot a baker, an excellent young man, through the heart, who died on the spot. The aggressor was tried at the judiciary circuit court at Jedburgh, and found guilty by the jury of manslaughter only, although the judge's charge expressed a doubt that there was some matter of jealousy between the deceased and his slayer, as the sister of the former in the course of her examination said that her brother had once been taken for the ghost previously, and had been the cause of great alarm. There was no more word of the ghost for a number of years, but a most respectable widow, who was a servant to my parents, and visits us once every two or three years, told me that the lady without the head, and pressing a baby to her bosom, had again been seen of late years.

Jenny Pringle, a girl of fortune for those days, thanks to the battle of Philliphaugh and a certain other windfall, was *married in 1656* to her half cousin, Robert Pringle,

who afterwards took some extensive farms about Teviot Side, and their offspring are numerous and respectable to this day. One day when this Robert Pringle was giving a great feast to the neighbouring gentlemen and farmers; the guests had mostly arrived and were sauntering about the green until the dinner was ready, when they saw a gentleman come riding briskly over the Windy-Brow, and many conjectures were bandied about who it could be, but none could guess, and when he came up to the group and bid them good day, still none of them knew him. However, Pringle, with genuine Border hospitality, went forward to the stranger, and after a homely salutation desired him to alight.

"Are you Robert Pringle of Bidrule?" said the stranger.

"I wat weel, lad, that I'm a' ye'll get for him."

"Then I have ridden upwards of a hundred and fifty miles to see you and your wife."

"Faith, lad, an' ye hae muckle to see when ye have come. I hae hardly ken'd any body travel sae far on as frivolous an errand. But you're welcome howsomever. If ye had come but three miles to see Jenny an' me that's introduction enough let be a hunder an' fifty, an' as we're just gaun to sit down to our dinner, ye've come i' clipping-time at ony rate. Only tell me wha I'm to introduce to Jenny?"

"I would rather introduce myself, if you please." So in they all went to their dinner.

Mrs Pringle stood beside her chair at the head of the table, and took every gentleman's hand that came up, but her eyes continued fixed on the handsome young stranger who stood at the lower end. At length she broke away, overturning some plates and spoons, and screaming out in an ecstasy of joy—"Lord forgie me, if it's no my ain wee Francie." He was nearly six feet *high, but* nevertheless, regardless of all present, she flew *to him,* clasped him round the neck, and kissed him over *and over* again, and then cried for joy till her heart was *like to burst.* It was little dinner that Jenny Pringle

took that day, for her happiness was more than she could brook; she had always believed that the boy had been drowned in the river until she saw him once more in her own house at her own table; and she was never weary of asking him questions.

It was the Aberdeen pedlar who stole him for the sake of a reward, and took him safely home to his maternal uncle, whose small but valuable estate he then possessed; but he found his father's property so much dilapidated by the covenanters, and under wadsets that he could not redeem, so that he could not obtain possession. He remained there several weeks, and the same endearments passed between Jenny Pringle and him as if they had been mother and son, for, as he said, he never knew any other parent, and he regarded her as such, and would do while he lived.

When he was obliged to take his leave, Jenny said to him "Now, Francie, my man, tell me how muckle it will tak' to buy up the wadsets on your father's estate?" He said that a part of it was not redeemable, but that nearly two-thirds of it was so, and since the restoration, as the rightful heir, he could get it for a very small matter—about three thousand pounds Scots money.

"Aweel, my bonny man," quoth Jenny, "ye came to my father an' me by a strange providence, but there was plenty came wi' you, and a blessing wi' it, for Robie an' I hae trebled it, an' I hae a gayin muckle wallet fu' o' gowd that has never seen the light yet. I hae always lookit on a' that money as your ain, an' meant to lay it a' out on your education an' settlement in the warld, sae ye sanna want as muckle to redeem your father's estate. But this maun a' be wi' Robie's permission, for though I hae keepit a pose o' my ain in case o' accidents, yet ye ken me an' a that I ha'e are his now."

"My permission!" exclaimed Pringle; "my trulys, my woman, ye's ha'e my permission, an' if the bonny *douce lad needs the* double o't it shall be forthcoming. *Ye ha'e been a blessed* wife to me, an' there's no ae thing *ye can propose that* I winna gang in wi'. But I maun

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ride away north wi' him mysel' to the kingdom o' Fife, an' see that he get right possession an' investment, for thae young genteelbred birkies dinna ken very weel about business. I confess I like the callant amaist as weel as he war my ain."

Accordingly, Mr Pringle set him home, whether to Dalgetty in Fife or Aberdeenshire I am uncertain, though I think the latter; advanced what money he required, and got him fairly settled in a part of his late father's property, called Dalmagh. He visited the Pringles once every year, and at length married their eldest child, Helen, so that he became Jenny's son—in reality.

END OF THE SIXTH VOLUME.

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